



The Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT

WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

T H E
Arminian Magazine,

For the Y E A R 1785.

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF

E X T R A C T S

A N D

ORIGINAL TREATISES

O N

Univerfal Redemption.

V O L U M E VIII.

L O N D O N:

Printed by J. PARAMORE, at the Foundry, Moorfields;
And fold at the New Chapel, City-Road, and by all the
Bookfellers in Town and Country.

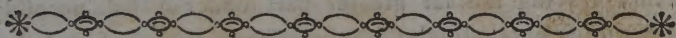




T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For JANUARY 1785.



An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY'S *Discourses on the*
FIVE POINTS.

DISCOURSE I. *Concerning Election and Reprobation.*

The State of the Question.

1. **L**ET it be observed from Bishop *Davenant*, "That no medium can be assigned, either on God's part, betwixt the decrees of predestinating some men, and not predestinating others; or on men's part, betwixt men absolutely predestinated to the attainment of life eternal, and absolutely left to fail of eternal life, which is absolute Reprobation. As for example: let us suppose the number of mankind to be two millions, if out of these, one million only, by the decree of Election, be infallibly appointed to eternal life, and absolutely distinguished from others, not only as to their number, but their persons also; who can deny but that one million, and those certain, as to their persons, are as absolutely comprised under the decree of Reprobation, as the others were under the decree of Election." So there is no

possibility of asserting one of these decrees without owning the other also: and so whatsoever argument holds good against an absolute decree of *Reprobation*, must certainly destroy the opposite decree of absolute Election.

Now is there any need of arguments to confute such a supposed decree as this? I behold, through the fall of *Adam*, (by my mere pleasure imputed to his whole posterity yet unborn, as if it were their action, and they had personally consented to it) the whole race of mankind obnoxious to my eternal wrath, and utterly unable to recover from it; and though they be all, *souls that I have made*, equally wanting, and equally capable of my favour (nor have I any reason to extend it to any of them, rather than to all) yet do I absolutely decree to vouchsafe this favour only to some few of them; leaving the far greater part under a sad necessity of perishing everlastingly, for the offence of their fore-father *Adam*, committed long before they had a being: so that they shall be as sure to be damned eternally as they are to be born in time; and yet I will proclaim myself unto them, *a God merciful, and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness*, on purpose that they may not perish, but be *lead by it to repentance*; and declare to them that my *delight is in shewing mercy*. I will intreat them with the greatest earnestness, and even *beseech them to be reconciled to me*, as being so far reconciled to them in Christ Jesus, as not to impute to them their transgressions and sins. I will send them *all my messengers and prophets*, declaring that *I do it, because I have compassion on them*. I will allure them to repentance with the promise that *all their sins shall then be blotted out*, and not one of them remembered against them. I will tell them that *I would have purged them, but they would not be purged, I would have gathered them, but they would not be gathered*. I will ask them, *Why will you die?* and enquire of them what *I could have done more to prevent it which I have not done?* Yea, I will seriously, and solemnly protest and swear unto them by the greatest

greatest oath, even that of my own Life, that *I would not the death of him that dies, but rather that he should return and live.* But after all, I will be true, and constant to that absolute decree of Reprobation which must render their damnation unfrustrable, and to the negative decree of withholding from them that grace which can alone enable them to escape it, or to receive any advantage from all these declarations.

Hence we learn the falsehood of that assertion of the same good Bishop, "That Reprobation is not a denial of sufficient grace, but a denial of such special grace, as God knows would infallibly bring them to glory; and that we cannot thence conclude, that being not elected, they are left without all remedy or sufficient means of salvation, or that being reprobated they are without sufficient remedies or means to escape damnation, were not their own wicked will the only hinderance; for can men be left infallibly to fail of eternal life, and yet not be left without all remedy, or sufficient means of salvation? If, as he says, God leaving them under the want of that special grace, they never fail of running themselves upon their own damnation, have they then sufficient remedies, or means to escape damnation? Sure it is, there can be no salvation, and no escaping of damnation without conversion of the will from sin to God; if then these Reprobates have no sufficient means to turn their perverted wills from sin to God, they can have no sufficient means to escape damnation. Again, either these means are sufficient to render them truly willing to believe and repent, or they are not: either they are sufficient to remove the disability of will contracted by the fall, or they are not: if they are not, how are they means sufficient for the attainment of the salvation which belongs only to the believer, or the escaping of that damnation which necessarily follows upon the disability, for which no sufficient remedy is provided? If they are sufficient, then may they believe and repent, and so they on whom God hath passed this act of Reprobation, may be saved, as well, though not as
certainly,

certainly, as they who are elected to obtain salvation. Suppose a man hath broken his leg by a fall, hath he therefore sufficient means to walk, because he might have done so had not his leg been broken? If then the will of man by his fall be as much disabled to walk in the ways of God, as this man's body is to walk at all, can it truly be said he hath sufficient means to walk in those ways, because he would have had them, had not his will been thus disabled? *Adam* indeed, as the Bishop saith, "Though not predestinated to stand in the state of innocency, had yet sufficient means of standing." because he had no defectiveness or disability in his will to do so; but what is this to the case of those who are supposed to be so disabled, that if they be left to their own wills as *Adam* was, are so disabled that they cannot stand?

I will now put the two decrees one under the other, that they may blush at one another.

1. Absolute Election contains *an eternal, absolute, infallible decree, that Peter shall believe, repent, persevere unto the end, and be saved.*

The Evangelical conditional decree is, That if *Peter* do not believe, repent, and *persevere unto the end, he shall infallibly be damned.* And therefore God, in it, speaks to *Peter* thus, *Except thou repent thou shalt perish; pass therefore the time of thy sojourning here in fear; work out thy salvation with fear and trembling; continue in the faith, for if thou drawest back my soul shall have no pleasure in thee; yea, give all diligence to make thy calling and election sure.*

2. Absolute Reprobation is an *absolute, infallible decree, That Judas shall unavoidably fail of obtaining life eternal; that this event shall be so certain, that he shall never fail to run himself wilfully upon his damnation.*

The Evangelical conditional decree is this, That if *Judas* will repent, believe and persevere, he shall be saved, and in pursuance of this decree, God lovingly invites him to believe, and repent; exhorts, and even entreats him by his Ambassadors,

to

to be reconciled to him; to turn from his evil ways and live, alluring him to do so by the hopes of pardon and salvation, if he will hearken to God's calls, and persuading him by the miseries which he will then incur, not to neglect so great salvation, expostulating the case with him, why after all these methods to prevent his ruin, he will die and not live? Why he will not be purged and made clean? and how long it will be ere he will hearken to his invitations? declaring that he doth all this, because he hath compassion on him, and is long-suffering to him, because he is not willing he should perish, but should come to repentance, though his decree of Reprobation hath rendered his damnation a certain and infallible event.

2dly, Observe, That though the greatest part of them who assert an absolute Election and Reprobation, or Preterition, make the object of them, not man, as man, but as fallen, and therefore sinful man; yet is the difference betwixt them, and those who are called *Supralapsarians*, very little; for the *Supralapsarians* say, God decreed that *Adam* should be the head of all mankind, and therefore to impute his first sin, and that only to his posterity, and not to impute to them his repentance for it, though there was equal reason to do both, or neither; and foreseeing that he would fall, and render his posterity obnoxious to his eternal displeasure, he designed to glorify his free grace and mercy in saving some of them, and so in bestowing on them infallibly that grace which shall unfrustrably bring them to salvation. Others he absolutely decrees to pass by, and not bestow that grace upon them without which they cannot obtain salvation, or avoid eternal misery.

[*To be continued.*]



ORIGINAL SERMONS,

By the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

S E R M O N XXV.

On 1 CORINTHIANS xiii. 1, 2, 3.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

WE know, *All scripture is given by inspiration of God,* and is therefore true and right concerning all things. But we know likewise, that there are some scriptures which more immediately commend themselves to every man's conscience. In this rank we may place the passage before us: there are scarce any that object to it. On the contrary, the generality of men very readily appeal to it. Nothing is more common than to find even those who deny the authority of the holy scriptures, yet affirming, "This is my religion: that which is described in the thirteenth chapter of the Corinthians." Nay, even a Jew, Dr. Nunes, a *Spanish* Physician, then

then settled at *Savannah*, in *Georgia*, used to say, with great earnestness, "That *Paul of Tarsus* was one of the finest writers I have ever read. I wish the thirteenth chapter of his first letter to the *Corinthians*, were wrote in letters of gold. And I wish every Jew were to carry it with him wherever he went." He judged, (and herein he certainly judged right) that this single chapter contained the whole of true Religion. It contains *whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely: if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, it is all contained in this.*

In order to see this in the clearest light, we may consider, First, What the Charity here spoken of is:

Secondly, What those things are which are usually put in the place of it. We may then,

Thirdly, Observe, that neither any of them, nor all of them put together can supply the want of it.

I. 1. We are, first, to consider, What this Charity is? What is the nature, and what are the properties of it?

St. *Paul's* word is *Αγάπη*, exactly answering to the plain English word, *Love*. And accordingly it is so rendered in all the old translations of the Bible. So it stood in *William Tindal's* Bible, which I suppose was the first English translation of the whole Bible. So it was also in the Bible published in *London*, by the authority of King *Henry* the Eighth; so it was likewise in all the editions of the Bible that were successively published in *England* during the reign of King *Edward* the Sixth, Queen *Elizabeth*, and King *James* the First. Nay, so it is found in the Bibles of King *Charles* the First's reign: I believe to the period of it. The first Bibles I have seen wherein the word was changed, were those printed by *Roger Daniel*, and *John Field*, Printers to the Parliament, in the year 1649. Hence it appears, that the alteration was made during the reign of the Long Parliament: then it was that the Latin

word Charity was put in the place of the plain English word *Love*. It was an unhappy hour this alteration was made; the ill effects of it remain to this day: and these may be observed not only among the poor and illiterate: not only thousands of common men and women, no more understand the word Charity, than they do the original Greek; but the same miserable mistake has diffused itself among men of education and learning. Thousands of these also are mislead thereby, and imagine that the Charity treated of in this chapter refers chiefly, if not wholly, to Outward Actions, and to mean little more than Almsgiving? I have heard many Sermons preached upon this chapter: particularly before the University of *Oxford*. And I never heard more than one, wherein the meaning of it was not totally misrepresented. But had the old and proper word, *Love*, been retained, there would have been no room for misrepresentation.

2. But what kind of Love is that whereof the Apostle is speaking throughout the chapter? Many persons of eminent learning and piety, apprehend that it is the Love of God. But from reading the whole chapter numberless times, and considering it in every light, I am thoroughly persuaded that what *St. Paul* is here directly speaking of is the love of our neighbour. I believe whoever carefully weighs the whole tenor of his discourse, will be fully convinced of this. But it must be allowed to be such a Love of our neighbour, as can only spring from the Love of God. And whence does this Love of God flow? Only from that faith which is of the operation of God: which whoever has, has a direct evidence, that *God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself*. When this is particularly applied to his heart, so that he can say, with humble boldness, *The life which I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me*: then, and not till then, *the love of God is shed abroad in his heart*. And this love sweetly constrains them to love every child of man with the love which is here
spoken

spoken of: not with a love of esteem or of complaisance; for this can have no place, with regard to those, who are, (if not his personal enemies, yet) enemies to God and their own souls; but with a love of benevolence, of tender goodwill to all the souls that God has made.

3. But it may be asked, "If there be no true love of our neighbours, but that which springs from the love of God; and if the love of God flows from no other fountain than faith in the Son of God: does it not follow that the whole Heathen world is excluded from all possibility of salvation? Seeing they are cut off from faith: for faith cometh by hearing. And how shall they hear without a Preacher? I answer, St. Paul's words, spoken on another occasion are applicable to this, *What the law speaketh, it speaketh to them that are under the law.* Accordingly that sentence, *He that believeth not shall be damned*, is spoken of them to whom the Gospel is preached. Others it does not concern, and we are not required to determine any thing touching their final state. How it will please God, the Judge of all, to deal with *them*, we may leave to God himself. Only this we know, that he is not only the God of the Christians only, but the God of the Heathens also: that he is *rich in mercy to all that call upon him, according to the light they have: and that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him.*

4. But to return. This is the *nature* of that *Love*, whereof the Apostle is here speaking. But what are the properties of it, the fruits which are inseparable from it? The Apostle reckons up many of these; but the principal of them are these,

First, *Love is not puffed up.* As is the measure of love, so is the measure of humility. Nothing humbles the soul so deeply as love: it casts out all "high conceits, engendering pride," all arrogance and over-weening, makes us little, and poor, and base, and vile in our own eyes. It abases us both

before God and man ; makes us willing to be the least of all, and the servants of all, and teaches us to say, "A mote in the sun beam is little, but I am infinitely less in the presence of God."

5. Secondly, *Love is not provoked.* Our present *English* translation renders it, *is not easily provoked.* But how did the word *easily* come in ? There is not a tittle of it in the text : the words of the Apostle are simply these, οὐ παροξύνεται. Is it not probable, it was inserted by the translators with a design to excuse St. Paul, for fear his practice should appear to contradict his doctrine ? For we read *Acts* xv. ver. 36, and seq. *And some days after, Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city, where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do. And Barnabas determined to take with them, John, whose surname, was Mark. But Paul thought not good, to take him with them who departed from the work. And the contention was so sharp between them that they departed asunder one from another : and so Barnabas took Mark, and sailed unto Cyprus : and Paul chose Silas and departed : being recommended by the brethren unto the grace of God. And he went through Syria unto Cilicia, confirming the Churches.*

6. Would not any one think on reading these words, that they were both equally sharp ? That Paul was just as hot as Barnabas, and as much wanting in love as him ? But the text says no such thing, as will be plain, if we consider first the occasion. When St. Paul proposed, that they should again visit the brethren in every city, where they had preached the word, so far they were agreed. And Barnabas determined to take with him John, because he was his sister's son, without receiving or asking St. Paul's advice. But Paul thought not good to take Him with them who had departed from them from Pamphylia (whether through sloth or cowardice) and went not with them to the work. And undoubtedly he thought right :
he

he had reason on his side. The following words are *και ἐγένετο παροξυσμός*; literally, *And there was a fit of anger*. It does not say, in *St. Paul*, probably it was in *Barnabas* alone, who thus supplied the want of reason with passion: *so that they departed asunder*. And *Barnabas* resolved to have his own way, did as his nephew had done before, *departed from the work, took Mark with him, and sailed to Cyprus*. But *Paul* went on in his work, being recommended by the brethren, to the grace of God: (which *Barnabas* seems not to have staid for.) And he went through *Syria and Cilicia, confirming the Churches*. From the whole account, it does not appear that *St. Paul* was in any fault: that he either felt any temper, or spoke any word, contrary to the law of love. Therefore not being in any fault, he does not need any excuse.

7. Certainly he who is full of love is gentle towards all men. He in meekness instructs those that oppose themselves, that oppose what he loves the most, even the truth of God, or that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord; not knowing but God peradventure may bring him to the knowledge of the truth. However provoked, he does not return evil for evil, or railing for railing. Yea, he blesses those that curse him, and does good to them that despitefully use him and persecute him. He is not overcome of evil, but always overcomes evil with good.

8. Thirdly, Love is long-suffering. It endures not a few affronts, reproaches, injuries: but all things which God is pleased to permit either men or devils to inflict. It arms the soul with inviolable patience: not harsh, stoical patience, but yielding as the air, which making no resistance to the stroke, receives no harm thereby. The Lover of mankind remembers him who suffered for us, leaving us an example that we might tread in his steps. Accordingly if his enemy hunger, he feeds him, if he thirst, he gives him drink; and by

so doing, he heaps coals of fire, of melting love, upon his head. *And many waters cannot quench this love: neither can even the floods of ingratitude drown it.*

II. 1. We are, Secondly, to enquire, What these things are, which is commonly supposed will supply the place of Love. And the first of these is Eloquence: a faculty of talking well, particularly on religious subjects. Men are generally inclined to think well of one that talks well. If he speaks properly and fluently of God, and the things of God, who can doubt of his being in God's favour? And it is very natural for him, to think well of himself, to have as favourable an opinion of himself as others have.

2. But men of reflection are not satisfied with this: they are not content with a flood of words. They prefer thinking before talking, and judge, one that knows much is far preferable to one that talks much. And it is certain knowledge is an excellent gift of God; particularly knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, in which are contained all the depths of Divine knowledge and wisdom. Hence it is generally thought that a man of much knowledge, knowledge of scripture in particular must not only be in the favour of God, but likewise enjoy a high degree of it.

3. But men of deeper reflection are apt to say, "I lay no stress upon any other knowledge, but the knowledge of God by faith. Faith is the only knowledge, which in the sight of God is of great price. *We are saved by faith; by faith alone: this is the one thing needful.* He that believeth, and he alone, shall be saved everlastingly." There is much truth in this: it is unquestionably true, that *we are saved by faith: consequently, That he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not, shall be damned.*

4. But some men will say, with the Apostle James, *Shew me thy faith without thy works, (if thou canst; but indeed it is impossible) and I will shew thee my faith by my works.* And
many

many are hereby induced to think, that good works, works of piety and mercy, are of far more consequence than faith itself, and will supply the want of every other qualification for heaven. Indeed this seems to be the general sentiment, not only of the members of the Church of *Rome*, but of Protestants also; not of the giddy and thoughtless, but the serious members of our own Church.

5. And this cannot be denied, our Lord himself hath said, *Ye shall know them by their fruits*: by their works ye know them that believe, and them that believe not. But yet it may be doubted, whether there is not a surer proof of the sincerity of our faith, than even our works: that is, our willingly suffering for righteousness sake: especially, if after suffering reproach, and pain, and loss of friends and substance, a man gives up life itself, yea, by a shameful and painful death, by giving his body to be burned, rather than he would give up faith and a good conscience, by neglecting his known duty.

6. It is proper to observe here, First, What a beautiful gradation there is, each rising above the other, in the enumeration of those several things, which some or other of those that are called Christians, and are usually accounted so, really believe, will supply the absence of Love. *St. Paul* begins at the lowest point; *talking well*, and advances step by step, every one rising higher than the preceding, till he comes to the highest of all. A step above Eloquence is Knowledge: Faith is a step above this. Good-works are a step above that Faith. And even above this, is Suffering for Righteousness sake. Nothing is higher than this but Christian Love: the Love of our Neighbour flowing from the Love of God.

7. It may be proper to observe, Secondly, That whatever passes for Religion in any part of the Christian world, (whether it be a part of Religion, or no part at all, but either Folly, Superstition or Wickedness) may with very little difficulty be reduced to one or other of these heads. Every thing

thing which is supposed to be Religion, either by Protestants or Romanists, and is not, is contained under one or another of these five particulars. Make trial, as often as you please, with any thing that is called Religion, but improperly so called, and you will find the rule to hold without any exception.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



An Account of Mr. WILLIAM M'CORNOCK, in a Letter to the Rev. John Wesley.

Rev. Sir,

ACCORDING to your request, I have sent you the following account of my progress through this howling wilderness. I confess it is with much shame and confusion of face that I do it; considering what a poor return I have made to him, whose goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.

I was born in the year 1746. My father perceiving I had a tolerable genius for learning, purposed to have me qualified for the Church. To that end he put me to learn Latin; but my Master resigning the school, I desisted from making any farther progress in that branch of learning. And as I had an aversion to seriousness, my chief turn was, to travel abroad, to see foreign countries, and to become rich in the world. But finding an unwillingness in my father that I should go abroad, it deterred me in some measure; yet I could not content myself with living at home, as I feared it would be burthensome to him if I lived an idle life with him. I therefore opened a school about seven miles from *Donegal*: but my father hearing some disagreeable accounts of me, caused me to leave that place.

Sometime

Sometime after, I had been surveying land, about twenty-four miles from my father's house, when I met with a Gentleman, who had two sons whom he intended to instruct in the Mathematics, who prevailed on me to stay with him for a time, to instruct them. Accordingly I continued with him about a year and a half. For the first half year I scarce ever went to bed sober. I also found frequent temptations to other sins which I had not yet fallen into, which caused me often to retire, and pour out my soul to God for mercy: but this conviction did not continue long; for drinking, and evil company, soon destroyed it.

In April, 1767, I went to Lord *Sudley's*, near *Ballyna*, in order to get his interest for a Commission in the Revenue, which he promised me; but requested that I would continue with him to instruct his brother in the Mathematics, till an opportunity offered of getting a Commission for me. But as I did not like to stay there, I went from thence to *Dublin*. Having continued a few weeks there, and spent what money I had, I met a Merchant from my own country, who defrayed my expences back to my father's house.

The Spring following I went with an intent to put Lord *Sudley* in mind of his promise; but he had set off for *France*. I then returned back, and in my way called to see a Gentleman who lived between *Sligo* and *Ballyna*. He had four sons and a daughter who lived at home with him, who expressed a desire that I should stay with them for some time. So I continued there half a year. But the young men being so extremely wicked, I did not chuse to follow their example. I therefore left them, and returned home in November, 1768. As I intended to go to *England*, and from thence to the West-Indies, I set off in the spring following, with a Cousin of mine, who was bound for *England*. But not letting my father know my design, I pretended to go only about twenty miles off to an Astronomer, who had stationed himself at a place called *Glenlee*, to make his observations on the planets.

My father consented to this, as he knew I had a desire to improve myself in mathematical studies; but after I was gone, thinking I intended to go farther, he followed me, and found me on the road to *Newry*. On this I returned back with him; but my Cousin went for *England*. Soon after I went to *Ballynamallard*, and taught Book-keeping for about a quarter of a year; and then returned home. The next year I went to *Killeghtee*, about eight miles from *Donegal*, and kept a mathematical school for about three quarters of a year. I then returned home again, and amused myself for some time with making statues; which were very entertaining to myself and others. I had made some that would cause a person, at a few yards distance, to think they were alive. Some I made of cement and wood; others of lead. I made their eyes of glass, which appeared very natural, and for hair on the eye-lids I had some silver wire.

While in the midst of these employments, I was sorely afflicted with a Fever, and vowed to God to lead a new life, if he would spare me; but when I was recovered, I became more wicked than ever.

In April, 1772, I again had a vehement thirst for travelling. I therefore set out to take another tour through *Ireland*, with a determination to commit wickedness with a high hand; for I thought I had been too quiet and sober. I also thought that if I did not take pleasure in my youth, I never should. Therefore I set off for *Ballyshannon*; but when I got there, I thought I was too near my father's house. I therefore resolved to go to *Sligo*: 'but when I had travelled about two miles, it began to rain, while the wind blew full in my face. I then resolved to return to *Ballyshannon*. When I got there, I met with a man who was going to *Inskillen* the next day; I went with him, and took a liking to him, and proposed to become a partner with him in loss and gain, while we remained in that town. He pretended to understand painting and gilding. But he was an extraordinary
finer.

finner. For he would drink to excess: then swear against it; and then break through all his oaths. At length I began to dislike his wickedness, and would not go such lengths therein. When I was going to the town, I intended to teach writing an hour or two in each day; but he encouraged me to join him in drawing, &c. When the people of the town saw how wicked he was, they told me they would give me no business, if I did not quit him. Accordingly I took their advice as soon as I could. Some weeks after, I set off for *Clones-races*, and in my way called at *Macguires-bridge*. I stayed there a few days, and fell into company with some spendthrifts, who heard me with pleasure ridicule the Methodists; as one who bore the name came into our company.

[*To be continued.*]



A short Account of the Death of JOHN HAIM.

ON the 18th of August died *John Haim*, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. For more than a twelvemonth past, his health was visibly upon the decline: but although a hectic fever was continually increasing, and wearing him to skin and bone, yet his zeal for God, and concern for the salvation of souls, abated not in the least. He preached as long as he was able to speak, and longer than he could stand without support.

The Sunday before his death he requested the Society to attend him in his own room: and for several minutes powerfully and affectionately exhorted them to persevere to the end, in that faith which worketh by love, and purifieth the heart.

The morning before he died, in attempting to get out of bed, he fell down, and was much hurt; which occasioned

violent pain. In about two hours after, the pain being a little abated, he desired to be raised up in bed; and after shaking hands with five or six friends who were with him, he prayed for the divine blessing upon them separately: next for the church in general, and lastly for the little flock over which he had long been Overseer. He then leaned back in bed; and although the pain was not so intense, yet there were evident tokens of his approaching dissolution. His strength gradually decreased, and his sight and speech in great measure failed. Yet he frequently broke out in prayer, in these and such like sentences: "O Lord, in thee have I trusted, and have not been confounded. In thee do I *now* trust, let me *never* be confounded. Salvation is of the Lord. I have nothing to bring, nothing to offer unto the Lord, but, God, be merciful to me a sinner! When my soul departs this body, a convoy of angels will conduct me to the paradise of God." His last prayer, that could be understood, was to this effect: "O almighty God, who dwellest in light, which no mortal can approach, and where no unclean thing can enter, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts: grant us continually, sweet peace, quietness, and assurance of thy favour!" About an hour before his death he was heard to say, "This is a good way! O that all may tread this path in the important hour!" Presently after he departed so quietly, that it was scarce perceivable when he drew his last breath.

GEORGE STORY.

Whitchurch, Sept. 1, 1784.

A short Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.

[Written by Mr. J. Rogers.]

MARTHA ROGERS was born February 14, 1755, in a village called *Loose*, near *Maidstone* in *Kent*. Her parents were Dissenters, and much noted for their singular piety,

piety, as were their parents before them. Her mother died many years ago; and her father in the year 1777: both in full assurance of a glorious resurrection. They had many children; the greater part yet living. Of those who are called away, there is ground to hope they are in Abraham's bosom. My dear wife would often thank God, with tears of gratitude, for the piety of her parents, and the Christian education and example, with which she was blessed in her youth: and believed, her conversion and salvation were an answer to their many prayers. She had serious impressions from a child, and was early led to see into the plan of salvation by faith. When about six or eight years of age, her convictions were such as frequently made her leave her little companions, and retire into private corners to pray, while they were taking their recreations. Yea, her love to the word of God, and secret prayer, appeared out of the common way! As she grew to riper years, she had at sundry times gracious visits from the Lord. But from a deep sense of her unworthiness, and a natural diffidence, she was long withheld from professing a sense of his pardoning love; although at times she was entirely happy in him: while her tempers, words, and works declared the deep piety of her heart.

My acquaintance with her began at *Edinburgh*, in 1775, and I have ever had cause to bless God for the day I first saw her. After a wonderful chain of providences, we were married at *Shoreham*, in *Kent*, December 4, 1778. The year after our marriage we removed to *Leeds*, where both our souls prospered much. It was amongst that dear people the Lord fully convinced her of the necessity of a pure heart. She then saw clearly the blessing must be received by simple faith, or not at all. Her convictions of inbred sin were deeper than she had ever felt before her justification: although at the same time, she said, she had no doubt of being a child of God. On New-Year's-Day, after returning from renewing her Covenant with God, she was much distressed. Several
of

of our friends came in till the house was near full. Three or four went to prayer, and the power of God was present to bless many. But still she felt herself as bound in chains, and wept bitterly. As soon as the company was gone, I endeavoured to comfort her; assuring her that the Lord was with her. I also exhorted her to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ: to cast herself, just as she was, into his arms, who was standing ready to embrace her. On this, she begged of me to go up stairs with her. I did so; and on falling on our knees, the Lord gave me power to wrestle mightily in prayer, on her behalf. Presently all her chains fell off, and she declared in an extasy of joy, that her soul was set at perfect liberty. The Lord applied those words to her soul, Thou art fair my love; thou art all fair: there is no spot in thee! She believed, and praised God aloud, saying to me, "Now I am sure he has heard your prayer for me. I now know he has purified my heart! My beloved is mine, and I am his." But her evidence did not remain long equally clear: nevertheless, from that time to the day of her death, I believe no one who knew her, had the least reason to doubt of the reality of the work.

The disorder of which she died was a consumption. At first I was quite ignorant of her danger, and when I began to suspect it, was a long time unwilling to think, for a moment, of being thus early deprived of so amiable, so valuable a jewel.

January 1, 1784, After renewing our Covenant with God, I had it deeply impressed upon my mind that this affliction would be unto death. My fears were all alarmed. I retired to my room and poured out my distress before the Lord; but could get no faith for her recovery. I went to her (then gone to bed) and could no longer refrain expressing my distress in a flood of tears. God only knows what I felt at that moment. She endeavoured to comfort me, and said, "My dear, do not be distressed. Is it grief or joy that makes you weep? Have you had a good time at the love-feast?"

After

After a little, I replied, My dear, it has been a good time to me. I am blessed; but you must bear with me: I cannot help fearing the worst. Your life, my dear, is surely in danger. She answered with her usual sweetness, "Perhaps not. You can remember the time when I was reduced much lower than I am now, and yet the Lord restored me. He bringeth down to the grave and raiseth up again. The Lord can do great things: yea, he hath done great things. Fear not, my dear, and all shall be well."

January 7. I found, by a conversation with her Doctor, that no hope was left of her recovery. And she seeing me deeply affected, easily imagined the cause; and with a most heavenly smile, endeavoured to comfort me and bear up my sinking spirit. I cannot recollect one half of what passed at that time; but many of her words made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. After many other things she said, "What pleasure should it afford us, my dear, that we can look back on more than five years, that we have lived together, and can say, we have been helps, and not hindrances to each other in the ways of God! And what cause have you, as well as me, to be happy in the reflection, that we never had one jarring string since we knew each other: that, notwithstanding we have had many trials from others, yet, to each other we have never been the least cause of sorrow. And if the Lord should take me now, you will follow me; but not yet. No, my dear, you have more to do and suffer. But he who has hitherto supported, will still be your helper. You will live to be more useful, and more happy than ever. You shall, my dear, I know you shall. The Lord knows you are upright before him: therefore you have nothing to fear. He will lay underneath, and around you, his everlasting arms: therefore go on and let nothing discourage you. I believe the Lord will prosper whatever you take in hand, and that he will bless the children, and make them his children. You may be discouraged to think how
you

you shall do with them when I am gone; but you need not. The Lord will raise you up friends where you do not expect. And what is best of all, I shall meet you in glory!" I replied, That is a pleasing thought! She answered, "It is." But said I, my dear, you have greatly the advantage of me: you have got through the wilderness. You are just going to cross Jordan; and when you do, there will be an end of all your woes for ever! But alas! I am still in an evil world; and what may yet await me I know not at present. But I know, a vast sea of trouble lies before me, through which I must pass. Yet, I bless God, I feel a strong confidence that all will be well in the end; although the way to it appears tedious and difficult. But I know the Lord is my strength, and all my hope is in him.

In the evening, she desired the children might be brought to her bed-side. She kissed them both, and prayed that the blessing of the God of Jacob might ever attend them: and added, I believe God will bless you, and make you blessings to many. I believe he will make you good men, and you will one day follow me to heaven." She uttered many expressions of the same kind.

[To be continued.]

*An Account of Mr. JOHN HOSKINS: in a Letter to the
Rev. John Wesley.*

Rev. Sir,

I Take this opportunity of giving you a short Account of the dealings of God with my soul for a few years last past: together with some account of his work in *Newfoundland*.

In March, 1774, I left *London*, went down to *Poole* in *Dorsetshire*, and embarked for *Newfoundland*. My design

was

was to work there, till I got money enough to pay my passage to *New-England*; where I intended to keep a school for my living; to work out my salvation, and to spend my little remains of life (being in my fifty-sixth year) with the people of God; and, as far as I was able, to help forward the salvation of others.

When I was about fourteen years of age, I tasted of the love of God, and felt the powers of the world to come. From that time I had frequently strong desires to live to God; to give myself wholly unto him.

In 1746, I first heard the Methodists at *Bristol*. The word fell on my soul as dew on the tender herb. I received it with joy, and soon joined the Society. In about three weeks I received a clear sense of forgiveness; but soon fell into reasoning and doubting. Sometimes I was in heaviness through manifold temptations; and it was near ten years before I had the abiding Witness. Oh! how slow of heart to believe! and how unwilling to give up all to God!

After a passage of five weeks I arrived at *Trinity*, in *Newfoundland*. I saw myself indeed a poor pilgrim on the earth, having no money; nor did I know one person in the place. As I was walking about on the shore, seeing a few low, mean houses, or rather huts, built with wood; and a rocky, desolate country: and meditating on the destruction which sin hath made in the world, I rejoiced exceedingly, that I was under the care and protection of an almighty and all-gracious God. Going by one of these houses, I heard a child cry; and thought, as there was a family, there might be some person with whom I might advise how to get into business: yet I was afraid, as I had been on board a ship with a crew of English, cursing, swearing savages, lest I should meet with the like people in this barren and uncultivated country. However I knocked at the door; when a woman, the mother of the family came out, and asked me and my son (a lad about sixteen who was

with me) to come in. She gave us some Seal and bread to eat, and some coffee to drink, the best the house afforded. She then directed me to several places, where she thought I might get business. The Minister of the place advised me to keep a school at *Old Perlican*, a place seven leagues from thence, across the Bay. Accordingly I went in a boat to *Old Perlican*. The people received me, and were glad of one to teach their children; there being about fifty families in the place. They likewise desired I would read prayers, and a sermon to them on Sundays; there being no manner of public worship before; neither Sundays nor week-days.

I accepted the Call, as from God, knowing it was my duty to do all the good I could, to the souls as well as bodies of my fellow-creatures. Accordingly I read the Church Prayers, and some of your Sermons, and sung your Hymns, by myself alone, for many weeks. For my congregation did not know how to behave in divine service; no not even to kneel in prayer, or to sing at all: but would stand at a distance and look at me, as if I had been a monster: and yet they called themselves members of the Church of England.

I then, according to my poor ability, began to explain to them, some part of the Common-Prayer, the Articles of the Church, and the most essential parts of the religion of the heart: such as repentance, remission of sins, and holiness. I insisted on the necessity of conversion. I told them, Ye must be born again; you must know your sins forgiven, or you cannot be saved: you must have the witness in yourselves: God's Spirit to witness with your spirit that ye are the children of God. From that spirit of faith and love, dwelling within you, will spring forth the fruits of good living, in all holiness of life and conversation; and you are to grow in grace daily, till you are fully renewed, and all that is within you is holiness unto the Lord.

Sometimes

Sometimes in reading the Sermons, I spoke a few words extempore, to make them (if possible) understand the meaning of what was read.

A few now began to be more serious, and would kneel in prayer, and help me to sing. Soon after, I perceived six or seven were awakened, and had a real desire to flee from the wrath to come. I advised them to meet together once a week, to help each other in working out their salvation, and told them I would meet with them. Accordingly we met on Sunday evenings. Our number soon increased to sixteen. And two or three in a little while testified that they knew their sins were forgiven.

[To be continued.]



Of the FORE-KNOWLEDGE of GOD.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

GOD is omniscient with regard to things finite, in the same sense that he is omnipotent. He is not omnipotent because he actually and necessarily produces all; but because he can, when he pleases, produce all that is possible. Just so he is omniscient with regard to finite, not because he necessarily knows all: but because he can, when he pleases, know all that is possible. He was essentially free to think, or not to think of the actions of finite beings. The knowledge of them is not necessary to the perfection of his boundless understanding. He sees them not by necessity of nature but from his free love of the creatures. He is neither obliged to think of our essence, nor of our actions or modalities; but he does so out of his pure, generous and communicative goodness. It is true that God by his own omnipresence sees necessarily all that is; because all things

lie open and bare before him. But this can be said only of what is already existent : necessary or inevitable ; and not of what is contingent, possible and free. Because there is no reality existent in matters purely possible, that can be the object of the Divine perception. When God therefore forms the idea of a free creature, he forms that of an intelligence whose determinations he leaves unconstrained ; they may or may not be ; and consequently their happening is only contingent and possible. Now to see in the nature of the creatures, or in his own eternal decrees, what is only contingent and possible, as infallibly future and inevitable, is a perfect contradiction. It is to create and annihilate, to form and destroy, to establish and overturn his object by the same individual act : it is producing a triangular circle. Wherefore as we do not derogate from the divine omnipotence, by denying that he can produce the one, so neither do we impeach the divine omniscience by denying that he can see the other. In both cases, the ideas are incompatible, their union is impossible, and so they cannot be the objects of the divine power or knowledge. It was therefore a strange delirium in the schoolmen, to attribute to God a science of what was impossible to be known, which destroys liberty, establishes now an universal fatality in nature, and so destroys all God's moral attributes of justice, sanctity and goodness ; and all this under pretext of exalting his knowledge.

Once more I repeat the sublime principle. We must reason of all God's acts, concerning finite beings, according to the rules of analogy. As God might have suspended for ever the acts of his free power and free love, without being impotent or unjust ; so he might have suspended for ever the acts of his free knowledge without being ignorant. His generous, communicative, free, and disinterested goodness alone engaged him to exert all the three. None of these acts interest necessarily the essential perfection of his nature, and all their effects when compared to his absolute essence are
 nothings.

nothings. The free production, the free knowledge, and the free love of all possible finites can make no augmentation of God's essential activity, consubstantial wisdom, and co-essential love. All the Spinosian, Deistical or Scholastic errors on this head come from the same source, a profound ignorance of God's still eternity, and of the luminous doctrine of the Trinity. These pretended philosophers confound God's absolute essence, with his relative attributes; his immanent acts, with his emanant fecundity; his essential activity, consubstantial image, and co-eternal love, with the free exercise of his creating power, arbitrary knowledge, and accessory beneficence. Perplexed and dissipated by a confused crowd of ideas, they fancy that the perfection of the divine intellect, like that of their own, consists in going out of himself to know other objects, and that the completion of the divine power, understanding and love, demand necessarily, and consist in the producing, knowing and beautifying numberless objects without himself; all whose ideas and essences, substances and modes, are but an infinitely little, when compared with the infinitely great; an atom that disappears before Immensity, and an absolute nothing that has no necessary relation to absolute Infinity.

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from a SERMON, on GOD IS LOVE.

THE following is the most remarkable Discourse, I ever saw upon the subject; and gives a full Answer to one of the capital Objections frequently made against Christianity.

J. W.

God is Love. 1 John iv. 8.

GOD is love. There is an unfathomable depth in this sentence, which even the penetration of an angel cannot reach; an ineffable excellence, which even celestial eloquence

eloquence cannot fully represent. God is love: not only lovely and loving but love itself; pure unmixed love; nothing but love; love in his nature and in his operations; the source, and quintessence of all love. My present design is to recommend the Deity under this amiable idea, and for that end, to shew that his other perfections are but modifications of love.

1. Love comprehends the various forms of divine beneficence. *Goodness*, that extends its bounties to innumerable ranks of creatures, and diffuses happiness through the various regions of the universe, except that which is set apart for the dreadful, but salutary purpose of incorrigible malefactors: *Grace*, which so richly showers its blessings upon the *undeserving*, without past merit or the prospect of future compensation: *Mercy*, that commiserates and relieves the *miserable* as well as the *deserving*: *Patience* and *Long-suffering*, which so long tolerate *insolent* and *provoking offenders*, what is all this beneficence, in all these its different forms, but *Love* under various names? It is *gracious*, *merciful*, *patient* and *long-suffering* love! Love variegated, overflowing and unbounded! What but love was the Creator of such a world as this, so well accommodated, so richly furnished for the sustenance and comfort of its inhabitants? And what but love has planned it so thick with an endless variety of beings, all capable of receiving some stream of happiness, from that immense fountain of it? Is it not love that preserves such a huge world as this in order and harmony from age to age, and supplies all its numerous inhabitants with every good? And O! was it not love, free, rich, unmerited love, that provided a Saviour for the guilty children of men? It was because "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O Love! what hast thou done! what wonders hast thou wrought! It was thou, almighty Love, that broughtest down the Lord of glory from
his

his celestial throne, to lie upon a cross, an atoning sacrifice for the sins of the world. And what but love is it that peoples the heavenly world with colonies transplanted from this rebellious province of Jehovah's dominions; that forms such miracles of glory out of the shattered, polluted fragments of human nature? And what but eternal Love perpetuates their bliss through an eternal duration? But it is evident that these are only the effects of love, that it is needless to attempt any farther illustration.

2. What is divine *Wisdom*, but a modification of divine *Love*? Divine love planning the best adapted schemes for communicating itself in the most advantageous manner, so as to promote the good of the collective system of creatures by the happiness of individuals; or to render the punishment of individuals subservient to the same benevolent end. Whatever traces of divine wisdom we see in *creation*; as the order and harmony of the great system of nature, its rich and various furniture, and the conspiracy of all its parts to produce the good of each other and of the whole; whatever wisdom appears in conducting the great scheme of *Providence* through the various ages of time, or in the more astonishing work of *Redemption*; in a word, whatever displays of divine wisdom appear in any part of the universe, they are only the signatures of divine love. Why was yonder sun fixed where he is, and enriched with such extensive vital influences? but because divine love saw it was most conducive to the good of the system. Why were our bodies so wonderfully and fearfully made, and all their parts so well fitted for action and enjoyment? but because divine love drew the plan. Why was the manifold wisdom of God displayed, not only to mortals, but also to angelic *principalities and powers*, in the scheme of redemption, which advances at once the honours of the divine perfections, and the happiness of ruined creatures, by an expedient which nothing but infinite Wisdom could ever devise, the incarnation, the obedience,

obedience, and passion of the co-equal Son of God? why, I say, but because divine love would otherwise be incapable of giving full scope to its kind propensions in a manner honourable to itself and conducive to the public good. In short, divine wisdom appears to be nothing else but the sagacity of love to discover ways to exercise itself to the greatest advantage: or, which is the same, divine wisdom always acts under the benign conduct of love: it is the counsellor of love to project schemes subservient to its gracious purposes; and in all its counsels love presides.

[*To be continued.*]

A Relation of a wonderful Discovery of Murder, by an Apparition.

ABOUT the year of our Lord 1632, near unto *Chester*, in the *Street*, there lived one *Walker*, a man of good estate, who had a young woman, called *Anna Walker*, his kinswoman, that kept his house; who was suspected to be with child by him. One night she was sent away with *Mark Sharp*, a collier, who had been born at *Blackburn Hundred* in *Lancashire*; and was not heard of for a long time. In the winter, one *James Graham*, a miller, living two miles from the place where *Walker* lived, was one night very late in the mill, grinding corn. About twelve or one o'clock, as he came down the stairs from the hopper (the mill doors being shut) there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor, with her hair about her head hanging down, and all bloody, with five large wounds on her head. He being much affrighted, began to bless himself, and at last asked who she was, and what she wanted? To whom she answered, "I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with *Walker*: and being with child by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well looked to, until I was brought

brought to-bed, and well-recovered, and then I should come home again, and keep his house. But, one night I was sent away with one *Mark Sharp*, who flew me with a pick, such as men dig coals with, giving me these five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank. His shoes and stockings being bloody, he endeavoured to wash them; but seeing the blood would not wash out, he hid them there." The apparition told the miller further, That he must be the man to reveal it, or else she must appear and haunt him. The miller returned home, very sad and heavy, and spoke not one word of what he had seen; but shunned, as much as he could, to stay in the mill after night, without company; thinking thereby to escape seeing again that frightful apparition.

But one night when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened that if he did not reveal the murder, she would continually pursue and haunt him. Yet, for all this he concealed it, until some few nights before Christmas, when walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened him, and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it the next morning.

In the morning he went to a Magistrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumstances. And diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick, shoes, and stockings, in every circumstance, as the apparition had related to the miller. On this, *Walker* and *Sharp* were both apprehended; but would confess nothing. At the assize following, viz. at *Durham*, they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed; but would never confess the fact. There are many persons yet alive (says the relator) that can remember this strange murder, and the discovery of it: and the whole relation was printed, though now not easily to be gotten.

A late MEMORABLE EVENT.

ON the third of November, 1771, between nine and ten at night, as the King of *Poland* was returning to the castle at *Warsaw*, in his coach, with a small retinue, from a visit to his Uncle, who was indisposed, the coach was beset by thirty horsemen, firing into the coach and at his attendants, who were soon dispersed. Two of them only placed themselves at the coach doors, to defend the King. One of them, *George Bitzow*, was killed instantly; the other, *Simon Mikulski*, dangerously wounded. Several balls passed through the coach; but providentially missed his Majesty. They then dragged him out of the coach, and hurried him away; while one fired at him so near, as to singe his forehead: another riding behind, gave him a deep cut on the head with his sabre, and his hat falling off, left the wound open and bleeding. They then set him on horseback, and made toward the ditch that surrounds the town, in leaping which the King's horse fell upon him. By being dragged from under the horse, his stocking, shoe, and part of his skin was torne off. They mounted him on another horse, and rode toward the wood of *Bielany*, frequently asking their Captain, (whose name was *Kusma*) "Is it not time to kill him?" To which he still answered, "No." It being very dark, they missed their way, and found themselves near the Russian Outposts. The Captain sent several of them in small parties to gain intelligence, till he was left alone with the King; who then expostulated with him, till he fell on his knees, and kissing his Majesty's feet, swore to be henceforth his loyal subject. Thus, in a moment the King's murderer became his guard, and brought him to a miller's cottage; who being told that a nobleman was robbed and wounded, immediately arose, took

took them in, and ran to the town with a note to the Captain of the guard, leaving the King to get a little rest, and *Kufma* standing sentry.

The news of his deliverance soon spread over *Warsaw*; and about five in the morning, he was brought to town amidst the acclamations of his rejoicing people. Ten of the assassins were soon taken, and after a solemn trial, executed: except *Kufma*, who was sentenced for banishment, but handsomely provided for by the King. Pensions were immediately ordered for the family of *Bitzow*, as well as for *Mikulski*: the burial of the former was attended by the first Nobility, and a monument erected to his memory.

The miller and his wife being sent for, the King bid them tell him whatever they desired, and they should have it. They desired the possession of the mill, free from taxes. The King ordered the grant to be immediately made out; a new house and mill to be built, and fixed tax free for ever on them and their descendants. An annuity was settled on the present miller; to whom the King likewise gave a purse of gold, and desired to stand godfather to the child, with which his wife was pregnant.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



The real CHARACTER of MONTANUS.

THERE is a great variety of opinions, says a late eminent Historian, about the time when *Montanus* first appeared, to work signs and miracles; either by the operation of God, as the Historian supposes, or by that of the devil transformed; and that in such a manner, as nobody was able to discern, because both his life and doctrine were holy and blameless. The time when it began to be doubted, concerning the spirit which operated in him, and moved him

after an extraordinary manner; whether it were a good or an evil one, is very uncertain, but it seems to be between the years of Christ, 150 and 170. However so it was, that the sentiments of those found in the faith, or the Christians in general, were much divided in their judgments. Of all the ancients, none was more express than he, in the mystery of the Incarnation, or seemed more to honour the person of Christ, and extol his merits. All the ancient heretics erred greatly from the truth, as to this; but he was clear in this respect, preaching up repentance and faith in the name of the Lord Jesus alone, as the one Mediator between God and man. Neither is it denied, that he was orthodox in the notion of the Church, as to Christian-fellowship, rightly formed, according to the pattern delivered by Christ himself, and knit together by the bond of the spirit, under Pastors and Officers of several orders, having a clear and certain mission from him, whom they represent; but he, under the character of a Prophet, as an order established in the Church, appeared (without bringing any new doctrine) for reviving what was decayed, and reforming what might be amiss: whereas others that had been judged heretics, were not only Preachers of strange and monstrous opinions, but were utter enemies to all manner of discipline in the Church.

It seems therefore, by the best information we can produce at this distance of time, That *Montanus* was not only a truly good man, but one of the best men then upon earth: and that his real crime was, the severely reproving those who professed themselves Christians, while they neither had the mind that was in Christ, nor walked as Christ walked; but were conformable both in their temper and practice to the present evil world.

The SHIPWRECK.

THE ship, *Bouevia*, of *London*, burthen about 250 tons, Capt. *Brooks*, Commander, set sail from the coast of *Holland*, on the 25th of November, 1724, having two pilots, the one English, the other Dutch; his wife was also on board with him.

The day had been fair and clear, but in the evening about six, it blew hard. The gale increased into a violent storm, and continued for about seven hours; during which, the ship was stranded off *Enchuyfen*, in the *Texel*.

In order to save themselves, if possible, the men all got into the long-boat, and were just ready to put off; but not having their Captain among them, they called to hasten him down, as the sea ran so high that it even broke the boat, and endangered her beating to pieces against the side of the stranded vessel. The Captain, in this nice and perilous point of time, recollecting that his wife was sea-sick in the cabin, could not bear the thoughts of endeavouring to save himself without her, and was earnestly labouring to bring her along with him: but she, who had heard the men cry out, that the boat would sink under the weight of two persons more, embraced him passionately, and refused to go. She wept, and told him in the most moving manner, that a woman in such an extremity would prove a dangerous incumbrance. She implored him, not to think of dividing his care, but to employ it all for the preservation of his single life, much dearer to her than her own.

For some time he pressed her in vain; but at last prevailed with her to come up with him upon deck, where the first observation they made was, that the boat was out of sight; having been beaten off, by the force of the swell, that rose between her and the vessel.

He

He was gazing speechless in her face in a despair which he found no words to utter, when a billow breaking over the ship washed him head long into the sea, and left her shrieking, and alone behind him, in a condition so far less supportable than his, that after a succession of the bitterest outcries, she fell forward in a swoon, and sunk senseless after him.

The boat in the mean time endeavoured to return to the ship, and passing providentially near the Captain, who was yet faintly swimming, the men discovered him in the sea, and took him up, quite spent and speechless; in this condition they laid him in the bottom of the boat, and coming along the ship's side, one of the sailors looking up, saw something like a woman, with her arms and clothes entangled in the shrouds: this was the Captain's wife, who in the moment of her falling forward, had been supported against that part of the rigging. She was still in a swoon, but so beloved by the mariners, that they redoubled their efforts to get her on board, that they might have it in their power to save her. They were so fortunate, that they found means to lift her into the boat, where they laid her, dead to all appearance, by her husband who was in the same condition. They put off again, and with great difficulty, got on shore upon one of the islands in the *Texel*, where the Captain coming to himself, told his men, that they would have done more kindly, had they let him perish in the sea; since the life they had enforced upon him, must for ever be embittered by the memory of her unhappy end, for whose sake only he had thought it worth wishing for. His wife was now recovering, and near enough to hear.

They flew into each others arms. And it is easier to imagine than describe, what they thought, and said, on so transporting an occasion.

This relation was faithfully taken from the mouth of a Gentleman, who was an eye-witness of the providential particulars.

From

From the PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS.

THE kingdom of *Thibet*, although known by name ever since the days of *Marco Paflo*, and other travellers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had never been properly explored by any Europeans, till the period of which I am now to speak. It is true, some straggling Missionaries of the begging Orders had, at different times, penetrated into different parts of the country: but their observations, directed by ignorance and superstition, placed in a narrow sphere, could give no ideas but what were false and imperfect. Since then, the Jesuits have given the world, in *Duhalde's* History of China, a short account of this country, collected, with their usual pains and judgment, from *Tartar* relations, which, as far as it goes, seems to be pretty just.

This country commonly passes in *Bengal*, under the name of *Boutan*. It lies to the northward of *Hindostan*, and is all along separated from it by a range of high and steep mountains, properly a continuation of the great *Caucasus*, which stretches from the ancient *Media*, and the shores of the *Caspian* Sea, round the North-East frontiers of *Persia*, to *Candahar* and *Cassamere*: and thence, continuing its course more easterly, forms the great northern barrier to the various provinces of the *Mogul* empire, and ends, as we have reason to believe, in *Affam*, or *China*. This stupendous *Tartar* bulwark had ever been held impassable by the *Moguls*, and all other *Mussulmen*, conquerors of India: and, although in the vallies, lying between the mountains, which run out perpendicular to the main ridge, there reside various Indian people, whom they had occasionally made tributary's to their power, they never had attempted a solid or permanent dominion over them. It was on occasion of a disputed succession between the heirs of one of the *Rajahs* or petty
Sovereigns

Sovereigns of those people, that the *Boutaners* were called down from their mountains to the assistance of one of the parties; and our government engaged on the opposite side. The party assisted by us did not fail in the end to prevail; and, in the course of this little war, two people became acquainted, who although near neighbours, were equally strangers to each other. At the attack of a town, called *Cooch Behar*, our troop, and the *Boutaners*, first met; and nothing could exceed their mutual surprise in the encounter. The *Boutaners*, who had never met in the plains any other than the timid Hindoos, flying naked before them, saw, for the first time, a body of men, uniformly clothed and accoutred, moving in regular order, and led on by men of complexion, dress, and features, such as they had never beheld before: and then the management of the artillery, and incessant fire of the musketry, was beyond any idea which they could have conceived of it. On the other hand, our people found themselves on a sudden engaged with a race of men unlike all their former opponents in India, uncouth in their appearance, and fierce in their assault, wrapped up in furs, and armed with bows and arrows, and other weapons peculiar to them.

The place was carried by our troops, and a great many things taken in the spoil, such as arms, clothing, and utensils of various sorts. Images in clay, in gold, in silver, and in enamel, were sent down to *Calcutta*; all which appeared perfectly Tartar; as we have them represented in the relations and drawings of travellers; and there were besides, several pieces of Chinese paintings and manufactures. Whilst those things continued to be the subject of much conversation and curiosity to us in *Bengal*, the fame of our exploits in the war had reached the Court of *Thibet*, and awakened the attention of *Tayshoo Lama*, who (the *Delia Lama*, being a minor) was then at the head of the States. The *Dah Terriah*, or *Deb Rajah*, as he is called in *Bengal* (who rules immediately over the *Boutaners*, and has engaged them in the war) being a
fuditory

fuditory of *Thibet*, the Lama thought it proper to interpose his good offices; and in consequence sent a person of rank to *Bengal*, with a letter and presents to the Governor, to solicit a peace for the Dah, as his vassal and dependant.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the Sunday-Charity Schools, lately begun in various Parts of England.

Gloucester, June 5, 1784.

I Have not had leisure to give the public an earlier account of my plan for a reform of the rising generation, by establishing Schools, where poor children may be received upon the Sunday, and there engaged in learning to read, and to repeat their Catechism, or any thing else that may be deemed proper to open their minds to a knowledge of their duty to God, their neighbours and themselves.

The utility of an establishment of this sort was first suggested by a groupe of little miserable wretches, whom I observed one day in the street, where many people, employed in the pin manufactory, reside. I was expressing my concern to one, at their forlorn and neglected state;—and was told, that if I were to pass through that street upon Sundays, it would shock me indeed to see the crowds of children who were spending that sacred day in noise and riot; to the extreme annoyance of all decent people.

I immediately determined to make some little effort to remedy the evil.—Having found four persons who had been accustomed to instruct children in reading, I engaged to pay the sum they required for receiving and instructing such children as I should send to them every Sunday.—The children were to come soon after ten in the morning, and stay till twelve: they were then to go home and return at one;

and after reading a lesson they were to be conducted to church. After church they were to be employed in repeating the Catechism till half after five, and then to be dismissed, with an injunction to go home without making a noise; and by no means to play in the street. This was the general outline of the regulation.—With regard to the parents, I went round to remonstrate with them on the melancholy consequences that must ensue from so fatal a neglect of their children's morals.—They alledged, that their poverty rendered them incapable of cleaning and clothing their children fit to appear either at school or at church; but this objection was obviated by a remark, that if they were clad in a garb fit to appear in the streets, I should not think it improper for a school calculated to admit the poorest and most neglected; all that I required, were clean faces, clean hands, and the hair combed.—In other respects they were to come as their circumstances would admit.

In a little time the people perceived the advantage. Many children began to shew talents for learning, and a desire to be taught. Little rewards * were distributed among the most diligent. This excited an emulation.—One or two Clergymen gave their assistance, by going round to the schools on the Sunday afternoon, to hear the children their Catechism. This was of great consequence.

Another Clergyman hears them their Catechism once a quarter publicly in the church, and rewards their good behaviour with some little gratuity.

They are frequently admonished to refrain from swearing; and certain boys, who are distinguished by their decent behaviour, are appointed to superintend the conduct of the rest, and make report of those that swear, call names, &c. When quarrels have arisen, the aggressor is compelled to ask pardon, and the offended is enjoined to forgive.—The happiness that

* The rewards are books, combs, shoes, or some articles of apparel.

must arise to all, from a kind, good-natured behaviour, is often inculcated.

This mode of treatment has produced a wonderful change in the manners of these little savages. I cannot give a more striking instance than I received the other day from Mr. Church, a manufacturer of hemp and flax, who employs numbers of these children.—I asked him whether he perceived any alteration in them, since they had been restrained from their former prostitution of the Lord's-day?—"Sir," said he, the change could not have been more extraordinary, had they been transformed from the shape of wolves and tygers to that of men. In temper, disposition, and manners, they could hardly be said to differ from the Brute Creation.—But since the establishment of the Sundays' Schools, they have shewn that they are not the ignorant creatures they were before.—When they have seen a superior come, and kindly instruct and admonish them, and sometimes reward their good behaviour, they are anxious to gain his friendship and good opinion.—They are also become more tractable and obedient, and less quarrelsome and revengeful."

From this little sketch of the reformation which has taken place, there is reason to hope, that a general establishment of Sunday Schools, would in time make some change in the morals of the lower class. At least it might in some measure prevent them from growing worse, which at present seems but too apparent.

R. RAIKES.

P. S. The parish of St. Nicholas has lately established two Schools; and some Gentlemen of this city have also set up others. To some of the School-mistresses I give two shillings a week extra to take the children when they come from work, during the week days.

*An Extract from a JOURNEY from Aleppo to Jerusalem; at
Easter, A. D. 1697.*

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter
College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

THERE being several Gentlemen of our nation (fourteen in number) determined on a visit to the *Holy-Land*, at the approaching Easter, I resolved, though but newly come to *Aleppo*, to make one of the number.

Pursuant to this resolution, we set out from *Aleppo*, Friday, February 26, 1696, at three in the afternoon. Our quarters the first night we took up at the *Honey-Kane*; a place of but indifferent accommodation, about one hour and a half West of *Aleppo*.

It must here be noted, that in travelling this country, a man does not meet with a market-town, and inns, every night as in *England*; the best reception you can find here, is either under your own tent, if the season permit; or else in certain public lodgments, founded in charity, for the use of travellers. These are called by the Turks, *Kanes*, and are seated sometimes in the towns and villages; sometimes at convenient distances upon the open road. They are built in the fashion of a cloister, encompassing a court of thirty or forty yards square, more or less, according to the measure of the founder's ability or charity. At these places all comers are free to take shelter; paying only a small fee to the Kane-keeper; and very often without that acknowledgement. But they must expect nothing here generally but bare walls: as for other accommodations, of meat, drink, bed, fire, provender; with these it must be every ones care to furnish himself.

Saturday, Feb. 27. From the *Honey-Kane* we parted very early the next morning; proceeding Westerly as the day before,

Our

Our whole stage this day was about five hours, our course a little southerly of the west.

The plains of the *Kefteen* are of a vast compass; extending to the southward beyond the reach of the eye, and in most places very fruitful and well cultivated. At our first descent into them at *Efsoyn*, we counted twenty-four villages. The soil is of a reddish colour, very loose and hollow; and you see hardly a stone in it. Whereas on its west-side, there runs along for many miles together a high ridge of hills, discovering nothing but vast naked rocks without the least sign of mould, or any useful production: which yields an appearance as if nature had, as it were, in kindness to the husband-man, purged the whole plain of these stones, and piled them all up together in that one mountain. *Kefteen* itself is a large plentiful village on the west-side of the plain. There are many ruins of churches and convents still to be seen in the neighbouring rocky mountains.

Sunday, Feb. 28. Having a long stage to go this day, we left *Kefteen* very early; and in the afternoon arrived at *Te-ne-ree*; where we paid our first Caphar.

These Caphars are certain duties which travellers are obliged to pay, at several passes upon the road, to Officers who attend in their appointed stations to receive them. They were at first levied by Christians, to yield a recompense to the country for maintaining the ways in good repair, and scouring them from robbers. The Turks keep up so gainful an usage still, pretending the same causes for it. But under that pretence, they take occasion to exact from passengers, especially Franks, unreasonable sums; and instead of being a safe-guard, prove the greatest robbers themselves.

In the evening we came to *Shoggle*, a pretty large, but exceeding filthy town, situated on the river *Orontes*: over which you pass by a bridge of thirteen small arches to come at the town. The river hereabouts is of a good breadth; and yet so rapid, that it turns great wheels, made for lifting up
the

the water, by its natural swiftness, without any force added to it, by confining its stream. Its waters are turbid, and very unwholesome, and its fish worse; as we found by experience, there being no person of all our company, that had eaten of them over night but found himself much indisposed the next morning. We lodged here in a very large and handsome *Kane*, far exceeding what is usually seen in these sort of buildings. It was endowed with a competent revenue, for supplying every traveller, that takes up his quarters in it, with a competent portion of bread, and broth, and flesh, which is always ready for those that demand it, as very few people of the country fail to do. The *Kane* we found at our arrival, crowded with a great number of Turkish pilgrims bound for *Meccha*. But nevertheless we met with a peaceable reception amongst them, though our faces were set to a different place.

Monday, March 1. Having travelled about two hours, we entered into a woody, mountainous country, which ends the *Bashalick* of *Aleppo*, and begins that of *Tripoli*. Our road here was very rocky, and uneven; but yet the variety which it afforded, made some amends for that inconvenience. Sometimes it led us under the cool shade of thick trees: sometimes through narrow valleys, watered with fresh murmuring torrents: and then for a good while together upon the brink of a precipice. And in all places it treated us with the prospect of plants and flowers of divers kinds: as Myrtles, Oleanders, Cyclamens, Anemonies, Tulips, Marigolds, and several other sorts of aromatic herbs. Having spent about two hours in this manner, we descended into a low valley; at the bottom of which is a fissure into the earth, of a great depth; but withal so narrow, that it is not discernable to the eye till you arrive just upon it: though to the ear a notice of it is given at a great distance, by reason of the noise of a stream running down into it from the hills. They call it *The Shock's Wife*: a name given it from a woman of
that

that quality, who fell into it, and perished. The depth of the channel, and the noise of the water, are so extraordinary, that one cannot pass over it without something of horror. The sides of this fissure are firm and solid rock, perpendicular and smooth; only seeming to lie in a wavy form all down, as it were to comply with the motion of the water. From which observation we were led to conjecture, that the stream, by a long and perpetual current, had, as it were, fawn its own channel down unto this unusual deepness: to which effect, the waters being penned up in so narrow a passage, and its hurling down stones along with it by its rapidity, may have not a little contributed.

Tuesday, March 2. We were glad to part very early this morning from our Campagnia lodging; the weather being yet moist and cold. Continuing our journey through woods and mountains, as the day before, we arrived in about one hour, at the Caphar of *Crusfa*, which is demanded near a *Kane* of that name; a *Kane* they call it, though it be in truth nothing else, but a cold comfortless ruin on the top of a hill on the way side.

From hence in about another hour we arrived at the foot of a mountain called *Occaby*; or as the word denotes, difficult, and indeed we found its ascent fully answerable to its name. The moisture and slipperiness of the way at this time, added to the steepness of it, greatly increased our labour in gaining the top of the hill. Here we found no more woods or hills, but a fine country, well cultivated and planted with silk gardens: through which, we came in one hour to *Bellulca*. Here we repaired to a place which is both a *Kane* of the village, and the *Aga's* house: and resolving by reason of the rains, which fell very plentifully, to make this our lodging, we went to visit the *Aga* with a small present in our hands, in order to procure a civil reception. But we found
little

little recompense from his Turkish gratitude ; for after all our respect to him, it was not without much importunity that we obtained leave to have the use of a dry part of the house.

[*To be continued.*]



A Memorial for Miss NANCY BISSAKER : written in the seventh Year of her Age, by the late Mr. C. Perronet.

OUR Lord Jesus himself be the portion of your pilgrimage on earth, and his kingdom the lot of your eternal inheritance !

I am as one leaving the world. You only begin to be, and may sojourn with trials and temptations many days, without those who have been the guardians of your infancy, and who loved you as words cannot describe.

I leave you my thoughts, and desires, in writing, to supply my absence : and to make the deeper impression, I have chosen this form before any other.

Ere you may be able to consider these things, or begin to know your friend, he must be parted from you, and you must travel the chief part of your pilgrimage alone.

But God only is : his favour is all in earth or heaven. I commend you to his tender compassion. Jesus be your friend, when shadows and feeble things vanish away !— May you make God your sanctuary ; your hiding-place : your one desire, and delight : then all is well with you for ever and ever.

My dear, you are blessed with a mother, friend, and pattern, beyond others. She is a gift from above, and a singular blessing to all places where she comes. An Interceder with God for his people. “ Many daughters have done virtuously, but she excelleth them all,”

God

God requires you to receive his gift as from himself. He will deal with you according to what you are to her. In receiving her, you embrace your own benefits: in rejecting her, and forsaking her counsel, you forsake your own mercies.

But my dear child, God only is immortal. Your mother must return to dust. Suffering and pain have already brought her low: in the course of nature she cannot remain long. You may continue awhile and then follow. Walk in the same steps, and you will have the same reward.

Her prayer began for you before your birth, and has followed you ever since: and like the dew of heaven resting upon you, before you could speak, has caused early desires in you for heavenly things. You have the blessing of parental righteousness: like Israel, "beloved for the father's sake."

In all your prayers bless God for such a parent. Every day call to remembrance what Christ has made her, in word, conversation, love, faith, purity. It will tend much to make you the same.

I perceive you are appointed to be a suffering child, of a suffering mother. You partake of her tender frame: your spirit is all feeling: you are persecuted by the wicked.

Christ has long begun to work on your infant spirit, and you feel many desires, and fears, and convictions. The enemy persecuted you, and sought your life; but God made me your deliverer.

Your mother was persecuted from her childhood; and has suffered all her days: it may forebode that your portion will be the same.

The children in the neighbourhood afflict you daily: male and female, conspire against you; while their parents encourage them: so that it is not safe even to venture you from your own door.

From these presages, prepare. Live to God more abundantly, that he may hide you in the hollow of his hand.

My prayer is, that Jesus may shew you abundant favour; make you a follower of him in particular devotedness of body and soul; by being a whole burnt-offering to him.

Labour to see more of the excellency of Christ, and faith in him. God can regard nothing but his own Son: accept us only for his sake; bestow on us, only through believing; reward nothing but his own work; and unite only with his own image.

Cast yourself on God; abandon yourself to his disposal, and be a compleat sacrifice to his will. Give yourself up to believe, and obey; and in all things take Christ for your portion, without mixture of created good.

Dedicate yourself to the daily cross; and every part of self denial. "Christ pleased not himself; and came not to do his own will." His will was holy; and nothing could please him, but what pleased God. But his righteous will was swallowed up in the will of his Father, and the inclination of his created substance, was made subject to the great goodness of the divine infinity.

Think then, how to be found of him in peace at his coming; without spot, unreprieveable, by conforming to all that was in him.

Set yourself to drink of Christ's cup. Crucify, and oppose nature in every thing. Suffer your time, and turn of mind to be broken in upon, and all the tide of nature to be forced into a contrary channel. Account yourself a nothing; called to be subservient to every one's good. To do well, suffer for it, and take it patiently, is to be a compleat sacrifice to God in Christ.

When we do what is right, and it prospers, or is well received, we do good to others; but not always the most to ourselves. Self-complacency, if no other part of selfishness, cleaves to it: and if not, still it is void of suffering the trial of our faith, and the purification of our graces.

But when our desire, and aim towards that which is right is opposed, and God himself frustrates the design he breathed into us, or if men reject, and judge us as evil-doers : then the intent is accepted of God for all the rest, and we are purified as in the furnace.

Remember, whatever you do in the body will be brought to judgment : and that all done below is a seed for eternal peace, or condemnation. Disobedience, and neglect of duty, may be forgiven ; but cannot be rewarded ; so it is lost for ever. But what pleases God, endureth without end. Therefore “ Abound in the work of the Lord, and it will not be in vain.”

Mind not high things, but condescend to those which are low. In all things, the poor are to be preferred to the rich ; the cross, adversity, contempt, and opposition ; to ease, prosperity and honour. Christ has sanctified pain, poverty, reproach, through his whole life. And these he still makes his dwelling place, where he bestows his richest grace. The rich seek little after grace ; and what they obtain, soon drops off as blossoms that bear no fruit.

Be rarely prevailed on to associate with rich professors. One poor disciple possesses more of God than a multitude of the delicate.*

If you should ever be made a steward of riches, be like the widow, and give all your living to Jesus, in prisons, and to all who are in want.

Love your own family, and supply your mother's place amongst them. Take the lowest place, the yielding, humbling part. “ He that humbles himself as a little child is the greatest in the kingdom. He that doth all things right, but to take the lowest part, forsakes the chief of Christ's example, in not making himself of no reputation : and when he is weighed in the balance may be found wanting.

[*To be continued.*]

* A certain Truth, Note it well.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCLII.

[From the Rev. J. Wesley, to the Rev. Mr. L.]

Lewisham, Dec. 14, 1771.

Dear Brother,

FOR some time I have been in doubt, whether it was best for me to write, or to leave you to your own reflections. But at length love turns the scale. I cannot be silent any longer, without being wanting in affection. I will therefore state the case as impartially as I can, and may God give you a right judgment in all things!

It has pleased God to entrust you with several talents: a measure of his grace, of natural understanding, improved by reading and conversation; and a tolerable utterance. And what are you doing with these talents? You are well-nigh burying them in the earth. A Dispensation of the Gospel is committed to you; and yet you preach not the Gospel, or but now and then; instead of continually stirring up the gift of God that is in you. Is this inactivity, this losing so many precious opportunities, owing to any temporal views? Do you expect to get *more money* by delay? I hope not. Do you want to avoid labour, shame, or censure? I would fain think better things of you. Surely you have not so learned Christ!

But you have promised (not indeed to man, but) before God, that you will not leave the Church. What do you mean by this? What ideas do you affix to that confused expression? In what sense can the officiating at West-Street, or Spitalfields Chapels (both of them *consecrated* places, if that

that avails any thing) be called *leaving the Church*? Does Mr. Dodd, one of the King's Chaplains, *leave the Church*, by officiating at Charlotte-Street Chapel? Although this was never consecrated yet, neither is under any Episcopal Jurisdiction.

But if you had made that promise ten times, still I ask, would it not be "more honoured in the breach, than in the observance?" For what was it you promised? To wait for dead men's shoes? Was not this a *foolish* promise? To bury your talent in the earth? Was not this a *sinful* promise? To incur the woe of not preaching the Gospel? Is not this both foolish and sinful? "But you do not intend to stand in the Vineyard all the day idle. You will but wait awhile longer." Well, how long will you be as a dumb dog? Twenty years? Or ten? Or one and a half? If you have a lease of your life, well: but what if you are called in one year to give an account of your stewardship? O live *to-day*! Do all the good you can, while it is called to-day! *Now* stir up the gift of God which is in you! *Now*, save as many souls as you can; and do all you can to ease the labour, and prolong the life of,

Your affectionate Friend and Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

L E T T E R CCCLIII.

[From Mrs. Mary Jones, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Bath, Jan. 1, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

ENCOURAGED by your condescending answer to my former letter, I take the liberty to write again, and to tell you how I am, as well as my mean capacity enables

me. And first, Jesus is altogether lovely to me: he is my God and my all. This is the mountain on which I stand, and behold his foes beneath his feet. Nevertheless, I find Satan will strike, though he cannot destroy. The Lord, for the establishing of my faith, has permitted his work to be tried as by fire. Both by outward trials and by inward crucifixion, for which I can praise him, and say with humble boldness, in the midst of all, his yoke is easy and his burthen is light. My temptations are various: sometimes I am tempted to believe, all the work in my soul is a delusion: at other times, that I shall fall from grace, and bring a reproach on the Gospel: and again, to reason, "Why am I thus, if God had done this for me?" But they are as a flash of lightning: they have not the least rest on my soul, being quenched by faith in Jesus. But O! how shall I paint my own weakness and helplessness? My entire dependance is on the blood of Jesus? I do indeed feel a momentary salvation: "Every moment, Lord, I want the merit of thy death." I deeply feel, it is Jesus, not me, that keeps my garments unspotted from the world. It is now I feel, I am nothing, I have nothing, and must fall, if I do not continually receive strength from an inexhaustible fountain. My soul is sometimes led to meditate on the depths of redeeming love, God manifest in the flesh, to destroy the works of the devil. But I am soon lost in wonder, love and praise, and cry out, O the length, the breadth, the height! There are seasons, at which my soul is taken from all but Jesus; as it were shut up, abstracted from all earthly objects. These are seasons of solemn, silent love, in which I feel there is a rooting and grounding. My soul longs for them; and in the enjoyment of them, is ready to cry out with Peter, "It is good to be here;" but is silenced with those words, "Not my will, but thine be done!" I am continually offered up as a sacrifice: feeling I am not my own. I long for more of that life, which is hid with Christ in God. I never, in my life, saw my fall from God so deep as I see it now. It is the
case

case in all things, and particularly in the body being a clog to the soul. Sometimes I long to lay the burden down: but I fear, that is my own will. Lord, let thy Spirit teach me in all things! Satan leaves no stone unturned, nor art untried to shake my confidence: and to make others shut their eyes against the truth. But the Lord will fight his own battles. I have often a sight of the pit from whence I was taken, which sinks me into nothing: and I conclude, there never was one saved from such a depth before. I beg leave to subscribe myself

Your most unworthy Follower,

MARY JONES.

L E T T E R CCCLIV.

[From Mrs. M. S. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Bristol, Jan. 5, 1772.

Dear Sir,

BLESSED be God, for the great help your last letter afforded me! Your very kind caution, with regard to Satan's devices I acknowledge with thankfulness. I find him a subtle foe; watching every opportunity of assaulting my confidence. But, *The Lion of the Tribe of Judah* has hitherto been victorious. I do not know, but I have, in some measure, listened to the enemy in the point you mentioned; and, through a fear of arrogating any thing to myself, have not acknowledged the work of God as I ought.

I have been reading your Thoughts on Perfection, and have found great assistance in so doing. Many things that I could not account for, you have clearly explained.

I desire to praise God that I experience an increase of spiritual life, and feel greater union with the holy Jesus. I can now give him my whole heart. I find my every desire
centre

centre in him, and rejoice in feeling, *I am not my own*, Prayer is the element of my soul. By it, my heart offers itself to the Redeemer, and makes all its requests known unto him. He makes the throne of grace easy of access; and it is by continual coming to it, I feel my heaven begun.

With regard to zeal, I praise God, I feel a desire to spend, and be spent for him. I never found so much of this, as I have lately. My heart is enflamed with strong desire to speak for him I love, who has done so much for me. The mourners in Sion are peculiarly near to me. O, how ready do I see Jesus to bless them! How willing to receive them!

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your's affectionately,

M. S.

L E T T E R CCCLV.

[From Mrs. Margaret Wood, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Bristol, Jan. 7, 1772

Rev. Sir,

IT has long been on my mind to give some Account of God's dealings with my soul.

About the year 1745, I first heard you preach. Under the third Sermon I was cut to the heart. When I went home, I said to my mother, Mr. Wesley has told me all things that ever I did: and asked her, have not you been writing to him concerning me? She answered, No, my dear child: it was the Spirit of God that told him. From this time I continued under the word, and was enabled to lay aside my besetting sin. After some weeks the Lord manifested himself unto me. I retained my confidence for some months; and it was my meat and drink to do his will. I had

had a desire to join the Society, but my husband would not let me. He also insisted on my not going to hear you preach. On my obeying him, my besetting sin got dominion over me: in which state I continued seven years, drinking in iniquity like water. O the long-suffering of God to such a rebel! Why did he not cut me down?

About the year 1752, God took away my husband; and having four children, I was obliged to sell one piece of furniture after another to buy bread for them. Having only the furniture of one room left, I set up a school, which was a little help to me; but not sufficient for such a family: therefore I often went to bed hungry, and continued so all the next day. My oldest son, who was a dutiful child, being abroad, news came that he was dead. Being swallowed up of grief, I heard a voice saying, If thou wilt return, return: then these words were brought to my mind, Weep not for *me*, but for *thyself*. On this my sins were brought to my remembrance, and I mourned on my own account. In a short time my second son was taken from me by the hands of cruel men. Three months after, the Lord took my youngest son. I now began to cry aloud, Lord, my sins have found me out! My distress so increased, that I almost forgot to eat what little food I had. My former acquaintances stood afar off: I had no one that cared for me. I now remembered my mother's dying words, "My child, if thou wilt seek the Lord with thy *whole* heart, he will raise thee up friends where thou little thinkest." I now came under the word again, and intreated God to look in mercy upon me. On hearing a sermon on these words, "And Jesus looking on the young man, loved him." I received a spark of hope: yet I went on for some months, sometimes hoping, at others despairing. One evening as I was going to the preaching, all the way I went my cry was, Lord, what must I do to be saved? As soon as I entered the room Mr. H——s named *that text*, which was made a great

VOL. VIII. H blessing

bleffing to me. I went home, begging for faith, and continued doing fo for fome weeks.

About this time, the Lord brought you to Bristol; and as you were preaching from, "Behold, now is the accepted time," the word went to my heart, and I did receive him as my Lord and my God. Now how sweet was his word to me! I read the fcriptures with delight. I could believe all the promifes were for *me*. But all this time I was not joined to the Society. I had fo high an opinion of it, that I thought it was not for fuch a vile creature as me. However I was prevailed on to give in my name, and found the Clafs and Band-meeting of great ufe to me.

I now went on praifing the Lord for his reftoring love; but he fhewed me, that he had a greater work to do; and on his uncovering my inbred corruptions, my foul was weighed down. O, what ftugglings did I feel! It was hard travail indeed!

On Sept. 21, 1761, you preached on the fecond verfe of the 107th Pfalm. I went home and prayed all night. At laft thefe words were brought to my mind, I will cleanse thee from all thy filthinefs.

Tuefday the 22d, your text was in the feventeeth chapter of the firft Book of Samuel. Glory be to God, that night my Goliath was flain! But I thought, I would not tell it to any body: but when I went to meet my Band, my dear Leader faid, "Sifter W. the Lord has done great things for you: your very countenance tells me fo." She went to prayer, and O, what a fire of love did the Lord kindle in each breaft! I was constrained to cry aloud, Jefus is my King! my God and my All! O, what a testimony did the Lord give us of his love! We could not part: but he continued four hours praifing our dear Emmanuel.

For thefe three years paff, I have not found fo much of that joy as I ufed to have; yet an awful fenfe of the divine prefence refts continually on me. O, how does it abafe my
foul

soul before God! And I feel such a desire as I cannot express, to attain the full measure of the stature of Christ. O, may I never rest till he has moulded and fashioned me according to his will in all things!

I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful Daughter in the Lord,

M. WOOD.



P O E T R Y.

To Lord ————: by Lord L——n.

WILT thou once more a kind attention lend
To thy long, absent and forgotten friend;
Who after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore:
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shade of his paternal seat,
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Saine?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's stile;
At soft Italian sounds to melt away,
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtles stray;
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Still open, and still flowing to the wise;
Not forc'd by toilsome art, and wild desire,
Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire;
But in its proper channels gliding fair,
A common benefit which all may share.

Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
 False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search is vain. }
 So idle, yet so restless are our minds,
 We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
 Through various toils to seek content we roam,
 Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air,
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
 The wretch by wild impatience driven to rove,
 Vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
 From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears:
 With equal pain each different clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills which from our passions flow,
 Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?
 Or how can aught but powerful Reason cure,
 What from unthinking Folly we endure?
 Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
 In generous love of others good to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
 To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear.

This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
 This was the sovereign good they justly fought;
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,
 But the free native produce of the mind.
 Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
 The useful practice of philosophy:

Horace,

Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
 Not always chose from greatness to retire,
 But in the palace of Augustus knew,
 The same unerring maxims to pursue,
 Which in the Sabine or the Velian shade
 His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
 View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
 Undazzled every glittering folly see,
 And in the midst of slavish forms be free:
 In its own centre keep your steady mind;
 Let prudence guide you, but let honour bind;
 In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
 But be a country-gentleman at heart.

R U R A L H A P P I N E S S.

[To a Friend.]

EVANDER's voice invites my artless lay:
 And Friendship's call transported I obey:
 Friendship! I seize the lyre at thy command
 And strike the sleeping strings with trembling hand.
 O, for some portion of poetic fire!
 Some happier strain that nature would inspire!
 Here, where she shines in all her virgin charms,
 And fair Retirement wooes me to her arms.
 Hail musing nymph! in russet vest array'd,
 O, wrap thy vot'ry in thy brownest shade!
 Far, far from all the noisy seats of pride,
 In groves conceal her, or in vallies hide.

Now bounteous Autumn glads the yellow plains,
 And bright-eyed Ceres crown'd with plenty reigns;

With

With blushing fruit the bending branches shine,
 And ripening clusters load the generous vine.
 Here, white with bleating flocks the uplands rise,
 There, hills whose azure summits pierce the skies,
 And clad in all the ripening harvest's pride,
 The dale slopes gently down the mountain's side,
 No more let Poets sing of Tempe's Fields,
 Nor paint the treasure that Pæstolus yields,
 Their fame in vain to Albion's sons is told,
 Here silver currents roll through vales of gold,
 Oft mid the tufted trees, the rural cell,
 Where Health, and sweet Content with Virtue dwell,
 Displays its straw-crown'd roof, and smiles secure
 From all those cares the guilty great endure.
 Hail! fair abodes of Freedom, Joy and Peace,
 Where treasure flows,* and useful arts increase;
 No direful arms these calm retreats annoy,
 No barb'rous bands the fruitful plains destroy;
 Remote from danger, here the happy swain,
 Tills the rich soil, and reaps the bearded grain:
 Blest in these mid-land seats secure he toils,
 No coasters ravage, and no tempest spoils.
 Here Bordsley-hall, sweet mansion of delight,
 In fair proportion rises to my sight:
 Charmed with the verdant walks, and silent shades,
 I range the twilight woods, and opening glades.
 Ye crystal lakes, where curling breezes play,
 O, let me on your flowery margin stray!
 Where the tall fir erects its spiry head,
 And their green arms the princely cedars spread;
 Or let me to the dusky grot retire,
 And wake to Sylvan strains the amusive lyre,
 While down the rock the murmuring waters flow,
 And gentlest gales through fragrant woodbines blow.

* The famous Town of Birmingham, near which the scene of this Poem is laid.

Happy the man! who from the noisy town,
 Retiring, finds this sweet recess his own :
 Who, free from each low wish and idle fear,
 Enjoys soft ease, and learned leisure here :
 Of all that luxury could crave, possess ;
 What troubles can alarm ; what cares molest ?
 Can gold then make man happy ? vain surmise !
 As soon may titles make an idiot wise.
 If heaven-born Virtue reign not in the breast,
 The rich, the gay, the great, can ne'er be blest ;
 When the swoln heart with mad ambition glows,
 And hell-bred Avarice chafes calm Repose :
 When black Oppression with her hateful train,
 Fraud, dark Distrust, and pining Envy reign :
 What, what alas ! can wealth or titles bring ?
 Say, can they blunt Reflection's deadly sting ?
 Can painting's vivid glow, or music's strains,
 Sooth the bad heart, or soften guilty pains ?
 If these, O, Grandure ! thine attendants are,
 Let one prefer this unambitious prayer.
 Give me, indulgent Heaven, some lonely cot,
 Where I may live unenvied and forgot :
 Range the sequestered shade with mind serene,
 Explore the beauties of the Sylvan scene :
 Tread Virtue's paths, and to her temple rise,
 And dare to emulate the good and wise.
 Let Friendship's generous warmth expand my breast,
 And sweet Contentment be my constant guest.
 Let social Converse crown the day's decline,
 And Folly's slaves divide their haunts from mine,
 When grey-eyed Dawn peeps o'er the mountain's head,
 And lingering Night on dusky wing is fled ;
 Give me to trace the dew-bespangled Grove,
 Where rosy Health, and blooming Pleasure rove ;

There .

There let me oft explore the sacred cell,
 Where Truth and heaven-born Contemplation dwell;
 And, while dear Freedom her loose banner waves,
 Contemn the pomp of courts, and pity slaves.

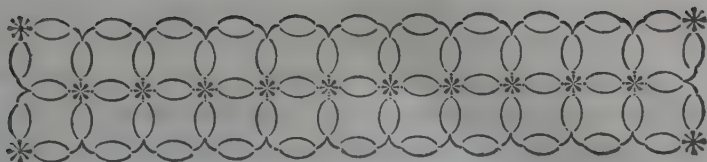
A Prayer for one grievously tempted.

JESUS, the promise made by thee
 We plead, and touching this agree,
 To ask it for our friend;
 The help thou only canst bestow,
 Deliverance from her cruel foe,
 A swift deliverance send.

The virtue of thy saving name,
 To-day, as yesterday the same,
 In her relief exert;
 The fiend who dares thy temple seize,
 No longer suffer him to' oppress,
 But bid him now depart.

Thou canst with equal ease make whole
 The body and the sin-sick soul,
 Physician of mankind:
 Thy patient, Lord, at once restore,
 Filled with the spirit of love and power,
 And of a healthful mind.

Clothéd with humility and grace,
 Thy saved, thy happy handmaid place
 Attentive at thy feet;
 And never may she thence remove,
 Till spotless in thy sight above
 She finds her joy compleat.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For FEBRUARY 1785.



*An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY'S Discourses on the
FIVE POINTS.*

[Continued from page 7.]

CHAP. I. *Concerning the Decree of Reprobation.*

I Shall make it appear, 1. That it hath no foundation in the holy Scriptures.

2. That it is contrary to the plain declarations of Scripture.

1. And first, I observe that the word ἀδόκιμος, which we render Reprobate, but might have as well been rendered disapproved, hath no relation in scripture to any decree, concerning the damnation of men; but only denotes such actions of men, as are disapproved by God. Thus those Jews, who through the corruption of their minds were indisposed to receive, and therefore did resist the truth of the gospel, as

James and Jambres did of old God's message by Moses, are stiled, ἀδόκιμοι περὶ τὴν πίστιν, Reprobates concerning the faith, i. e. men indisposed to receive, or approve of it; and therefore were disapproved by God. And those Gentiles who "when they knew God, did not glorify him as God, neither were thankful; but changed the truth of God into a lie," by worshipping the creature instead of the Creator, and liked not to retain God in their hearts, are said to be given up εἰς ἄν. ἀδόκιμον, to a reprobate mind, i. e. a mind that could not be approved of, but abhorred by God and men, as prompting them to do, τὰ μὴ καθήκοντα, things not agreeable to nature, or reason. Thus those Jews whose minds and consciences were defiled, are stiled Reprobates, because "though in words they professed to know God, yet in works they denied him, being abominable, disobedient, and to every good work, ἀδόκιμοι, reprobate;" that is, void not only of judgment to discern what was good, but also of affection to approve of it: and that earth is stiled ἀδόκιμος reprobate or rejected; which, after all the showers which fall upon it, brings forth only thorns and briars: and that silver, ἀργύριον ἀδόκιμον, reprobate silver, which being false stamped, or coined, will not be received, but rejected. And in this sense St. Paul saith, he kept under his body, lest while he preached to others, he himself should be, ἀδόκιμος, disowned, and rejected by God. Now all these Reprobates being either so stiled, not because God was unwilling to have any favour for them, or had any antecedent purpose to reject them; but because their prejudices and corruptions caused them to reject him, by disapproving of his truths and ways; or because the actions they did in time, in opposition to his truth revealed to them, and his holy word which he had given them to direct their actions, were rebellious; they cannot possibly relate to a decree of Reprobation, or Preterition in God, respecting them before all time.

2. Secondly,

2. Secondly, As the word ἀδόκιμος, translated reprobate, cannot at all concern this pretended decree of Reprobation; so there is nothing relating to it, or from which it can be inferred in the scriptures, either of the Old or the New Testament. From the Old Testament indeed they urge these words, viz. That *God made all things for himself, even the wicked for the day of evil*, Prov. xvi. 4. Now what is it that they would infer from these words? Is it that God made men wicked? This is flat blasphemy; much more to say, He made them wicked for his glory, as if he had *need of the sinful man* for that end. Or is it, with Dr. Twisse, “That all besides the Elect, God hath ordained to bring forth into the world in their corrupt mass, and to leave them to themselves, to go on in their own ways, and so finally to persevere in sin; and lastly, to damn them for their sins, for the manifestation of his justice on them?” This I am not able to distinguish from making them wicked; for to bring them into the world, and to make them is the same thing; and by the same act by which they are made, they are made of the corrupt mass; that only signifying that they are made of the race of Adam, and therefore by the very same act by which God made them, he must make them sinners. Moreover, what God ordained to do before all time, he in time did, therefore in time he brought these men forth into the world, in the corrupt mass; i. e. he brought them into the world sinners, that is, hateful to himself; for *the most High hateth sinners*, whereas that of the book of Wisdom, is as true as gospel: *Thou, O Lord, lovest all the things that are, and abhorrest nothing that thou hast made; for neither wouldest thou have made any thing if thou hadst hated it.*

Nay, the text saith, God made all things *lamaanhy*, from *עצמם* to answer to themselves, or aptly to refer one to another. He hath made the wicked for the evil day, i. e. to be the executioners of evil to others, on which account

they are in scripture called God's rod, and said to be a sword of his.

3. A second text cited to prove this decree, runneth thus: *Therefore they could not believe, because that Isaias said again, He hath blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts, that they should not see with their eyes, or understand with their hearts, and be converted, and I should heal them.* Like to which are those words of St. Mark and St. Luke, *To you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God: but to others (who are without the kingdom) I speak in parables, that seeing they may see and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not understand, lest at any time they should be converted.* From which words the inference they make is, That the infidelity even of God's own people is to be resolved into the divine predictions, or into a judicial blindness wrought by God upon them, which renders it morally impossible for them to believe. To demonstrate the falsehood of this inference, let it be noted,

First, That our Lord, in the preceding verses, doth passionately exhort these very persons to *believe, and walk according to the light, that they might be the children of the light*, which is a certain evidence that he well knew his Father had not by any decree made it impossible for them to believe or walk according to his doctrine; for if God had so blinded their eyes that they could not see the light, or so hardened their hearts that they could not embrace it, Christ could not have exhorted them to believe, or seriously required them, thus disabled, to walk according to the light, much less to do it so effectually, that *they might become the children of the light*; for every exhortation to do a thing we know men cannot do, must be vain; and he who by it seems to be desirous we should do that which he knows we cannot, must delude us; and if he knows that God hath resolved to withhold that aid by which alone we can be in a capacity to do it, it must also be an exhortation repugnant to the will of God; it
being

being in event, and in effect the same, to will that any person should not do the thing which he requires, and so will he should not have the means by which alone he can perform it. Now it is blasphemy to say the exhortations of the Son of God were vain, delusory, and contrary to his Father's will. Moreover, our Saviour knew these Jews were capable of salvation; for he expressly says, *God sent him into the world that the world by him might be saved*; he makes this declaration to them, *These things I say unto you that you might be saved*; and this enquiry, *How often would I have gathered you as a hen doth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not*: and pathetically saith to the inhabitants of *Jerusalem*, *O that thou hadst known in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes*. Now, therefore, they were not always so. Christ then here takes it for granted, that the people of *Jerusalem*, in the day of their visitation, might have known the things belonging to their peace. Now either this assertion, That they might have known these things, was according to the truth, or else his wish, That they had thus known the things belonging to their peace, was contrary to his Father's will and decree, which is palpably absurd. And seeing the will of Christ was always the same with that of his Father, it follows also that God the Father had the same charitable affection to them, and so had laid no bar against their happiness by his decrees; nor withheld from them any thing on his part necessary to their everlasting welfare. God himself would not have his words so understood, as if he were unwilling that the Jews should believe, or had by any of his purposes or actions rendered it not possible for them to do so; for *this was his commandment, that they should believe on him whom he had sent*: and why sent he is Son to seek, and to save that which was lost, even the lost sheep of the house of *Israel*, had he not been truly desirous that they should believe? Or how could either Christ or Moses accuse them to the Father for their unbelief, had the

Father

Father himself resolved from all eternity to with-hold from them that assistance without which they could not believe? And lastly, the Evangelist, and that good Spirit by which he indited these words, did not thus understand them; for he, in the immediate foregoing verse, objects this to the Jews as their great crime, that *though Christ had done so many miracles among them, yet they believed not on him*, whereas it can be no man's sin not to do what he cannot do, purely by reason of the act of God: these words can therefore never bear that sense on which this inference is grounded.

[To be continued.]



S E R M O N XXV.

ON 1 CORINTHIANS xiii. 1, 2, 3.

[Concluded from page 16.]

III. 1. **I** Am now in the third place to demonstrate, to all who have ears to hear, who do not harden themselves against conviction, that neither any one of these five qualifications, nor all of them together, will avail any thing before God, without the love above described.

In order to do this in the clearest manner, we may consider them one by one. And first, *Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels*; with an eloquence such as never was found in man, concerning the Nature. Attributes and Works of God, whether of Creation or Providence: though I were not herein a whit behind the chief of the Apostles, preaching like St. Peter, and praying like St. John: yet unless humble, gentle, patient love be the ruling temper of my soul, I am no better in the judgment of God, *than sounding brass, or a rumbling cymbal*. The highest Eloquence therefore either in private conversation, or in public ministrations; the brightest talents either for preaching or prayer, if it was not joined with

With humble, meek, and patient resignation, might sink me the deeper into hell, but will not bring me one step nearer heaven.

2. A plain instance may illustrate this. I knew a young man between fifty and sixty years ago, who during the course of several years, never endeavoured to convince any one of a religious truth, but he *was* convinced: and he never endeavoured to persuade any one to engage in a religious practice, but he was persuaded; what then? All that power of convincing speech, all that force of persuasion, if it was not joined with meekness and lowliness, with resignation and patient love, would no more qualify him for the fruition of God, than a clear voice, or a fine complexion. Nay, it would rather procure him a hotter place in everlasting burnings.

3. Secondly, *though I had the gift of prophecy*, of foretelling those future events which no creature can foresee; and *though I understand all the mysteries* of nature, of providence, and of the word of God: and *all knowledge* of things divine or human, that any mortal ever attained to: though I could explain the most mysterious passages of *Daniel*, of *Ezekiel* and the *Revelation*: yet if I have not humility, gentleness and resignation, I *am nothing* in the sight of God.

A little before the conclusion of the late war in *Flanders*, one who came from thence gave us a very strange relation. I knew not what judgment to form of this; but waited till *John Haim* should come over, of whose veracity I could no more doubt, than of his understanding. The account he gave was this. "*Jonathan Pyrah* was a member of our Society in *Flanders*. I knew him some years, and knew him to be a man of an unblameable character. One day he was summoned to appear before the Board of General Officers. One of them said, What is this which we hear of you? We hear you are turned prophet, and that you foretel the downfall of
the

the bloody House of *Bourbon*, and the haughty House of *Austria*. We should be glad if you were a real prophet, and if your prophecies came true. But what sign do you give, to convince us that you are so? and that your predictions will come to pass? He readily answered, "Gentlemen, I give you a sign. To-morrow at twelve o'clock, you shall have such a storm of thunder and lightning, as you never had before since you came into *Flanders*. I give you a second sign: as little as any of you expect any such thing, as little appearance of it as there is now, you shall have a general engagement with the *French* within three days. I give you a third sign: I shall be ordered to advance in the first line. If I am a false prophet I shall be shot dead, at the very first discharge. But if I am a true prophet, I shall only receive a musket ball in the calf of my left leg. At twelve the next day there was such thunder and lightning as they never had before in *Flanders*. On the third day, contrary to all expectation, was the general battle of *Fontenoy*. He was ordered to advance in the first line. And at the very first discharge, he did receive a musket ball in the calf of his left leg."

4. And yet all this profited him nothing, either for temporal or eternal happiness. When the war was over, he returned to *England*; but the story was got before him: in consequence of which he was sent for by the Countess of *St—s*, and several other persons of quality, who were desirous to receive so surprising an account from his own mouth. He could not bear such honour. It quite turned his brain. In a little time he ran stark mad. And so he continues to this day, living still, as I apprehend, on *Websey Moor* side within a few miles of *Leeds*.

5. And what would it profit a man to *have all knowledge*, even that which is infinitely preferable to all other, the knowledge of the holy Scripture? I knew a young man, about twenty years ago who was so thoroughly acquainted with

with the Bible, that if he was questioned concerning any Hebrew word in the Old, or any Greek word in the New Testament, he would tell, after a little pause, not only how often the one or the other occurred in the Bible, but also what it meant in every place. His name was * *Thomas Walsh*. Such a master of Biblic knowledge I never saw before, and never expect to see again. Yet if with all his knowledge he had been void of love, if he had been proud, passionate or impatient, he and all his knowledge would have perished together, as sure as ever he was born.

5. *And though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains.*—The faith which is able to do this, cannot be the fruit of vain imagination, a mere madman's dream, a system of opinions; but must be a real work of God. Otherwise it could not have such an effect. Yet if this faith does not work by love, if it does not produce universal holiness, if it does not bring forth lowliness, meekness and resignation, it will profit me nothing. This is as certain a truth as any that is delivered in the whole oracles of God. All faith that is, that ever was, or ever can be, separate from tender benevolence to every child of man, friend or foe, Christian, Jew, Heretic or Pagan; separate from gentleness to all men; separate from resignation in all events, and contentedness in all conditions: is not the faith of a Christian, and will stand us in no stead before the face of God.

6. Hear ye this, All you that are called Methodists. You of all men living are most concerned herein. You constantly speak of Salvation by Faith: and you are in the right for so doing. You maintain, one and all, that a man is justified by faith, without the works of the law. And you cannot do otherwise, without giving up the Bible, and betraying your own souls. You insist upon it, that we are saved by faith: and undoubtedly so we are. But consider mean time, that let

* His Journal, written by himself, is extant.

us have ever so much faith, and be our faith ever so strong, it will never save us from hell, unless it now save us from all unholy tempers; from pride, passion, impatience: from all arrogance of spirit, all haughtiness and overbearing: from wrath, anger, bitterness: from discontent, murmuring, fretfulness, peevishness. We are of all men most inexcusable, if having been so frequently guarded against that strong delusion we still, while we indulge any of these tempers, bless ourselves and dream we are in the way to heaven!

7. Fourthly, *Although I give all my goods to feed the poor*, though I divide all my real, and all my personal estate into small portions, (so the original word properly signifies) and diligently bestow it on those who I have reason to believe are the most proper objects: yet if I am proud, passionate, or discontented; if I give way to any of these tempers; whatever good I may do to others, I do none to my own soul. O how pitiable a case is this! Who would not grieve, that these beneficent men should lose all their labour! It is true, many of them have a reward in this world, if not before, yet after their death. They have costly and pompous funerals. They have marble monuments of the most exquisite workmanship. They have epitaphs, wrote in the most elegant strain, which extol their virtues to the skies. Perhaps they have yearly orations spoken over them, to transmit their memory to all generations. So have many founders of religious Houses, of Colleges, Alms-houses, and most charitable Institutions. And it is an allowed rule, that none can exceed in the praise of the founder of his House, College or Hospital. But still what a poor reward is this! Will it add to their comfort or to their misery, suppose (which must be the case if they did not die in faith) that they are in the hands of the devil and his angels! What insults, what cutting reproaches would these occasion, from their infernal companions! O that they were wise! That all those who are zealous of good works, would put them in their
proper

proper place ! Would not imagine, they can supply the want of holy tempers ; but take care, that they may spring from them !

8. How exceeding strange must this sound in the ears of most of those who are, by the courtesy of *England*, called Christians ! But stranger still is that assertion of the Apostle, which comes in the last place : *Although I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.* Although, rather than deny the faith, rather than commit a known sin, or omit a known duty, I voluntarily submit to a cruel death, *deliver up my body to be burned* : yet if I am under the power of pride, or anger, or fretfulness, *it profiteth me nothing.*

9. Perhaps this may be illustrated by an example. We have a remarkable account in the *Traacts* of Dr. *Geddes* (a Civilian) who was Envoy from Queen *Ann* to the Court of *Portugal*, in the latter end of her reign. He was present at one of those *Auto de fes*, (Acts of Faith) wherein the Roman Inquisitors burn Heretics alive. One of the persons who was then brought out for execution, having been confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition, had not seen the sun for many years. It proved a bright, sun-shiny day. Looking up, he cried out in surprise, " O how can any one who sees that glorious luminary, worship any but the God that made it ! " A Friar standing by, ordered them to run an iron gag through his lips, that he might speak no more. Now what did that poor man feel within when this order was executed ? If he said in his heart, though he could not utter it with his lips, *Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do*, undoubtedly the angels of God were ready to carry his soul into Abraham's bosom. But if instead of this, he cherished the resentment in his heart, which he could not express with his tongue, although his body was consumed by the flames, I will not say his soul went to paradise.

10. The sum of all that has been observed is this. What ever I speak, whatever I know, whatever I believe, whatever

I do, whatever I suffer: if I have not the faith that worketh by love, that produces love to God and all mankind, I am not in the narrow way which leadeth to life; but in the broad road that leadeth to destruction. In other words: whatever Eloquence I have, whatever Natural or Supernatural Knowledge; whatever Faith I have received from God: whatever Works I do, whether of Piety or Mercy: whatever Sufferings I undergo for conscience sake, even though I resist unto blood: all these things put together, however applauded of men, will avail nothing before God, unless I am meek and lowly in heart, and can say in all things, *Not as I will, but as thou wilt.*

11. We conclude from the whole, (and it can never be too much inculcated, because all the world votes on the other side,) That true Religion, in the very Essence of it, is nothing short of *Holy Tempers*. Consequently all other Religion, whatever name it bears, whether Pagan, Mahometan, Jewish or Christian: and whether Popish or Protestant, Lutheran or Reformed, without these is lighter than vanity itself.

12. Let every man therefore that has a soul to be saved, see that he secure this one point. With all his Eloquence, his Knowledge, his Faith, Works and Sufferings, let him hold fast this *one thing needful*. He that through the power of faith, endureth to the end in humble, gentle, patient love; he and he alone shall, through the merits of Christ, *inherit the kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world.*

London, October 15, 1784.

*An Account of Mr. WILLIAM M'CORNOK, in a Letter to
the Rev. John Wesley.*

[Continued from page 19.]

NOTWITHSTANDING this*, I went soon after to hear Mr. *Whatcoat*, who preached at *Lyfesterne*. From thence I went to *Clones*, where I met with the man I ridiculed at *Maguire's-Bridge*. He took me to hear Dr. C—— exhort. After that, I heard another exhort; who surprised me much, when I was told he had but a small share of learning. This created in me a desire to converse with him. Soon after an opportunity offered, when he told me freely what manner of life he had lived, and what God had done for his soul. He told me that he had frequently gone to cock-fights, horse-races, &c. to join himself with the several sorts of wickedness that were to be found at such places; but not for the pleasure he saw in cock-fighting or horse-races, &c. He also told me he had heard the Methodists preach while he was in his wicked state; and that sometime after he began to think, if they spake the truth, he must be damned: on which he resolved to turn from the evil of his ways. When the Preachers came to *Clones* he was convinced more deeply that he was a hell-deserving sinner, and went out to desert places, to weep and pray. At one time he went into a wood and prayed several times; but found no answer. He then resolved, that if he did not get what the Methodists said was attainable, he would pray no more; but become more wicked than ever. But soon after, the Lord filled him with joy and gladness in believing, when all his troubles were done away.

* My ridiculing the Methodists.

When

When I heard this, I thought, if I should get such a blessing, I should not think my journey here in vain. So I prayed to God for it with all my might. A little after, I heard Mr. *Perfett* preach a farewell sermon at *Clones*. I never had seen people weep under sermons in such a manner before. I thought nothing, even the loss of all my relations could make we weep; but under that sermon the word reached my heart with power. I sat on the ground with my soul deeply humbled, and got a discovery of my own sin and misery, and also of the riches of Christ. I now wept in great bitterness of spirit. Sometimes I grieved, because I could not grieve enough for my transgressions, and found that nothing could satisfy me but the bread that cometh down from heaven. At times I had some hope that God would not cast me off for ever; seeing he had given me a contrite heart. This I took as an earnest of future blessings, which emboldened me to continue importunate at the throne of grace. I usually went into the woods and lonely places, to pour out my soul in loud cries to God. One time a friend who lived in the country, came to *Clones* and prayed with the Society. I was exceedingly melted down. I never found so much distress for my sins before. I even sweat with a sense of the wrath of God abiding on me. I vehemently cried to him for mercy: but my grief only increased, until I was scarce able to rise from the ground. The next day I went with a friend into the country, thinking to find ease, but found none that day. Unbelief held me as fast as if I had been in an iron prison. I could say from the ground of my heart, O what is life without my God! For I saw that ten thousand worlds without his friendship, could not make me happy. Words cannot express the anguish and confusion I found. All desire for meat and drink was gone.

Wednesday, October 21st. I went into a wood, resolving not to leave it, neither to eat nor drink till I found favour with God. While I was reading, and praying, and confessing my

my sins, it was suggested to me that I was well enough. I took hold of it, and went away to *Clones*. An acquaintance asking me how I was? I said, I am better. She desired me to examine myself whether I could love my greatest enemy? I found, upon examination I could not; and resolved not to be satisfied in my present state. That night I prayed to the Lord to shew me whether I was deceived, and soon found that I was not what I ought to be.

My distress was now so great that I even envied the brute creation, and looked upon all to be happy, who found not the hell I felt. I was now incapable of following any business, and wandered about pressed down with guilt; so that I was scarce able to walk. Sometimes indeed, I had endeavoured to commend myself to God, by something I had done; but now I saw myself lighter than vanity, and all my righteousness as filthy rags. I saw my works were not sufficient to be my saviour; and that I was wretched, miserable, poor, blind and naked. At night I was afraid to go to bed, lest I should open my eyes in hell-fire. But while I was meditating on my sins, these words came into my mind, "If a son shall ask bread of any of you who is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he shall ask a fish, will he give him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the holy Spirit to them that ask him?" I began to think I had either read or heard these words; but knew not where to find them. But ruminating a little, I thought, my earthly father would give me clothing if he saw me naked, though I had transgressed against him; and he would give me food if he saw me ready to faint with hunger: and will the Lord much more, or much readier give his holy Spirit to me? I believe he will. I now went to prayer in full confidence, and found it to be according to my faith: for I had not prayed long until the following words came unto me with power, "I am thy righteousness." I believed

believed he was; and immediately all my distress was removed. The power of the most High overshadowed me, and the glory of the Lord shone into my soul. By faith I saw the Lord Jesus bleeding for me, and my sins were blotted out by his all-atoning blood, and I was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

If I had the tongues of men and of angels I could not have expressed all the joy I felt. From this hour I began to live, and found the sanctifying influence of God's Spirit spiritualizing my nature. I had also a vehement desire to spend and be spent in the service of God. I was willing to go to and fro to call my fellow-creatures to repentance, and thought nothing too hard to undergo for the sake of God, and those for whom Christ died.

[To be continued.]

An Account of Mrs. S. STANDERING.

MRS. Standering was born at Newry, in the North of Ireland. Her parents were credible people, and brought her up in a moral way. She had, from a child, some serious impressions on her mind. The third Methodist sermon she heard, was preached by Mr. Hampson; under whom she was deeply convinced of her lost condition. She was overcome by the power of God, and dropt down in the Market-place at Newry, as if she had been dead. Three months after, the Lord set her soul at liberty. From that time she was a remarkable pattern of every good word and work: doing good to all, according to her power. She had compassion on the wicked. She loved the saints; but in an especial manner the Preachers of the Gospel.

About twenty years ago she was married to Mr. John Sandering. They lived very happy together for four years. It then pleased God to call him home. He died at Bolton, in perfect peace.

The

The last sixteen years, she went through various and great afflictions. She was blind for nine months, and could not discern betwixt night and day. She used various means, and applied to the best Physicians; but all to no purpose. One day the Lord applied these words to her mind: Dost thou believe I am able to do this thing for thee? From that time she gave up all outward means, and in a little time the Lord restored her sight. About three weeks after, the Lord convinced her of the need of a farther work of grace. She then cried to him to cleanse her from all sin. It was not long before he heard her and set her at perfect liberty.

Her last afflictions, which lasted about twenty weeks, were very severe; but she was supported in a remarkable manner: she was frequently carried on the wings of love, and could rejoice in God her Saviour without doubt or fear. When a friend spoke to her about her great afflictions she repeatedly cried out, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him: he has promised to be with me through the valley of the shadow of death, and therefore I will fear no evil: his rod and his staff comfort me." She held fast her confidence to the end, and died full of faith and love.

Last Sabbath-day her corpse was attended by many of our *Manchester* friends to this place, and interred by her late husband, in the midst of multitudes. May my latter end be like hers!

Bolton, Nov. 2, 1784.

C. HOPPER.



A Short Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.

Written by Mr. J. ROGERS.

[Continued from page 24.]

WHAT now follows, is the substance of what passed between her and a friend who attended her during her whole affliction, and who was dear to her as her own soul.

January 2, 1784. Mrs. Rogers appeared so much altered for the worse, that I plainly foresaw her approaching dissolution. I believe she perceived a starting tear; for she said, "My dear Miss R— pray tell me what you think of my state, and if you believe I shall recover; or if the Lord should call me away, whether you think it will be soon. I wish to know all the danger I am in; for I believe I can resign myself to the Lord, if he pleases to take me: and though I cannot speak on this subject to Mr. R. because he is so deeply affected, yet I wish you to deal plainly. The reason of my asking you is, Mr. R. came to my bed-side last night, and seemed overwhelmed with grief, thinking me in imminent danger. If the Lord had not wonderfully supported me, I could not have borne to see his tears. But surely I shall ever be thankful for the calmness, and sweet peace I felt, so that I was enabled to become his comforter. But I have since thought a good deal about the nature of my illness, and though I dare not tell him so, I think there is little hope of my recovery. Do, my dear, tell me all your mind."

I then answered, You have no cause to fear death, my love. For you to live is Christ, and to die will be eternal gain; and therefore I will do as you desire. I must acknowledge I have had many fears a long time, and have now little hope of your recovery. Yet all things are possible with God. Though you were at the point of death he could easily raise you up again. But I think you will arrive at home before long. "Well my dear, said she, I thought you believed so. I could see it in your looks, and I thank you for telling me. It does not hurt me. I believe the Lord will save me: though Satan at times would distress me, by suggesting that my evidence of pardon was never clear. But tell me, my dear, do you think persons can feel they love God, if He does not love them?" I said, The Lord shall answer you himself. *Love is of God, and every one that loveth*

loveth is born of God, and knoweth God: and again, *We love him because he first loved us*. Reason and Experience too, teach us that love shed abroad in our hearts must be the work of the holy Spirit. It cannot be attained by any power of our own. Satan cannot give it. Nor can it be derived from any but God himself, who is the Spring, the Fountain, the Ocean of Love: and the love you feel is the very nature of God, and you will be with him to all eternity. “ Well, said she, my love, what you say has done me good: I believe it is so. I do not love any thing so much as God. With respect to the world, it is nothing to me, and though I am so weak a creature, and so very unworthy, yet it has been, and is my greatest desire to please the Lord. Mr. R. and the dear children, lie nearest my heart of any thing here: but if the Lord should call me away he will take care of them. I know he will. Yet it seems hard to nature to be parted from Mr. R. after living so happy in each other. (Here I perceived a tear: but she checked it, and continued.) But I should be thankful that it has been so, and that we have always been a blessing to each other: and I do thank the Lord that I ever knew him. He is truly upright before God: he has had many trials, occasioned by his faithfulness to God, and his cause; and especially for preaching holiness of heart: and I expect he ever will. But God will bring him through all. But my dear Miss R. do me one favour. Contrive that the Nurse may bring my little *Jemmy* to see me: it may be the last time I shall see him. But do not let Mr. R. know that I say so.” She then recommended Mr. R. and the dear children to my friendship, especially little *Jemmy*; and spoke freely of all she wished to be done when she was gone: and then added, “ Now my mind will be easy and satisfied. I wish to have done with all thoughts about temporal things, and spend my last moments more profitably. I leave it to you, when you think Mr. R. can bear it, to tell him what I have said. My soul is now truly

happy. I believe I shall be for ever with the Lord. I hope, while I am spared, you will be with me as much as possible. Mr. R. I know will: and that is all I wish for." After this, she often spoke freely, and with sweet composure, of her approaching dissolution: expressing strong confidence in the Lord, and an humble resignation to his will.

On Saturday the 3d, She was very ill, and at night took an Emetic, which, though very gentle, almost overpowered her. But a more patient sufferer my eyes never beheld: no, nor one so thankful for every little assistance given her. Sunday the 4th, Little *Jemmy* was brought, according to her desire; and an affecting scene followed! to see apparent struggles between the fondness of a tender mother, when taking her leave of a sick and darling infant; and the humble submission, and determined resignation of the dying faint to the will of God. O how often did she forcibly restrain the trickling tear! and would not suffer her feelings to prevail over that noble fortitude with which the Lord wonderfully endued her spirit! It proved, as she had said, the last time she saw him. For just a fortnight after, the dear little purchase of redeeming Blood, fled to Abraham's bosom!

Tuesday, Jan. the 6th, I found her disorder made swift advances. While Mr. R. was gone to preach at *Shriglee*, she was so very ill, that I begged he would not leave her again; for I had fears of her dying in his absence. She begged I would stay that night. I did so, and afterwards left her as little as possible, till Jesus called her to his arms.

Wednesday the 7th, She was very happy in her mind; and on my speaking freely of my own trials, how sweetly did she comfort me! All her words went with power to my soul, and made a lasting impression. I believe I shall never forget some words she then spoke. Mr. R. appearing much grieved on her account, she endeavoured to comfort him. At night she was so ill, that I could not think of leaving her. She told me, when able, her soul was still happy, and quite
resigned

resigned to the will of God; that she never felt a murmuring, fretful, or impatient thought; for her confidence was in the Lord, and she knew he would do all things well. She asked me to pray with her, and it was a profitable season to us both.

On Thursday she tenderly enquired about my health, and said, "I have only one fear, that is, that your attendance on me will so hurt your body, that you will be obliged to leave me before I am called away." I said, my love, I am at present, wonderfully strengthened; the Lord hath hitherto given me the support I wanted on such occasions, and he will do it now: fear not. I believe I shall be enabled to attend your latest moments. She said, "I know the Lord is good, and can do all things, and I am glad you believe it will be so. I am sure he favours me greatly in many respects. What a mercy is it that I have every thing needful, and no pain! I think very few suffer so little as I do; and then to have Mr. R. and you with me in such a season, is a great satisfaction. O that I could be sufficiently thankful!"

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of Mr. JOHN HOSKINS: in a Letter to the Rev. John Wesley.

[*Continued from page 27.*]

ABOUT this time, Mr. *Arthur Thomy*, (an Irish merchant) came here on business. He advised me to preach extempore; which from that time I did, after my poor, broken manner.

About a year after, Mr. *Thomy* came and preached two or three times, and confirmed what had been spoken before.

Our Society is now increased to forty. Eight are believers: the rest are earnestly groaning for redemption.

A few

A few days before Easter, in the year 1778, an uncommon circumstance occurred: a woman, named *Honour Read*, saw herself on the brink of hell. Suddenly a light darted down the chimney into the house where she was. Though it was in the night, the house, she said, was as light as in the middle of the day. Her husband, *David Read*, was a few nights after, visited in the same manner. They spent several whole nights in wrestling with God, for a blessing. On Easter-Sunday, after I had done preaching in the morning, a few of us stayed in the house. *Honour Read* began to speak of what God had done for her soul. Six or seven cried out aloud, "What shall we do to be saved?" They then kneeled down, praying and crying so loud, that it alarmed the neighbourhood. Several came to know what the matter was? They stood amazed, and could say nothing. I kneeled down, and endeavoured to pray with them: and then I stood up to sing a verse or two of a hymn; but their cries drowned my voice, so that I could not be heard for near half an hour. The person who first spoke, found a clear manifestation of God's love to her soul. So did several others also: and most of them hold their confidence still, and evidence the truth of it in their life and conversation.

The winter before last, while I was in *England*, the Spirit of the Lord was among them in an uncommon manner. They met together, as usual, twice a week (besides Sundays) to strengthen each others hands in God. About the middle of January, there was a very extraordinary out-pouring of the Spirit upon them, and it spread throughout the whole harbour. The great point they sought to know, was the forgiveness of their sin. And those who expected it, cried to God and received it in a very short time. In about a month, thirty believers were added to the little number we had before, and twenty to the Society. When they were met together for prayer, which they did then almost every evening, there was such a crying out for mercy as astonished all who heard,

or

or saw them. So long and earnest, were they in prayer; sometimes four or five hours together. And they could not rest till they clearly knew that their sins were all washed away.

Upon one person, (a young man, an under Agent to a merchant, Mr. *Lester*, of *Pool*) convictions wrought so strong, and afterwards the love of God was poured into his soul in so full a manner, that some thought him almost delirious: on which his deputy Master took him away by force, and has since sent him to *England*.

Several children, and young persons were greatly affected: and came soon to know the love of God. My son also at that time received remission of sin. A lad about fifteen, when his father wanted to send him in a boat to work on a Sunday, wept and fell into fits. His father is since convinced and converted, and is become a new man. His mother also and two of his brothers are earnestly seeking salvation.

A woman, sixty-seven years of age (mid-wife to the parish) who could not read a letter in a book, was convinced, and found redemption, in a wonderful manner. She said, she saw as it were, her sins all laid before her where she was kneeling down, and then that they were all taken away in a moment: she continued praying, and praising God from that time, till the last moment of her life. Yea so earnest and fervent were her prayers and praises, that not content to pray in the house, she would frequently, in the night, go out and kneel down in the snow, and pray to and praise God.

I visited her in her last sickness, when she was strong in faith giving glory to God. She said, she saw angels about her, ready to carry her to her Saviour, whom she saw waiting to receive her. I asked her which she would choose, to die now, or to recover and live longer with us? She said, if it was her Saviour's will she should live longer, she would submit: but would rather die and go to him. She often said

in her sickness, the stronger her pain was, the greater was her joy.

She lay ill about a fortnight, and then sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, without a groan or a sigh. From the time of her conversion to her death, was about six months.

[*To be continued.*]



Of the FORE-KNOWLEDGE of GOD.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page 29.*]

THOUGH God never destroys the liberty of intellectual agents by any fatal prescience or predestination; yet he knows how to accomplish infallibly whatever he pleases in heaven and in earth, by free as well as by necessary agents. He has an absolute, sovereign, incommunicable empire over the heart, and will sooner or later reduce all spirits by their free choice to the great end for which he created them. As an infinite central power he never ceases to draw them: but because he will never force their liberty, he proportions, regulates and submits, so to speak, the exercise of his Almighty power to their free natures. They very oft stop, retard and resist his divine attraction, and by their natural, inherent activity, deviate from the straight lines by which he would conduct them to their universal centre. He sees by one simple, unsuccessive act, all their possible deviations, and all the combinations of free and necessary, of moral and physical causes: but he neither fore-sees, fore-ordains, nor fixes immutably any one succession of events, that can destroy their free choice. All his action in and upon them depends entirely upon their co-operation. He foresees not all that will happen, but all that can happen; and provides for

for all possible contingencies. This is far more perfect than to foresee infallibly, only one sort of events, and exclude all the others, by an omnipotent, irresistible power, or by refusing them the graces necessary to act otherwise than they do: for it is a far greater perfection to be able to execute his final designs by all sorts of events, and all sorts of means possible, than by one series of means prefixed and predetermined. This would be more an effort of power than of wisdom. It would not be infinite wisdom in God, to govern spiritual automate, or intelligent, spontaneous machines, that follow absolutely, certainly and infallibly all his motions: and that by a passive reception of his influences and impressions, and not a free co-operation with him. True wisdom in us consists in engaging, without restraint, free agents to enter into our views and projects, though they could contradict, oppose and overturn them every moment. This prudence in finite minds, is a feeble image of supreme wisdom in the absolute Infinite. He finds in the inexhaustible treasures of his Almighty power, wisdom, and goodness, innumerable resources and expedients to answer all possible events, and to obtain his ends without destroying liberty, whatever be the free determinations of the creatures. The deviations may be innumerable, and the means he has to reclaim his wandering creatures are infinite. This is the admirable œconomy of divine providence explained in scripture, which never represents God as acting upon spiritual agents by omnipotent, irresistible wills; but as changing his conduct, managing their liberty, and adjusting his operation to all the different motions and variations of their free choice. God foresaw all plans possible, and all the means to execute the plan he chose ultimately; but he saw these means only as possible, not as future. He did not say, I chuse this determinate set of means, so that none of them can be defeated; but he foresaw that he could find in his infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, how to accomplish his end by

all these different means. He saw the infinite curves the creature could describe, ere he brought it freely to its end; and decreed that without fixing it to any one series of means he would be attentive to all equally, and whatever were its determinations, he could at last accomplish infallibly his ultimate design. This is a far more extensive idea of providence than that which flakes down God to one determinate chain of means, and thereby the creature to an invincible fatality. It is therefore absolutely false, to maintain that all the particular actions, passions and crimes; that all the inspirations, virtues and graces; that all the wanderings, returns and determinations of each individual are so foreseen, and fore-ordained that one link cannot be broke without dissolving the whole chain of providence. Such a fatal chain, far from being necessary to the accomplishment of God's great designs, would entirely destroy them, by converting free agents into spiritual machines.

[To be concluded in our next.]

An Extract from a SERMON, on GOD IS LOVE.

[Continued from page 82.]

3. **W**HAT is divine power, but the omnipotence of love? Why did Omnipotence exert itself in the production of this world out of nothing? It was to open a channel in which the overflowing ocean of love might extend itself, and diffuse its stream from creature to creature; upwards as high as the most exalted archangel; and downwards as low as the meanest vital particle of being; and extensive as the remotest limits of the universe, and all the innumerable intermediate ranks of existencies in the endless chain of nature. And why does divine power still support this prodigious

prodigious frame? but to keep the channel of love open from age to age; and for this purpose it will be exerted to all eternity.

4. What is the *holiness* of God but love; pure, refined, and honourable love? What is it but the love of *excellence*, *rectitude*, and *moral goodness*? Holiness, in its own nature, has a tendency to promote the happiness of the universe: it is the health, the good constitution of a reasonable being: without which it has no capacity of relishing those enjoyments which are suitable to its nature. It is no arbitrary mandate of heaven that has established the inseparable connection between holiness and happiness, between vice and misery: the connection is as immutable, and as much founded in the nature of things, as that between health of body and a capacity of animal enjoyments; or between sickness and a disrelish for the most agreeable food. Every creature in the universe as far as he is holy, he is happy; and as far as he is unholy, he is miserable. Therefore by how much the more holy Jehovah is, by so much the more fit he is to communicate happiness to all that enjoy him; and consequently he is an infinite happiness, for he is infinitely holy. His taking so much care to promote holiness is but taking care of the public good. The strict exactions of his law, which contains every ingredient of the most perfect holiness, are but strict injunctions to his subjects to pursue that course which infallibly leads them to the most consummate happiness; and every abatement in his demands of obedience would be a licence to them to deduct so much from their happiness. That mitigation of the rigour of his law, which some imagine he has made to bring it down to a level with degenerate creatures, would no more contribute to their felicity, than the allowing a sick man to gratify his taste, by mixing a little deadly poison in his food, would contribute to the recovery of his health, or the preservation of his life. The penal sanctions of the divine law are but

friendly warnings against danger and misery, and honest admonitions of the destructive consequences of sin, according to the unchangeable nature of things: they are threatenings which discover no malignity, as sinners are apt to imagine, but the infinite benevolence of the heart of God: threatenings, which are not primarily and unconditionally intended to be executed, but to prevent on all occasions of their being executed, by preventing sin, the natural source, as well as the meritorious cause of every misery: threatenings, which are not executed, but as the only expedient left in a desperate case, when all other means have been used in vain, and no other method can secure the public good. These are some of the displays of the holiness of God: and what are these but so many exertions of pure love? It is because he loves his creatures so much that he requires them to be so holy: and that very thing against which there are so many cavils, as a restraint from the pursuit of pleasure, is the highest instance of the love of God for them, and his regard for their happiness.

Let me therefore commence advocate for God with my fellow-men, though it strikes me with horror to think there should be any occasion for it. Ye children of the most tender father, ye subjects of the most gracious sovereign, why do you harbour hard thoughts of him? Is it because his laws are so strict, and tolerate you in no guilty pleasure? This appointment is the kind restraint of love: the love of so good a Being will not allow him to dispense with your observance of any thing that may contribute to your advantage; nor indulge you in any thing that is in its own nature deadly and destructive, no more than a father will suffer a favourite child to play with a viper, or a good government permit a madman to run at large, armed with weapons to destroy himself and others. Do you think hard of God because he hates all moral evil to such a degree, that he has annexed to it everlasting misery? But what is this but an expression of his infinite hatred to every thing that is hurtful to his creatures,

creatures, and his infinite regard to whatever tends to their benefit? Or has he been too rigid in exacting holiness as a necessary pre-requisite to the happiness of heaven? You may as well complain of the constitution of nature, that renders abstinence from poison necessary to the preservation of health, or that does not allow you to quench your thirst in a fever with burning spirits. Let me remind you once more that holiness is essential to the happiness of heaven, and that without it you labour under a *moral* incapacity of enjoyment; and a *moral* incapacity will as inevitably deprive you of the pleasures of enjoyment, as if it were *natural*. While unholy, you can no more be happy, even in the region of happiness, than a stone can enjoy the pleasures of animal life, or a mere animal those of reason.

Therefore acknowledge, admire, and love the *beauty of the Lord, his holiness*. "Give thanks, says the Psalmist, at the remembrance of his holiness;" of his holiness, as well as of his goodness and love; for it is the brightest modification of his love and goodness. An unholy being, in the character of supreme Magistrate of the universe, cannot be all love; nay, as far as he is unholy he must have a malignant disposition toward the public happiness, and be essentially deficient in benevolence.

[To be continued.]



An Account of the Apparition of Major SYDENHAM.

OF the apparition of Major George Sydenham (late of *Dulverton*, in the county of *Somerset*) to Captain *William Dyke* (late of *Skilgate* in this county, now likewise deceased) be pleased to take the relation from a worthy and learned gentleman, Dr. *Thomas Dyke*, a near kinsman of the Captain's. Shortly after the Major's death, the Doctor was desired to
come

come to the house, to take care of a child that was sick ; and, in his way thither, he called on the Captain, who was very willing to wait on him to the place ; because he must, as he said, have gone thither that night, though he had not met with so encouraging an opportunity. After their arrival at the house, and the civility of the people shewn them in that entertainment, they were conducted to their lodging, which they desired might be together in the same bed. After they had lain awhile, the Captain knocked, and bade the servant bring him two of the largest and highest candles lighted, which he could get : whereupon the Doctor enquired what he meant by this ? The Captain answered, “ You know, cousin, what disputes my Major and I have had touching the being of a God, and the immortality of the soul ; in which points we could never yet be resolved, though we so much desired it. And therefore it was at length fully agreed between us, that he who died first, should the third night after his funeral, between the hours of twelve and one, come to the little house which is here in the garden, and there give a full account to the survivor, touching these matters, who should be sure to be present there at the set time, and so receive a full satisfaction. And this (says the Captain) is the very night, and I am come on purpose to fulfil my promise.” The Doctor advised him, not to follow strange counsels, for which he could have no warrant. The Captain replied, “ That he had solemnly engaged, and that nothing should discourage him ; and added, “ That if the Doctor would wake awhile with him he would thank him : if not, he might compose himself to rest : but, for his own part, he was resolved to watch, that he might be sure to be present at the hour appointed.” To that purpose he set his watch by him, and as soon as he perceived that it was half an hour past eleven, he arose, and taking a candle in each hand, went out by a back-door, of which he had before got the key, and walked into the garden-house, where

where he continued two hours and a half. At his return, he declared, he neither saw nor heard any thing more than usual. But I know, said he, that my Major would surely have come, had he been able.

About six weeks after, the Captain rode to *Eaton*, to place his son a scholar there, when the Doctor went thither with him. They lodged at the sign of the Christopher, and tarried two or three nights; not lying together now, as before at *Dulverton*, but in two several chambers. The morning before they went away, the Captain staid in his chamber longer than usual, before he called the Doctor. At length he came into the Doctor's chamber; but with his hair and eyes staring, and his whole body shaking and trembling. Whereat the Doctor wondering, presently demanded, "What is the matter?" The Captain replied, "I have seen my Major." The Doctor seeming to smile, the Captain said, "If ever I saw him in my life, I saw him but now: and then related to the Doctor what had passed. "This morning after it was light, said he, one came to my bed-side, and suddenly drawing back the curtains, called, Captain! Captain! To whom I replied, What! my Major? To which he returned, I could not come at the time appointed; but I am now come to tell you, That there is a God, and a very just and terrible one; and if you do not turn over a new leaf, (the very expression, the Doctor punctually remembered) you shall find it so." The Captain proceeded: "On the table there lay a sword, which the Major had formely given me. And after the apparition had walked a turn or two about the chamber, he took up the sword, drew it, and finding it not so bright as it ought, cried, "Captain! Captain! This sword did not use to be kept after this manner when it was mine." After which words he presently disappeared.

The Captain was not only thoroughly persuaded of what he had thus seen and heard, but was, from that time, observed

to be very much affected with it. And it was judged, by those who were well acquainted with his conversation, that the remembrance of this passage stuck close to him; and that those words of his dead friend were frequently sounding fresh in his ears, during the remainder of his life; which was about two years.



A late MEMORABLE EVENT.

[*Concluded from page 35.*]

AN Extract of the Speech which the King made to the Judges appointed to try the Assassins.

As I cannot be a judge in the present cause, I do not appear among you as such; but as a witness of the truth: no one else can testify it so fully.

I owe my life to that *John Kusma*, who is now before you. While I was at the mercy of the band which he commanded, several of them urged him, to let them cut me to pieces. He forbid them. He even persuaded them to treat me with some humanity. Nay, he forced them to render me some little services, which were then of consequence to me. He obliged one to lend me his cap, another his boot. In my situation these were not trifles. A tempestuous night irritated the wound on my head, and my foot when bare gave me exquisite pain. He had the dexterity to send his comrades away, and when he was alone, fell at my feet, and placed such confidence in me, that though he might have saved himself by flight, he determined to stay with me in order to serve me. "I know, said he, that death attends me at *Warsaw*: yet, I will not leave you, Sir, till I have conducted you thither." He led me to the Miller's hut, where, while I waited for an escort, wasted with fatigue, sleep stole upon me.

me. Here *Kufma* was once more master of my life: and once more he was the guardian of it.

This man must have had the fullest confidence in my word. He came unconstrained with me to *Warsaw*. He might have escaped a hundred times. As soon as I arrived at my palace, he presented himself before me: what a proof that he relied on my word? I do not therefore speak so much for him, as for myself. It is not his cause I plead, but my own. It would be an eternal disgrace, an inconsolable grief to me, if I became the cause of this man's death! Noble Judges, you have given many proofs of your love to your King: do not now force him to violate his word. Do not make me look back with greater horror on my escape, than on my dangers. Yet such must be my fate, if he who snatched me from that danger must perish, only because he confided in me. You have often said, you were ready to spill your blood in my service: surely then you will not pierce my soul with a more incurable wound than any which was that night inflicted on my body.

Honour and gratitude having dictated what I have hitherto said, the words flowed with ease from my mouth. But I hesitated sometime, whether I should tell you my sentiments with regard to the other prisoners. Yet a still voice, the voice of conviction commands me to say That, without which my heart can never find repose.

These were of the lowest class of men, who believed themselves bound by an unlimited military obedience. And to engage them more firmly, they were bound by an oath. What wonder then if they saw no crime but that of disobedience? If so, they were not so highly culpable. Especially considering what times they were! All things were in confusion. And what might not art then effect, when it is cloaked with the covering of Religion and Patriotism? It is a wonder, something of this kind was not attempted sooner, considering how many falsehoods, injurious to my person, and my rights, have for many years been spread abroad in this

unhappy country, How many kinds of oppressions did my poor people groan under? And what art was used, to throw the blame of all upon me?

It was by these false reports, that the spirits of men, brave, but oppress, and unable by their education and situation to investigate the truth, were excited against me. You see then before you the unhappy victims of the artifice of others. "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do," was the address of the Son of God to his Father. Will you adopt another language? Extend not the rigour of the law beyond the limits prescribed by necessity. And you, Rev. Bishops, Ministers of the God of mercy, prevent as much as in you lies the effusion of blood.

But many will object, that if these prisoners escape with life, no man can hereafter be assured of his own. On the contrary, I think, their death will spread terror and alarm, which will not heal the minds of men; but will present the idea of vengeance greedy of blood, rather than of a necessary punishment.

We ought to give the most striking proofs, that if our unhappy country has long groaned under oppression and misery, I was not the author of them: it was not in my power either to prevent or to cure them. We should compel those who have thought me cruel or tyrannical, to drop their unjust prejudices. Perish this wretched spirit of discord! Yet it cannot, it never will, till thou, Supreme Disposer of the hearts of men, takest pity upon us. We dare not ask then, Wherefore are thy judgments? But we may implore thy mercy. Give us, O Lord, give us all the spirit of concord, the spirit of mutual forgiveness. Let us no longer see brother armed against brother, citizen against citizen, purchasing the triumph of a moment by endless remorse, and seeing their own dishonour in the ruin of their country.

If ever your affection, your esteem for me, noble Judges, have wrung from you this confession, that I have suffered
greatly,

greatly, but innocently; that my sincere love for my country, and the uninterrupted pains I have taken for its welfare, have not deserved that I should drink these dregs of bitterness, you may now afford me considerable relief. Grant me the lives of these prisoners: I will receive them at your hands, as the noblest present that ever was made me. As long as I live, noble Judges, I shall feel the liveliest sentiments of gratitude for it. And when at last, the course of nature shall put an end to a life worn out with care, I shall expire with more ease and tranquility: with those last words, “Forgive me, O Lord, as I have forgiven them.”



The true History of ROBINSON CRUSO.

WHEN Captain *W— Rogers*, with the Duke and Dutchess privateers of *Bristol*, went, in 1708, to cruize against the Spaniards in the South Seas; he found, in the island *Juan Fernandes*, a man clothed in goat-skins, who looked wilder than the original owners of them. He had been left on the island four years and four months before, by Captain *Strodding*, of the ship called the *Cinque Ports*, on account of a quarrel between them; his name was *Alexander Selkirk*, and, by the report of Captain *Dampier*, then on board with *Rogers*, he was the best man in that ship. During his abode on the island, he saw several ships pass by, but two only came to an anchor; these were Spaniards, some of whom landed, and shot at him before he was aware of them, so that he had much ado to escape. Had they been French, he would have submitted to them; but he rather chose to risque the chance of dying in that desolate place, than trust to those who he apprehended, would either murder, or send into the mines, any stranger who had a knowledge of the South Seas.

When he was put on shore, he had with him his clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of powder, some bullets, tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a bible, some other books, and his mathematical instruments. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could; but for the first eight months could scarcely support his spirits in a situation so forlorn, and so far remote from all human beings. He built himself two huts, with Pimento trees, covered them with long grafs, and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun, as long as his powder lasted: when this was exhausted, he procured fire by rubbing two sticks of Pimento wood together upon his knees. In his lesser hut, which was at some distance from the other, he dressed his provisions; in the larger hut he slept, and employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying; so that he said he was a better Christian in this solitude, than he had ever been before, or than he was afraid he ever should be again. At first he never eat any thing, till hunger constrained him, partly for want of bread, and salt, and partly for grief; nor did he go to bed until he could watch no longer: the Pimento wood, which burnt very clear, served him both for fire and candle, and refreshed him by the fragrance of its smell. He might have had fish enough, but could not eat them for want of salt, because they purged him, cray-fish excepted, which he found to be agreeable, and as large as lobsters; these he boiled or broiled, as he did his goats flesh: from the latter he made excellent broth, as the goats there are not so rank as those in Europe. He kept an account of five hundred that he killed while he was there, and of as many more that he caught, and turned loose again, after marking them on the ear.*

His way of life, and his continual exercise, improved his speed so much, that, when his powder failed, he fairly ran

* When Commodore *Anson* touched at the same island, thirty-two years afterwards, he found very few goats left, the Spaniards having put on shore great the

the goats down. Captain *Rogers* sent several of his swiftest men, with a bull-dog they had on board, to assist *Selkirk* in goat-catching; but he tired and distanced both the men and the dog, and brought back the goat on his back. He related, that his agility in pursuing a goat had like once to have proved his destruction; for he pursued it with so much eagerness, that he caught hold of it at the brink of a precipice; that was hid from him by the bushes. He fell down a great height; was stunned with the fall; lay there about twenty-four hours: and when he came to his senses found the goat lying dead under him: he was scarcely able to crawl to his hut, at about a mile distance, or to stir abroad for ten days afterwards. At length he came to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread; and in the season found plenty of good turnips, which having been sown there by Captain *Dampier's* men, had overspread several acres of ground. He had enough of good cabbage from the cabbage-trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the Pimento, which is the Jamaica Pepper. He soon wore out all his clothes and shoes by running in the woods; so that being forced at last to shift without them, his feet became so hard, that it was with difficulty he could reconcile himself again to shoes, which made his feet swell when he first put them on.

He was at first much pestered with cats and rats, that had got on shore from the ships that wooded and watered there; but by cherishing the cats, many of whom became so tame, that they would lie about him in hundreds, so that he was quickly delivered from the rats.

He also tamed some kids for his amusement, so that he began to conquer the inconveniencies of solitude, and grew very easy in his circumstances.

numbers of large dogs to extirpate them: but the first goat this man killed, is described as an animal of a most venerable aspect, with an exuberant beard; and which, having had his ears slit, they concluded to have been one of those marked by *Selkirk*.

He

He supplied his worn-out clothes by a cap and coat of goat-skin, stitched together with thongs of the same. He had no other needle but a nail; and, when his knife was worn to the back, he made others as well as he could out of some iron hoops left on shore, which he beat thin, and ground upon stones. Having some linen cloth by him, he sewed him some shirts with a nail, stitching them with the worsted of his old stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when he was found by Captain *Rogers*, and, when he came first on board, had so much forgot his language by disuse, that he uttered his words by halves, and could scarcely be understood.



A remarkable Will.

THE last Will and Testament of me, a poor sinful and worthless creature, commonly known by the assumed name of *George Pfallmanazar*.

Thy ever-blessed, and unerring will, O! most gracious, though offended God, be done by me, and all the world, whether for life or death.

Into thy all-merciful hands I commit my soul, as unto a most gracious Father, who though justly provoked by my past vain and wicked life, but more especially so during the youthful follies of a rash and unthinking part of it, has yet been graciously pleased, by thy undeserved grace and mercy, to preserve me from the reigning errors and heresies, and the more deplorable apostasy and infidelity of the present age, and enabled me to take a constant and steadfast hold on the holy Author of our salvation, thy ever adorable and divine Son, Jesus Christ, our powerful and meritorious Redeemer; from whose alone, and all-powerful intercession and merits, (and not from any, the least inherent righteousness of my own, which I heartily abhor as filthy rags in thine all-purer eyes) I hope for pardon and reconciliation, and for a
happy

happy resurrection unto that blessed immortality, to which we are redeemed by his most precious and inestimable blood. I likewise bless and adore thy infinite goodness for preserving me from innumerable dangers of body and soul, to which this wretched life, but more particularly my own youthful rashness and inconsideration might have exposed me, had not thy divine providence interposed in such a wonderful manner, as justly challenges my deepest admiration and acknowledgment: particularly I am bound to bless thee for so timely nipping that ambition and vain glory, which had hurried me through such scenes of impiety and hypocrisy, and as the most effectual antidote against it, next to thy divine grace, has brought me not only to prefer, but to delight in a state of obscurity and lowness of circumstances, as the surest harbour of peace and safety; by which, though what I have left in my possession, be dwindled to so little value, as to be but a poor acknowledgement for the services which I have received from my friend hereafter named, to whom I can do no less than bequeath it all, yet I hope the will may be accepted for the deed, and that the divine Providence will supply to her what is wanting in me. And now, O Father of mercies, I beseech thee, for thy dear Son's sake, so to direct me by thy grace, through all the future concerns of this life, that when, where, or in what manner soever it shall please thee to call me out of it, I may be found ready and willing to resign my soul, worthless as it is of itself, to thee who gavest it; and that my latter end may be such as may tend all possible ways to thy glory, the edification of thy church, and my own eternal comfort.

And in hopes there is nothing in this my last will, that is not agreeable to thine, I leave it to be executed after my death by my worthy and pious friend *Sarah Rewalling*, of the parish of St. Luke, in Middlesex, in the manner herein-after mentioned, viz.

I desire

I desire that my body, when or wherever I die, may be kept so long above ground, as decency or conveniency will permit, and afterwards conveyed to the common burying-ground, and there interred in some obscure corner of it, without any further ceremony or formality than is used to the bodies of the deceased pensioners, where I happen to die, and about the same time of the day, and that the whole may be performed in the lowest and cheapest manner. And it is my earnest request that my body be not enclosed in any kind of coffin, but only decently laid in what is called a shell, of the lowest value, and without lid or other covering which may hinder the natural earth from covering it all round.

These I do hereby solemnly declare and testify to be my last Will and Testament, and in witness thereof have thereto set my name, on the twenty-third day of April, in the year of our Lord 1752, O. S. and in the seventy-third of my age.

G. PSALMANAZAR:

The last Will and Testament of *G. Psalmanazar*, of Ironmonger-Row, in the parish of St. Luke, Middlesex, whenever it shall please God to take him out of this world unto himself.

January 1, 1760, being the day of circumcision of our divine Lord, then, blessed be God, quite sound in my mind, though weak in body, I do ratify and confirm the above particulars of my last Will and Testament.

REMARKABLE COURAGE.

AT the battle of *Roucoux*, in 1746, a Serjeant in the Regiment of *Flanders*, named *Vidal*, giving his arm to the Prince of *Monaco*, who was wounded, in order to lead him to a place of safety, had that very arm broken to pieces by a musket

musket ball ; without betraying the least emotion, this dauntless hero only changed his arm, saying, "Take this my Prince, the other is now good for nothing." The Regiment of *Flanders* was in the sixteenth century commanded by the Count de *Sault*, whose name it bore: it was then a common saying, "Beware of Fire, Water, and the Regiment de *Sault*."



From the PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS.

[Concluded from page 41.]

MR. *Hastings*, the Governor, did not hesitate a moment to grant a peace at the mediation of the *Lama*, on the most moderate and equitable terms ; and, eager, to seize every opportunity which would promote the interest and glory of this nation, and tend to the advancement of natural knowledge, proposed in Council to send a person in a public character to the Court of the *Tashoo Lama*, to negotiate a treaty of commerce between the two nations, and to explore a country and people hitherto so little known to Europeans. Mr. *Bogle*, an approved servant of the Company, whose abilities and temper rendered him every way qualified for so hazardous and uncommon a mission, was pitched on for it. It would be foreign to my purpose to enter into a detail of his progress and success in this business: it will be sufficient to say, that he penetrated, across many difficulties, to the centre of *Thibet* ; resided several months at the Court of the *Tashoo Lama* ; and returned to *Calcutta*, after an absence of fifteen months on the whole ; having executed his commission to the entire satisfaction of the Administration.

Mr. *Bogle* divides the territories of the *Delai Lama*, into two different parts. That which lies immediately contiguous to *Bengal*, and which is called by the inhabitants, *Docpo*, he distinguishes by the name of *Boutan* ; and the other, which

extends to the northward as far as the frontiers of *Tartary*, called by the natives, *Pú*, he styles *Thibet*. *Boutan* is ruled by the *Dah Terria*, or *Deb Rajah*, as I have already remarked. It is a country of steep and inaccessible mountains, whose summits are crowned with eternal snow; they are intersected with deep vallies, through which pour numberless torrents that increase in their course, and, at last, gaining the plains, loose themselves in the great rivers of *Bengal*. These mountains are covered down their sides with forests of stately trees of various sorts; some (such as Pines, &c.) which are known in Europe; others, such as are peculiar to the country and climate. The vallies and sides of the hills which admit of cultivation, are not unfruitful, but produce crops of wheat, barley and rice. The inhabitants are a stout and warlike people, of a copper complexion, in size rather above the middle European stature, hasty and quarrelsome in their temper, and addicted to the use of spirituous liquors; but honest in their dealings: robbery by violence being almost unknown among them. The chief city is *Tassay Siddein*, situated on the *Patchoo*. *Thibet* begins properly from the top of the great ridge of the *Caucasus*, and extends from thence in breadth to the confines of great *Tartary*, and perhaps to some of the dominions of the Russian Empire. Mr. *Bogle* says, that having once attained the summit of the *Boutan* mountains, you do not descend in an equal proportion on the side of *Thibet*; but continuing still on a very elevated base, you traverse vallies which are wider, and not so deep as the former, and mountains that are neither so steep, nor apparently so high. On the other hand he represents it as the most bare and desolate country he ever saw. The woods, which every where cover the mountains in *Boutan*, are here totally unknown; and, except a few straggling trees near the villages, nothing of the sort is to be seen. The climate is extremely severe and rude. At *Chamnanning*, where he wintered, although it be in latitude 31 deg. 39 min. only 8 deg. northward

northward of *Calcutta*, he often found the thermometer in his room at 29 deg. under the freezing point by *Farrenheit's* scale: and in the middle of April the standing waters were all frozen, and heavy showers of snow perpetually fell. This, no doubt, must be owing to the great elevation of the country, and to the vast frozen space over which the north-wind blows uninterruptedly from the pole, through the vast deserts of *Siberia* and *Tartary*, till it is stopped by this formidable wall.

The Thibetians are of a smaller size than their southern neighbours, and of a less robust make. Their complexions are also fairer, and many of them have even a ruddiness in their countenance unknown in the other climates of the East. Those whom I saw at *Calcutta*, appeared to have quite the Tartar face. They are of a mild and cheerful temper; and Mr. *Bogle* says, that the higher ranks are polite and entertaining in conversation, in which they never mix either strained compliments or flattery. The common people both in *Boutan* and *Thibet* are clothed in coarse woollen stuffs of their own manufacture, lined with such skins as they can procure; but the better orders of men are dressed in European cloth, or China silk, lined with the finest Siberian furs. The Ambassador from the *Deb Rajah*, in his summer-dress at *Calcutta*, appeared exactly like the figures we see in the Chinese paintings, with the conical hat, the tunic of brocaded silk, and light boots. The Thibetians, who brought the first Letter from the *Lama*, was wrapped from head to foot in furs. The use of linen is totally unknown among them. The chief food of the inhabitants is the milk of their cattle, prepared into cheese, butter, or mixed with the flour of a coarse barley or of peas, the only grain which their soil produces; and even these articles are in a scanty proportion: but they are furnished with rice and wheat from *Bengal* and other countries in the neighbourhood. They also are supplied

with fish from the rivers in their own and the neighbouring provinces, salted and sent into the interior parts. They have no want of animal food from the cattle, sheep, and hogs, which are raised on their hills; and are not destitute of game, though I believe it is not abundant. They have a singular method of preparing their mutton, by exposing the carcase entire, after the bowels are taken out, to the sun, and bleak northern winds which blow in the months of August and September, without frost; and so dry up the juices and parch the skin, that the meat will keep uncorrupted for the year round. This they generally eat raw, without any preparation. Mr. *Bogle* was often regaled with this dish, which, however unpalatable at first, he says, he afterwards preferred it to their dressed mutton just killed, which was generally lean, tough and rank. It was also very common for the head-men in the villages through which he passed, to make him presents of sheep so prepared, set before him on their legs as if they had been alive, which had at first a very odd appearance.



An Extract from a JOURNEY from Aleppo to Jerusalem; at Easter, A. D. 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.

[Continued from page 48.]

THE next morning flattered us with the hopes of a fair day after the great rains, which had fallen for near eight hours together. We therefore ventured to leave *Bellulca*, with no great thanks to it for our entertainment. But we had not gone far, before we began to wish that we had kept our former accommodation, bad as it was; for the rains began to break out afresh with greater fury than before; nor had we more comfort under-foot, the road being very deep and full of floughs. However we resolved to go forward

ward in hopes of a better time, and in four hours (very long ones in such uncomfortable circumstances) we arrived at *Sholfatia*, a poor village situate upon a small river which we were obliged to pass. A river we might call it now, it being swollen so high by the late rains, that it was impassable; though at other times it is but a small brook, and, in the summer, perfectly dry.

Here, instead of mending our condition, as we expected, we began to drink more deeply of the bitter cup of pilgrims, being brought to such a strait, that we knew not which way to turn ourselves. For, as I said, the stream was not fordable, so that there was no going forward; and as for facing about, and returning to the place from whence we came, that was a thing we were very averse to: well knowing, by that morning's experience, the badness of the road; and likewise having reason to expect but a cold welcome at our journey's end. As for lodging in the village, that was a thing not to be endured: for the houses were filled with dirt and nastiness, being inhabited promiscuously by the villagers and their cattle. As for lying in the Campagnia, the rain was so vehement we could not do that, without an evident danger both to ourselves and horses.

But whilst we were at this non-plus, the rain abated; and so we resolved to pitch in the open field, though thoroughly soaked with the wet. Accordingly we betook ourselves to a small ascent by the water-side, intending there, under our tents, to wait the falling of the stream.

We had not enjoyed this cessation of rain long, when it began to pour down afresh, with terrible lightning and thunder. And now our care was renewed, and we knew not well which to be most concerned for: whether ourselves, who enjoyed the miserable comfort of a dropping tent over us, or our servants and horses, which had nothing but their own clothes to protect them. At last, there being a small *Sheck's* house, or burying-place hard by, we comforted ourselves

selves with hopes that we might take sanctuary there. The difficulty was, how to get admission into so revered a place; the Turks being generally men of greater zeal than mercy. To negotiate this affair, we sent a Turk (whom we had taken with us for such occasions) into the village; ordering him to try first by fair means to gain admittance, and, if that failed, to threaten that he would enter by force. But the religion of this place was of that kind which supercedes, instead of improving humanity. The people absolutely denied the small charity we demanded; and sent us word they would die upon our swords, before they would yield to have their faith defiled: adding farther, that it was their faith to be true to *Hamet* and *Aly*, but to hate and renounce *Omar* and *Abu Beker*; and this principle they were resolved to stand by. We told them we had as bad an opinion of *Omar* and *Abu Beker* as they could have: that we desired only a little shelter from the present rain, and had no intention to defile their faith. And thus with good words, we brought them to consent, that we might secure our baggage in the *Sheck's* house: but as for ourselves and arms, it was our irreversible sentence to be excluded out of the hallowed walls. We were glad, however, to get the merciless doors open upon any terms; not doubting, but we should be able to make our advantage of it afterwards according to our desire: which we actually did; for when it grew dark, and the villagers were gone to sleep, we all got into the place of refuge, and there passed a melancholy night among the tombs: thus escaping, however, the greater evil of the rain, which fell all night in abundance.

Being now crept into the inside of the *Sheck's* house, I must not omit, in requital for our lodgings, to give some account of the nature of such structures. They are stone fabrics generally six or eight yards square (more or less) and roofed with a cupola, erected over the graves of some eminent *Shecks*, that is, such persons, as by their long beards, prayers

prayers of the same standard, and a kind of pharisaical superciliousness (which are the virtues of the Mahometan Religion) have purchased to themselves the reputation of learning and saints.

Of these buildings there are many scattered up and down the country; (for you will find among the Turks far more dead saints than living ones.) They are situated commonly upon the most conspicuous ascents. To these Oratories the people repair with their vows and prayers, in their several distresses, much after the same manner, as the Romanists do to the shrines of their Saints. Only, in this respect, the practice of the Turks seems to be more orthodox, in that, though they make their saints' shrine the house of prayer; yet they always make God alone, the object of their addresses.

[*To be continued.*]

A Memorial for Miss Nancy Bissaker: written in the seventh Year of her Age, by the late Mr. C. Perronet.

[*Continued from page 51.*]

IF your brother and sister unite with others, account their offspring your own, and be to them what your mother was to you. God may design to continue a seed in her family, that the blessing of her righteousness may descend to other generations.

Let the outward profession of your religion be what you have been brought up to, unless you are convinced by the Spirit of Christ, and not the vain janglings of men, to embrace some other.

Love all; but be of no party-spirit. Be always joined with the Methodists, as this is the work of God now upon earth. Be thankful for a share in their persecution, and

account

account it a sin not to profit by their knowledge, and to shun their reproach.

Of all evils, avoid Calvinism, and Final Perseverance; the two great evils that destroy the true grace of God wherein we stand: the darts of Satan that poison the holy, as well as destroy the unholy. No shaft of Satan so to be dreaded, no snare to be so avoided, as, that "personal holiness is not requisite: grace cannot be destroyed; nor a believer perish." To depart from Christ, is made the giving him the glory of our salvation; and to obey, is to rob the Redeemer of his greatest honour!

What most wounds Religion is a party spirit, and "perverse disputings." Beware of these. They "darken counsel by words without understanding." Arians and Predestinarians are full of this. The latter, extends its baleful influence farthest, and does that hurt to the righteous, which the other does only to the wicked.

But Religion is not just to escape false, and embrace true opinions; nor is it great, or airy, or philosophical notions of any kind; but the life and power of God, and to follow the example of Christ. The Religion of the Lord Jesus lies within: it is to embrace him as our Refuge and Saviour, the only Good in time and in eternity: it is the knowledge of Christ; fellowship of his sufferings, and conformity to his death. True Religion spreads itself into the minutest affairs, and transacts all things in the sanctuary with Jesus; so that *holiness is written on the bells of horses*; and the lowest drudgery of life is made, *worshipping the Father in spirit and in truth*. This was the Religion taught and practised by the Son of God; by all his holy Apostles; by all his Martyrs and Confessors; and by all his true Worshipers in all generations: and is the only Religion he will approve of when he comes in the clouds of heaven.

[To be continued.]

LETTERS.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCLVI.

[From Mr. R. Boardman, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

New-York, April 2, 1771.

Rev. Sir,

IT pleases God to carry on his work amongst us. Within this month we have had a great awakening here. Many begin to believe the report; and to some, the arm of the Lord is revealed. This last month we have had near thirty added to the Society; five of whom have received a clear sense of the pardoning love of God. We have, in this city, some of the best Preachers (both in the English and Dutch Churches) that are in America; yet God works by whom he will work.

I have lately been much comforted by the death of some poor negroes, who have gone off the stage of time rejoicing in the God of their salvation. I asked one, on the point of death, Are you afraid to die? "O no, said she; I have my blessed Saviour in my heart; I should be glad to die: I want to be gone, that I may be with him for ever. I know that he loves me; and I feel I love him with all my heart." She continued to declare the great things God had done for her soul, to the astonishment of many, till the Lord took her to himself. Several more seem just ready to be gone; longing for the happy time when mortality shall be swallowed up of life.

I bless God, I find, in general, my soul happy, though much tried and tempted: and though I am often made to groan, oppressed with unbelief; yet I find an increasing degree of love to God, his people, and his ways. But I want more purity of intention, to aim at his glory in all I think, or speak or do. Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!

We do not, dear Sir, forget to pray for you, that God would lengthen out your days. Nor can we help praying that you may see America before you die. Perhaps I have promised myself too much, when I have thought of this. Lord, not my will, but thine be done!

I am, dear and Rev. Sir,

Your affectionate Son in the Gospel,

R. BOARDMAN.

L E T T E R CCCLVII.

[From Mr. J. Southcote, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Bristol, Jan. 9. 1772.

Rev. Sir,

WE thank you for those blessed men, Mr. Murlin and Pawson. Their labours cannot be in vain in the Lord. We are at present, like a city which is at unity with itself. Not the least misunderstanding having happened among the Preachers. What a token for good!

I have been at Kingswood twice lately, and stayed all night. I met the children each time; and the last, while I was speaking, former times occurred to my mind, and made a deep impression on me.

At present I feel a secret hope for the little ones. If the Masters should again recover their strength, we shall see greater things. We took sweet counsel together. S. H. is athirst for the living God. How different is this woman!

O! what a mercy, that the Lord should have begun with me, even with me, a poor backslider; and that he should have engaged my soul and body to serve him! Blessed be his name, I still love him! Wishing you more than I can express,

I am, Rev. Sir, your dutiful Son and Servant,

J. SOUTHCOTE.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCLVIII.

[From Mrs. S. Pywell, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Stenton, January 17, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

AFTER a long season, I have set about to answer your last favour. And first, you ask if I find any decay in faith? I answer, No. I rather find that my faith is strengthened, daily and hourly; and that, in the same proportion, my love to God and man increaseth. And no wonder I should find it so, seeing my constant prayer is, Lord, increase my faith! and thereby enlarge my heart to love thee more and more, till I am all immersed and lost in love! O what a favour is it that God should thus hear and answer the prayer of such an unworthy creature!

As to my hopes, they are more firm and lively than ever. For every fresh deliverance in an hour of temptation, is an additional proof, that according to my day my strength shall be; and that he will be my Guide unto death, and my Portion for evermore.

You enquire secondly, if I feel any pride or anger? I feel nothing contrary to pure love. But when I am evil spoken of, I am kept in perfect peace. I find nothing but what is subordinate to the will of God; and I have the witness in myself that all my ways please him.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Friend,

S. PYWELL.

L E T T E R CCCLIX.

[From the same, to the same.]

Stenton, February 28, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

FROM your farther encouraging me, I take the liberty to tell you that I am always sensible of the presence of God, which is never interrupted by company, or hurry of

business, though I am often much exposed to both. In the midst of all, Jesus is my rest and my support. O that I may be always ready to speak of his goodness! I am enabled to pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks. My heart is lifted up to God, whatever my hands are employed in, so that I am always happy: I never fret at any thing so as to interrupt my happiness. Nothing hinders me from praying without ceasing.

Indeed I sometimes find lowness of spirits, which I think came first upon me by grief, occasioned by a brother and a sister leaving the good ways of God. This lay so heavy upon me, that I feared I should never more be capable of acting in the manner I had formerly done. At that time I was very ignorant of Satan's devices. At last I found it my wisdom to cry to God, that I might leave it all to him. Since then, when things have come on me in an unexpected manner, I have been ready to start. But at present, my soul is kept in perfect peace. While I am telling of his loving-kindness towards me, I find he is with me.

I am, dear Sir, your obedient Servant,

S. PYWELL.



P O E T R Y.

To Mr. POYNTZ, Ambassador at Soissons.

O Thou, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
 Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
 Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
 Is but a larger power of being good.
 Say, Poyntz, amidst the toils of anxious state,
 Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?

Doft

Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
 Thy busy life at length might be thy own?
 Just is the wish. For me the happiest meed,
 To favour'd man, by smiling heaven decreed,
 Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
 And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise who from the world retir'd,
 By no enlivening, generous passion fir'd,
 On flow'ry couches slumbers life away,
 And gently bids his active powers decay.
 But blest is he, who exercised in cares,
 To private leisure public virtue bears.
 Who tranquil ends, the race he nobly run,
 And decks repose with trophies labour won;
 Him honour follows to the secret shade,
 And crowns propitious his declining head;
 In his retreats their harps the muses string,
 For him in lays unbought, spontaneous sing;
 Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
 Pleas'd with retirement better than with state,
 And round the bower where humbly great he lies,
 Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
 The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
 When peace restor'd shall on her downy wing
 Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
 Then to the shades of learned ease retir'd;
 The world forgetting, by the world admired,
 Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
 Contemplative and quiet happiness:
 Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
 And painful merit paid with sweet content.

*To the Earl of OXFORD; sent him when he was in the Tower,
before his Trial. By Dean SWIFT.*

HOW bleſſed is he, who for his country dies!
Since death purſues the coward, as he flies.
The youth, in vain, would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back:
Though Fear ſhould lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet ſwifter Fate ſhall ſeize him from behind.

Virtue repulſed, yet knows not to repine;
But ſhall with unattainted honour ſhine;
Nor ſtoops to take the ſtaff, nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the ſky;
Where Jove a feat among the gods will give
To thoſe who die, for meriting to live.

Next faithful Silence hath a ſure reward;
Within our breaſt be every ſecret barr'd:
He who betrays his friend ſhall never be
Under one roof, nor in one ſhip with me:
For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt,
Leſt with the wicked, Heaven involve the juſt?
And though the villain 'ſcape awhile, he feels
Slow Vengeance, like a blood-hound at his heels.

On a late SHIPWRECK on the Coaſt of CUMBERLAND.

FROM this hoar cliff which fronts the riſing day,
The watry proſpect opens on the eyes;
Here from the point which bounds the lengthning bay,
Where on the left the ſpacious haven lies.

How

How great the change! not sixteen hours are past,
Since that calm sea that gently laves the shore,
Lashed into fury by the northern blast,
Shook the rough rocks, with wild tremendous roar.

Again the desolating scene I view ;——
Here I beheld the mountain-billows rise ;
Saw the faint struggles of the helpless crew,
Plunged in the waves, and heard thy dying cries.

Still memory bleeds the direful truth to tell,
How on the towering mast long time they hung ;
Till from the hull with ponderous crash it fell,
And from the top the shuddering victims flung ;

One bravely pushing from the fatal wreck,
With lusty sinews beats the foaming surge ;
While the rough breakers scatter o'er his neck ;—
Now does he sink,—and now again emerge.

Exhausted now of half his vital force,
With fainter efforts, see! he pants for ground ;
Till one huge billow in its rapid course,
O'erwhelms him breathless in the dread profound.

With equal numbers, who can well express
Each sad spectator's half distracted grief ?
What sympathetic pangs of keen distress,
Potent in wish, but feeble in relief !

The piteous sight had baleful *Malice* eyed,
When doubtful Hope, and instant death were near,
Her haggard looks the fiend had turned aside,
And down her cheek distilled the unbidden tear.

There

There where the shattered prow and anchors lie,
 One, only, found a refuge from the waves ;
 The rest, whom Fate impetuous dooms to die,
 Beneath the rigging find immediate graves.

Tradition speaks the melancholy truth,
 " Thrice has this faithless spot the bark betrayed ;
 By heaven's all-wise decree, one only youth,
 From each dire wreck has safely been conveyed."

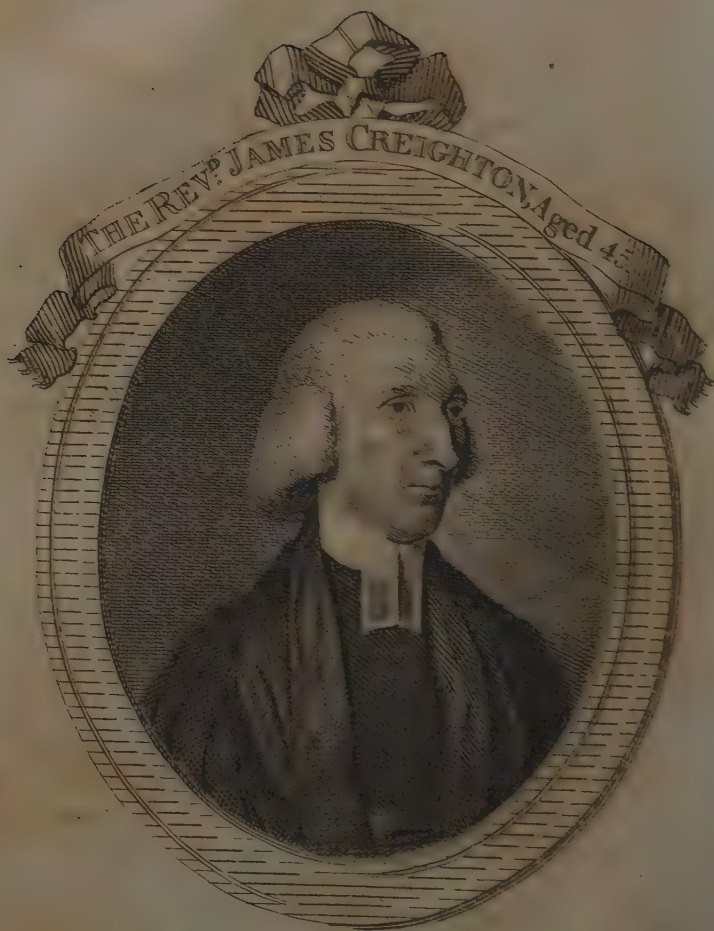
From hoarse resoundings of the boisterous wind,
 The western breeze with gentle murmur blows,
 And warring floods, by jutting points confined,
 Now sink into a general repose.

'Tis done :—the dreadful conquest now is o'er,
 Discordant elements no more engage :
 The loitering waves creep softly to the shore,
 Disarmed their power, and silent all their rage.

Within these lifeless forms, acquaintance knows,
 Soft, generous pity lived, a welcome guest ;
 Indulged the genial pang for others woes,
 Heaved the big sigh, and wept at tales distressed.

Unknowing then that in untimely hour,
 Their fate should give them to the ruthless seas ;
 What hands should supplicate the inclement power ?
 What eyes should stream at miseries like these ?

Desponding mortals ! wherefore do we mourn ?
 Perhaps that storm was herald of their peace ;
 Served but to waft them to that distant bourne,
 Where toil, and pain, and death for ever cease.





T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For M A R C H 1785.



*An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITEBY's Discourses on the
FIVE POINTS.*

CHAP. I. *Concerning the Decree of Reprobation.*

[Continued from page 70.]

II. **O**BERVE, that God's Fore-knowledge, Sayings and Predictions have no such influence on the will of man, as to lay on him a necessity to do what He foreknows, and hath foretold he will do; for were it otherwise,

1st. All human actions must be necessary; for, to that God who is omniscient, all things past, present, and to come are known. If then this knowledge of men's actions, did make them necessary, all human actions must be necessary, and so the freedom of them must be overthrown. 2dly, Then Vice and Virtue must be empty names, we being capable of doing nothing which is blame-worthy, or deserveth praise; (which yet the scripture plainly, and frequently asserts we may) for who can blame a person for doing what he could

not help, or judge that he deserveth praise for doing what he could not avoid? And 3dly, Then must all future recompenses be discarded, it being unjust to punish any man for doing that which it was never in his power to avoid, or to reward him for that action which cannot be praise-worthy.

When then it is here said, *Therefore they could not believe, because Isaias said, &c.* these words must bear this sense, *Therefore they could not believe, because (that was fulfilled upon them which) Isaias said,* or it had happened to them as he had foretold. And this exposition is confirmed by the Holy Ghost, who, Matt. xiii. 13, 14, saith from the mouth of Christ, *Therefore speak I to them in parables, because they seeing, see not, &c.* and when it is said, ver 40, *He hath blinded their eyes, &c.* observe that the word He, is not in the original, which only saith thus, *τέφλωκεν αὐτῶν τὰς ὀφθαλμούς* and may be rendered, *Malice, or Wickedness, hath blinded their eyes,* as we read Wisdom ii. 21. Or, 2dly, The personal verb is put for the impersonal, the active for the passive, i. e. *He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts, for their eyes are blinded, and their hearts hardened.* To give you an instance of this nature, Isaiah xlv. 18, in our translation we read, *He hath shut their eyes that they cannot see, and their hearts that they cannot understand;* and yet both the Greek and Chaldee Paraphrast read them thus, *ἀπημανερώθησαν, their eyes they have shut, and darkened, lest they should see.* And that this is the true import of the Prophet's words, that Satan, and their own evil dispositions had done this, is evident from this consideration, it is spoken to the shame of them who made and worshipped senseless images, ver. 9. 11, and to convince them of their want of consideration, ver. 19. And that this must be the sense here, we learn, not only from the Septuagint, the Syriac, and the Arabick, which render these words of Isaiah thus, *The heart of the people is waxed gross, and their ears have they closed, lest they should see with their eyes;* but also from our Saviour and St. Paul, who follow this translation

translation of the words, the one Matt. xiii. 13. 15, the other Acts xxviii. 27.

Objection, But in St. *Luke* this is plainly given as the reason why Christ spake to those without in parables, *That seeing they may not see, and hearing they may not understand.*

I answer, St. *Mark* and St. *Luke* do not contain all that our Saviour said on this occasion, but must be filled up, by the addition of the word recorded in St. *Matthew*. Since then St. *Matthew* doth expressly tell us, *He therefore spake to them in parables, because they seeing would not, or did not see, and hearing, did not understand*; and that they therefore did not see, hear and understand, because *their heart was waxed gross, and their ears heavy, and they had closed their eyes lest they should see*; it seems evident that the words of St. *Mark* and St. *Luke* must be filled up thus, *to others* (the Jews who will not own my doctrine) *speak I in parables, because they seeing see not, and hearing do not understand; for their hearts are waxed gross, and their ears heavy, and their eyes have they closed; that seeing, they may see and not perceive, and hearing, they may hear and not understand.* These words are therefore nothing to the purpose for which they are produced. This will appear more evident, if it be further noted,

That these words, *They seeing, see not, and hearing, do not hear, or understand*, are a proverbial expression concerning men so wicked, and so slothful, that either attend not to, or will not follow the clearest convictions of their duty. Thus to a rebellious people the Prophet *Jeremy* saith, *Hear now this, O foolish people, and without understanding, which have eyes, and see not, which have ears, and hear not*: and God speaks to *Ezekiel* thus, *Son of man, thou dwellest in the midst of a rebellious house, which have eyes to see, and see not, they have ears to hear, and hear not; for they are a rebellious house.* This is a frequent form of speech in *Philo*, who saith of men

addicted to sensual pleasures, ὁρῶντες ἐκ ὁρῶσι καὶ ἀκούοντες ἐκ ἀκούουσιν; that *they seeing, see not, and hearing, do not hear*; and *Demoſthenes* mentions this as a proverb: these words do manifestly therefore shew, That it was the wickedness and perverseness of the Jews that indisposed them to receive profit by Christ's plain discourses, which caused him thus to speak to them in parables.

Lastly, Observe, that they thus shut their eyes, and made their hearts gross, saith God, *lest they should be converted, and I should heal them*; so that the design of God in sending his Son was their conversion, and the remission of their sins; and hence St. Peter saith to them, *Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out*; for God having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you, in turning every one of you from your iniquities; expressly teaching that God sent his Son to procure mercy and salvation to every one of them; and that they by their wickedness and perverseness, obstructed his gracious designs upon them, lest they should be converted from their evil ways, and God should heal them. For albeit this sad effect was not intended by them, yet since it was the natural result of their shutting their eyes against the light, it fitly is ascribed to them, as when the Prophet Hosea saith, *Of their silver and gold have they made them idols, that they might be cut off*: and the Prophet Micah, *The statutes of Omri are kept, and all the works of the house of Ahab, and ye walk in their counsels, that I should make thee a desolation*. These words are therefore so far from establishing, that they evidently destroy the doctrine they were produced to confirm.

4. A third text used to this purpose are the words of St. Peter, *To you that believe he is precious: but to them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders refused is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them who stumble at the word, being disobedient, whereunto also they were appointed*; from which last words they

they argue, that some of the Jews, even all that believed not in Christ, (this Corner Stone) *were* appointed by God to be *disobedient*.

I answer, The meaning of these words, saith Dr. Hammond is, That they who disobey the gospel, standing out obstinately against it, were appointed by God to stumble and fall at that stone; that is, to be bruised by it, and by that means to be destroyed; it being just with God that they who will not amend at the preaching of the gospel, should be condemned, and so the worse for it. It cannot signify that God absolutely ordained the unbelieving Jews, to disobedience, when as yet they were not; for then their future disobedience was a compliance with the divine will, and so could not deserve the name of disobedience, because it could not be both a compliance with, and disobedience to the will of God; nor could this disobedience be objected to them as their crime, unless compliance with the will of God be so, and it be a fault to be such as God by his immutable counsel and decree hath ordained we should be. Wherefore this passage cannot signify that the unbelieving Jews were appointed to disobedience; but only that being disobedient to the gospel, so clearly revealed, and by so many miracles confirmed to them, they were appointed, to fall and perish; for so the Hebrew word Chafal, and the Greek προσκομμα and σκάνδαλον import, viz. the ruin and fall of them who stumble at this stone.

[To be continued.]

S E R M O N . XXVI.

On HEBREWS vi. 1.

Let us go on to Perfection.

THE whole sentence runs thus: *Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection: not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead*

dead works, and of faith toward God, which he had just before termed, *the first principles of the Oracles of God*, and meat fit for babes, for such as have just tasted that the Lord is gracious.

That the doing of this is a point of the utmost importance, the Apostle intimates in the next words; *This will we do, if God permit. For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, and have fallen away, to renew them again unto repentance.* As if he had said, If we do not go on to perfection, we are in the utmost danger of falling away. And if we do fall away, it is impossible [that is, exceeding hard] to renew them again unto repentance.

In order to make this very important Scripture as easy to be understood as possible, I shall endeavour,

First to shew, what Perfection is?

Secondly, to answer some Objections to it: and,

Thirdly, to expostulate a little with the opposers of it.

First, I will endeavour to shew, what Perfection is.

1. And first, I do not conceive the Perfection here spoken of, to be the perfection of Angels. As those glorious Beings never *left their first estate*, never declined from their original perfection, all their native faculties are unimpaired, their Understanding in particular is still a lamp of light, their Apprehension of all things clear and distinct, and their Judgment always true. Hence, though their Knowledge is limited, (for they are creatures) though they are ignorant of innumerable things, yet they are not liable to mistake; their Knowledge is perfect in its kind. And as their Affections are all constantly guided by their unerring Understanding, so all their Actions are suitable thereto; so they do every moment not their own will, but the good and acceptable will of God. Therefore it is not possible for man, whose Understanding is darkened, to whom Mistake is as natural as Ignorance,

Ignorance, who cannot think at all, but by the mediation of organs which are weakened and depraved, like the other parts of his corruptible body: it is not possible, I say, for men always to think right, to apprehend things distinctly, and to judge truly of them. In consequence hereof his Affections, depending on his Understanding, are variously disordered. And his words and actions are influenced more or less, by the disorder both of his Understanding and Affections. It follows, that no man while in the body, can possibly attain to *Angelic Perfection*.

2. Neither can any man while he is in a corruptible body, attain to *Adamic Perfection*. Adam before his fall, was undoubtedly as pure, as free from sin as even the holy Angels. In like manner his Understanding was as clear as theirs, and his Affections as regular. In virtue of this, as he always judged right, so he was able always to speak and act right. But since man rebelled against God the case is widely different with him. He is no longer able to avoid falling into innumerable mistakes: consequently he cannot always avoid wrong Affections, neither can he always think, speak, and act right. Therefore man, in his present state, can no more attain *Adamic* than *Angelic Perfection*.

3. The highest Perfection which man can attain, while the soul dwells in the body, does not exclude Ignorance and Error, and a thousand other Infirmities. And from wrong Judgments; wrong Words and Actions will often necessarily flow. And in some cases, wrong Affections also may spring from the same source. I may judge wrong of you: I may think more or less highly of you than I ought to think. And this mistake in my Judgment may not only occasion something wrong in my behaviour; but it may have a still deeper effect: it may occasion something wrong in my Affection. From a wrong apprehension, I may love and esteem you either more or less than I ought. Nor can I be freed from a liableness to such mistake, while I remain in a corruptible body.

body. A thousand infirmities in consequence of this, will attend my spirit, till it returns to God who gave it. And in numberless instances it comes short of doing the will of God, as Adam did in Paradise. Hence the best of men may say from the heart,

“ Every moment, Lord, I need
The merit of thy death,”

for innumerable violations of the Adamic as well as the Angelic Law. It is well therefore for us, that we are not now under these, but under the law of Love. *Love is now the fulfilling of the law*, which is given to fallen man. This is now, with respect to us *the perfect law*. But even against this, through the present weakness of our understanding, we are continually liable to transgress. Therefore every man living needs the blood of atonement, or he could not stand before God.

4. What is then the Perfection of which man is capable, while he dwells in a corruptible body? It is the complying with that kind command, *My son, give me thy heart*. It is the *loving the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind*. This is the sum of Christian Perfection: it is all comprised in that one word, Love. The first branch of it is the Love of God: and as he that loves God loves his brother also, it is inseparably connected with the second, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*. Thou shalt love every man as thy own soul, as Christ loved us. *On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets*: these contain the whole of Christian Perfection.

5. Another view of this is given us, in those words of the great Apostle, *Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus*. For although this immediately and directly refers to the Humility of our Lord, yet it may be taken in a far more extensive sense, so as to include the whole disposition
of

of his mind, all his affections, all his tempers, both toward God and man. Now it is certain that as there was no evil affection in him, so no good affection or temper was wanting. So that *whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are lovely, are all included in the mind that was in Christ Jesus.*

6. St. Paul, when writing to the *Galatians*, places Perfection in yet another view. It is the one undivided fruit of the Spirit, which he describes thus. *The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace: long-suffering, gentleness, goodness: fidelity, (so the word should be translated here) meekness, temperance.* What a glorious constellation of Graces is here! Now suppose all these things to be knit together in one, to be united together in the soul of a believer, this is Christian Perfection.

7. Again. He writes to the Christians at *Ephesus*, of putting on the new man, which is created after God, in righteousness and true holiness. And to the *Colossians*, of the new man, renewed after the image of him that created him: plainly referring to the words in *Genesis* (chap. i. 27,) *So God created man in his own image.* Now the Moral Image of God, consists (as the Apostle observes) in righteousness and true holiness. By sin this is totally destroyed. And we never can recover it, till we are created anew in Christ Jesus. And this is Perfection.

8. St. Peter expresses it in a still different manner, though to the same effect. *As he that hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation,* 1 Peter i. 16. According to this Apostle then, Perfection is another name for Universal Holiness: inward and outward righteousness: holiness of life arising from holiness of heart.

9. If any expressions can be stronger than these, they are those of St. Paul to the *Thessalonians*: (1 Epistle v. 23.) *The God of peace himself sanctify you wholly: and may the whole of you, the spirit, the soul and the body (this is the*

literal translation) *be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

10. We cannot shew this Sanctification in a more excellent way, than by complying with that exhortation of the Apostle, *I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies* (yourselves, your souls and bodies; a part put for the whole, by a common figure of speech) *a living sacrifice unto God*; to whom ye were consecrated many years ago in baptism. When, what was then devoted is actually presented to God, then is the man of God perfect.

11. To the same effect St. Peter says, 1 Epistle ii. 5, *Ye are a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ.* But what sacrifices shall we offer now, seeing the Jewish dispensation is at an end? If you have truly presented yourselves, you offer up to him continually, all your thoughts, and words and actions, through the Son of his love, as a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

12. Thus you experience, that he whose name is called Jesus, does not bear that name in vain; that he does in fact *save his people from their sins*, the root as well as the branches. And this *Salvation from sin*, from all sin, is another description of Perfection, though indeed it expresses only the least, the lowest branch of it, only the negative part of the great salvation.

II. I proposed, in the second place, to answer some objections to this scriptural account of Perfection.

1. One common objection to it is, That there is no promise of it in the word of God. If this were so we must give it up: we should have no foundation to build upon. For the promises of God are the only sure foundation of our hope. But surely there is a very clear and full promise, that we shall all love the Lord our God with all our hearts. So we read Deut. xxx. 6, *Then will I circumcise thy heart, and the heart of thy*

thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul. Equally express is the word of our Lord, which is no less a promise, though in the form of a command, (Matt. xxii. 37.) *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind:* no words can be more strong than these, no promise can be more express. In like manner, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself* is as express a promise as a command.

2. And indeed that general and unlimited promise, which runs through the whole Gospel Dispensation, *I will put my laws in their minds, and write them in their hearts,* turns all the commands into promises; and consequently, that among the rest, *Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.* The command here is equivalent to a promise, and gives us full reason to expect, that he will work in us what he requires of us.

3. With regard to the fruit of the Spirit, the Apostle in affirming, *The fruit of the Spirit, is love, joy, peace; long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance:* does in effect affirm, that the Holy Spirit actually works Love, and these other tempers in those that are led by him. So that here also we have firm ground to tread upon: this scripture likewise being equivalent to a promise, and assuring us that all these shall be wrought in us, provided we are led by the Spirit.

4. And when the Apostle says to the *Ephesians*, (chap. iv. 21,) *Ye have been taught, as the truth is in Jesus, to be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and to put on the new man, which is created after God, (that is, after the image of God,) in righteousness and true holiness:* he leaves us no room to doubt, but God will thus renew us *in the spirit of our mind*, and create us anew in the image of God, wherein we were at first created. Otherwise it could not be said, *That this is the truth as it is in Jesus.*

5. The command of God given by St. *Peter*, *Be ye holy as he that hath called you is holy in all manner of conversation*, implies a promise, that we shall be thus holy, if we are not wanting to ourselves. Nothing can be wanting on God's part: as he has called us to holiness, he is undoubtedly willing, as well as able, to work this holiness in us. For he cannot mock his helpless creatures, calling us to receive what he never intends to give. That he does call us thereto is undeniable; therefore he will give it, if we are not disobedient to the heavenly calling.

6. The prayer of St. *Paul* to the *Theſſalonians*, That God would *sanctify them throughout*, and that the whole of them, the spirit, the soul, and the body might be preserved blameless: will undoubtedly be heard in behalf of all the children of God, as well as of those at *Theſſalonica*. Hereby therefore all Christians are encouraged to expect the same blessing from the God of peace, namely, That they also shall be *sanctified throughout, in spirit, soul and body*: and that the whole of them shall be preserved blameless, unto the coming of our Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*.

7. But the great question is, Whether there is any promise in scripture, that we shall be *saved from sin*? Undoubtedly there is. Such is that promise, Psalm xxx. 8, *He shall redeem Israel from all his sins*: exactly answerable to those words of the angel, *He shall save his people from their sins*, and surely he is able to save unto the uttermost, them that come unto God through him. Such is that glorious promise given through the prophet *Ezekiel*, in the 36th chapter, *Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you: a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh: and I will put my spirit within you and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them*, ver. 25, — 27.

Such

Such, (to mention no more) is that pronounced by *Zechariah*, (Luke i. 73, — 75,) *The oath which he swore to our father Abraham, that he would grant unto us, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies (and such doubtless are all our sins) to serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.* The last part of this promise is peculiarly worthy of our observation. Lest any should say, “True, we shall be saved from our sins when we die;” that clause is remarkably added, as if on purpose to obviate this pretence, *all the days of our life.* With what modesty then can any one affirm, “That none shall enjoy this liberty till death?”

8. “But, say some, this cannot be the meaning of the words; for the thing is impossible.” It is impossible to men: but the things impossible with men, are possible with God. “Nay, but this is impossible in its own nature: for it implies a contradiction, that a man should be saved from all sin, while he is in a sinful body.”

There is a great deal of force in this objection. And perhaps we allow most of what you contend for. We have already allowed that while we are in the body, we cannot be wholly free from mistake. Notwithstanding all our care, we shall still be liable to judge wrong in many instances. And a mistake in judgment will very frequently occasion a mistake in practice. Nay, a wrong judgment may occasion something in the temper or passions, which is not strictly right. It may occasion needless fear, or ill-grounded hope; unreasonable love, or unreasonable aversion. But all this is no way inconsistent with the Perfection above described.

9. You say, “Yes, it is inconsistent with the last article: it cannot consist with Salvation from Sin.” I answer, It will perfectly well consist with Salvation from Sin, according to the preceding definition of sin, (which I apprehend to be the Scriptural Definition of it.) “A voluntary transgression of a known law.” “Nay, but all transgressions of the law of God, whether

whether voluntary or involuntary, are sin. For St. *John* says, All *sin is a transgression of law*." True, but he does not say, "All transgression of the law is sin." This I deny: let him prove it that can.

To say the truth, this is a mere strife of words. You say, "None is saved from sin in *your* sense of the word: but I do not admit of that sense, because the word is never so taken in scripture. And you cannot deny the possibility of being saved from sin, in *my* sense of the word. And this is the sense wherein the word sin is over and over taken in scripture.

"But surely we cannot be saved from sin, while we dwell in a *sinful body*." A *sinful body*? I pray observe, how deeply ambiguous, how equivocal this expression is? But there is no authority for it in scripture: the word *sinful body* is never found there. And as it is totally unscriptural, so it is palpably absurd. For no *body*, or matter of any kind can be *sinful*: spirits alone are capable of sin. Pray in what part of the body should sin lodge? It cannot lodge in the skin, nor in the muscles, or nerves, or veins, or arteries: it cannot be in the bones any more than in the hair, or nails. Only the soul can be the seat of sin.

10. But does not St. *Paul* himself say, *They that are in the flesh cannot please God*? I am afraid the sound of these words has deceived many unwary souls; who have been told, those words, *they that are in the flesh*, mean the same as they that are in the body. No, nothing less. *The flesh* in this text no more means the body than it does the soul. Abel, Enoch, Abraham; yea, all that cloud of witnesses recited by St. *Paul* in the eleventh of the Hebrews, did actually please God, while they were in the body, as he himself testifies. The expression therefore here means neither more nor less, than they that are unbelievers, they that are in their natural state, they that are without God in the world.

11. But let us attend to the reason of the thing. Why cannot the Almighty sanctify the soul while it is in the body? Cannot he sanctify *you* while you are in this house, as well as in the open air? Can the walls of brick or stone hinder him? No more can these walls of flesh and blood, hinder him a moment from sanctifying you throughout. He can just as easily save you from all sin in the body as out of the body.

“But has he promised, thus to save us from sin, while we are in the body?” Undoubtedly he has: for a promise is implied in every commandment of God: consequently in that, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.* For this and every other commandment is given, not to the dead, but to the living. It is expressed in the words above recited, That we should *walk in holiness before him all the days of our life.*

I have dwelt the longer on this, because it is the grand argument of those which oppose Salvation from sin: and also because it has not been so frequently and so fully answered: whereas the arguments taken from scripture, have been answered a hundred times over.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



An Account of Mr. WILLIAM M'CORNOCK, in a Letter to the Rev. John Wesley.

[*Continued from page 80.*]

THE next day, being the 23d of October, I thought of going to *Donegal*, to warn my neighbours to flee from the wrath to come; but my friends in *Clones* would not let me go till the 25th. I then set off, and called at a gentleman's house near *Clones*, and staid there till the next morning. In the night there was card-playing in the house; and I, being weary of such company, went out to the side of an orchard

to pray. Instantly I heard a rushing as if robbers were shaking the trees. Immediately after, there was a great noise at my side, as if a log of timber was thrown into a pool of water. On examining, I found there was no pool near me. I then went to prayer, knowing that the Lord was on my side. From thence I went the next day to *Pettigoe*, and called at a friend's house, where a servant girl, mocked me when I came to it. While I prayed with the family she was convinced of sin, and soon after converted to God.

From thence I went to my father's house, when the people of the neighbourhood hardly knew me; as I was wasted almost to a skeleton, through grief of soul. The second night after I got home, I told my mother, and a young man (a cousin of mine,) what the Lord had done for me; and exhorted them to seek the Lord, who was no respecter of persons. They both were deeply convinced of the evil of their ways, and wept exceedingly. The young man went away weeping. When he got home, he put the people into confusion, by crying to God for mercy. He continued in great distress about six or seven months; and refrained from every thing he thought was sinful, and betook himself to fasting, prayer, and reading the Bible. But his father took the Bible from him, and knocked him down with a club when he found him praying; but all to no effect. At last he got a popish Priest to him, in order to cure him, (for he supposed he was bewitched by me.) The Priest directed him to go to a Holy-Well, and perform a Station there, and from thence to *Lough Derig*, a place remarkable for performing Stations. He did so; and when he came home he could ridicule the ways of God, curse and swear, and get drunk, as fast as ever!

A few days after I went to my father's house, he sent for an old Friar to cure me; thinking I was bewitched; but the Friar did not come to me. It was the common report through the country that I was mad; seeing I would not get drunk,
and

and go on in folly like the rest of his neighbours. For some time they did not know what sect I belonged to; some thought I was a Quaker, others that I was of some other sect, until a man came to the town, who was a Methodist, and sent for me: then they found out what I was.

As there were none I knew of, who were truly acquainted with God, for thirty miles on one side, and nine or ten on the other, I was like a sparrow on the house-top, without any to converse with; so that my soul was pressed down with grief.

When my father perceived such a change in my conduct, it grieved him much; for I could not give him and his guest a cheerful countenance, while I saw them crucifying the Lord who bought them with his blood.

As my father kept a public-house, I had many temptations to drunkenness. But though even my father himself, and many of my relations, have often endeavoured to entice me, it was to no purpose; for the Lord still gave me the victory. Yet while I lived there I was almost continually distressed, on beholding such scenes of wickedness from day to day: and I wonder how I stood it for four or five years! Indeed on the Sabbath I frequently left home early, and in general did not return till night.

One Sabbath a travelling-man asked me to put his burthen on his back. I did so. But I found much condemnation for it: and thought I could never again reprove a person for sin, after what I had done myself. But mentioning it to a friend, she was instrumental in restoring me to my former comfort, before I returned home.

When I got there, though my study was to please my father in all things lawful, yet, if I went to worship God according to my conscience, all my labour was in vain. My relations advised him not to give me any thing, which he often threatened. One time he promised me a freehold if I would quit the Methodists. On asking one whom I looked

upon as a Christian friend what I should do; he said, flick close to your father: it is not easy to get such a settlement. But as I was going away the word of the Lord came unto me saying, Escape for thy life! Stay not, lest thou be consumed! On which, I determined to follow God at all events.

Several times my father discharged me from his house; on which I have gone away, and stayed till I grew hoarse with preaching. When I returned, I frequently reprov'd those who transgressed the law of God: which drove many of them away. Sometimes I would pray with them; and as I had an opportunity every day, I said something for God.

One night, a stranger who was gone to bed, hearing me at prayer, came down, and was convinced of sin that night. Two or three years after, I met with him about forty miles from that place, and found him rejoicing in the favour of God. Soon after I heard that he died happy.

At another time, when I came home there was a Poet repeating some of his vain songs and poems; and cursing most horribly. I asked him if he was going to storm the gates of hell, and to pull damnation down upon his head directly? As I spoke in a very harsh tone, he seemed as if he had been thunderstruck, while the tears flowed from his eyes. When I ceased speaking, he desired me to speak on; and said he had heard the Ministers of the established Church, the Dissenters and Methodists; but none ever touched his heart before. He also said, he believed the Lord had sent me to turn him from the evil of his ways. He then went to bed very serious, and seemingly broken hearted. But what became of him afterwards, I cannot tell.

I met with another one time, and reprov'd him. He also was melted into tears, and said he would go with me wherever I went; but as I was travelling to a strange country, and knew not where to lay my head, I was obliged to leave him. This man was a Papist.

As I was travelling from *Newtown-Stewart* to *Brocksharrow*; I stopt at a place called the *Mountain-top*, where there was to be a Watch-night that night. I began to preach about seven o'clock in the evening; and when I had continued about three quarters of an hour, I was obliged to desist; the cries of the people being so great. They continued weeping and calling upon God till about five in the morning. Then I finished my discourse, and they parted a little before sun rising. There were some convinced of sin that night, and I think, three or four converted.

[*To be continued.*]

~~~~~  
*A short Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.*

Written by Mr. J. ROGERS.

[*Continued from page 85.*]

\* JANUARY 14. A part of the morning she was hardly able to speak at all; but her mind seemed quite composed, and a heavenly sweetness appeared in her countenance. Mr. R. and I prayed with her, and had much liberty; and about an hour after, being seated by her on each side the bed, she burst suddenly into tears. On being asked the cause, she said, "O! it is happiness that makes me weep! I am thinking of Jesus, and how his name charms all the heavenly host. O he is a precious Saviour, (here she wept again with overflowing joy.) I have many relations in heaven, who were near and dear to me: a father, a mother, and sisters, and brothers, and many whom I loved tenderly. But they are all nothing when I think of Jesus! whom I shall soon see and praise better than I can do now. Angels will be blessed companions above; but O they are nothing! I can only think of Jesus! My sweet Saviour! I do love thee! Where is that

\* What follows is a continuation of Miss Roe's account.



hymn that speaks of Jesus as the subject of angelic songs?" &c. She was then much spent, but after a little she found herself better, and able to converse. Soon after being told Cousin J. Roe was below, she desired to see him. He came at her request, and read the hymn she had mentioned; though with many tears. Indeed none could refrain; it was a solemn season to all present, while she seemed to rejoice with joy unspeakable. The following verses were peculiarly blessed to her.

“ Burst ye emerald gates! and bring  
     To my rapturéd vision,  
 All thè extatic joys that spring  
     Round the bright elysian:  
 Lo! we lift our longing eyes!  
     Break ye intervening skies;  
*Son of Righteousness* arise;  
     Ope the gates of paradise.

Floods of everlasting light  
     Freely flash before him:  
 Myriads with supreme delight  
     Instantly adore him.  
 Angel-trumps resound his fame,  
     Lutes of shining gold proclaim  
 All the music of his name,  
     Through eternity the same.

Four and twenty elders rise,  
     From their princely station:  
 Shout his glorious victories,  
     Sing the great salvation:  
 Cast their crowns before his throne,  
     Cry in reverential tone  
 Holy! holy! holy One!

To Cousin *Roe* she said, "The Lord favours me, in a peculiar manner. I have no pain; and, after all my unworthiness, he gives me to rejoice in his love on a sick and dying bed. His condescension is so great, that at times a sense of it almost overpowers me: he is a precious Saviour! indeed he is! and those who cleave to him, with a sincere heart, will ever find him so. He knows I am sincere, though very undeserving; and all that I have ever feared, or that has harassed my mind, was, lest others should think me more than I am: I would not deceive any one by professing more than I possess; no, it would be an awful thing to do that. I would be sincere: it is good to be sincere; we shall all find it so, when we come to a death-bed; and I wish we all lived to God more than we have yet ever done. What is the world, or any thing in it? Jesus is all! and I shall praise him for ever; I *know* I shall!" I shall never forget her looks, as she spoke these words. She was more like an inhabitant of heaven just descended, than any thing else. Such was her extasy of joy and praise, her sparkling eyes, and outspread arms, that it appeared as if body and soul were just then taking flight to her immortal home.

When Cousin *J. Roe* took leave, she gave him her hand, saying, "I wish you well Mr. *Roe*. May the Lord bless you! I love my friends, and can pray for my enemies, if I have any: but perhaps I have no enemies; but if I should, I can pray for them." About seven at night she called to us to sing, "He comes, he comes," &c. and sung with us so loud, that we were amazed; especially at that verse,

"From heav'n angelic voices sound,  
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd;  
Girt with omnipotence and grace:  
And glory decks the Saviour's face."

or six from a village eight miles off, (called Island-Cove) have been here, and heard, and felt for themselves the truth as it is in Jesus. They have now built a house for divine service in their own place, where they meet together to worship God in spirit and in truth. There are thirty of them joined in Society; twenty are believers, the rest (almost the whole place) are seeking the Lord.

Blessed be the Lord, his work goes on swiftly here, and in several parts of this island; but in *Harbourgrace* and *Carbonear*, where Mr. *Coughlan* laboured, it is dwindled almost to nothing, chiefly by means of Calvinism and Antinomianism. I must beg your prayers for me, that I may not hinder his work. For I am a poor, weak, and helpless creature: slow of heart to believe; unable to do any thing for God as I ought, or would. But there is one circumstance that gives me encouragement; we are despised and persecuted for Christ's sake. Our enemies have threatened to pull our church down; and the merchants have given out, that they will send me out of the country.

At the time God wrought powerfully on the souls of the people, they sent for Mr. *Thomy*. He came near fifty miles, and preached to, and exhorted them to continue in the faith; when God blessed the word to many souls. But the enemy stirred up some of the Irish to persecute him. Accordingly several of them came one evening, armed with clubs, and swore they would kill him. While he was preaching they came into the church, and one, with his club, struck at him, in order to cleave his skull; but missed him, and struck the candlestick. The people then got between, and pushed them off. As he was going to his lodgings, several more, with clubs, came in a fury, like men athirst for blood, and swore they would kill him. They foamed at the mouth, and came towards him, crying, Where is he! where is he! But, though he passed by, very near to them, they could not see him: so he got away from them unhurt.

About

About the middle of August, 1780, I went over to *Trinity*, with an intent to preach there. And though many were willing to hear, they were afraid to let me have a house to preach in. However, I went to several of their houses, and conversed about the ways of God, and gave them some books. After staying three or four days, I went to one of the Merchants, to ask him to let me go in one of his boats that was going to *Perlican*. I was informed by his Clerk that he was on board one of his ships in the harbour. I went on board in order to speak to him. Presently one of the sailors came to me and said, Will you preach us a sermon? The next salutation was, a dab in my face with the tar-brush, full of tar. Then one or two of them held me behind, while two or three more daubed me, almost all over with tar: the rest looking on: the Merchant and Captain were below in the cabin at the same time.— I heard afterwards that the Merchant said, if they had asked him, he would have given them feathers to have feathered me all over.

When they loosed me, I got into the boat that carried me on board, in order to go on shore, when they threw a piece of wood after me: but it did me no hurt, being guided by an unseen hand. They then cursed me, and said, You will preach that people will be damned, will you? When we see you on shore we will make an end of you. All that I said to them, from first to last, was, What harm have I done to any one of you? To which they made me no answer. The Merchant and Captain being asked about it, were ashamed; and said, if they had known, I should not have been used so.

The next day some of the sailors went about looking for me: one of them went with a knotted rope in his hand, to beat me, or any of the converts (as they call the people) that he could find. As I was walking about, looking for a boat, not knowing their design, I went by Him with the knotted rope; but he was asleep on the ground. When he

awoke, he went in quest of some of the converts; and coming where some men were standing, one pointed to a poor man, signifying he was one of them. On this the sailor took hold of him, and beat him in a terrible manner. The poor man prayed him not to beat him so: assuring him, he was *no convert*, neither came from *Perlican*; but from English Harbour, (a fishery about three leagues from *Trinity*.) As for me, all the boats in the harbour were forbid to take me in; however, one from *Perlican* came by stealth, and took me away:-

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



*An Account of the Death of Mr. JOHN ELLIS.*

THIS brings an Account of the sudden death of our worthy Assistant, Mr. *John Ellis*.

He preached here last Wednesday night, a most affectionate and useful discourse, on, Luke xiii. 7, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground!"

This morning he ate his breakfast; went to prayer with the family; went up into his room; took a book into his hand; read a few minutes, and dropt down in a fit! The family hearing him fall, ran up stairs immediately, and found him on the floor; where he gave two or three sighs, and instantly expired.

We found in his pocket-book a will\* signed with his own name only; signifying how he would have his effects disposed of: viz. ten pounds to his father, five pounds to one daughter, and the residue to the other. There was also an account in whose hands his effects were to be found.

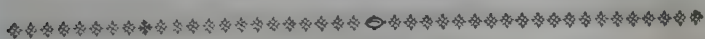
\* It appears by the date, that his Will was made but last Thursday.



He was an affectionate, laborious Servant of Christ; who was much esteemed by those who knew him, and is greatly lamented in this city. May the Lord of the Harvest send forth more such Labourers into his vineyard; and crown them with equal success!

BENJAMIN SMITH.

Worcester, Jan. 4, 1772.



*An Account of the Death of Mr. D. JENKINS.*

LAST Monday morning, that old servant of God, D. J. fell asleep in Jesus. Two or three hours before he went, he called his daughter *Molly*, and said, "The beast is so dull I cannot get her along. I never rode so dead a creature before: I must be up yonder by *four o'clock*. *Molly*, what shall I do? I cannot get the beast along. What shall I do?" She replied, I know not what you can do.

Shortly after, he cried, "It is finished! He is come! He is come! Praise him! Praise him! O, bless the Lord! Thank the Lord!" Thus he went on for some time, blessing and praising God, for his love to him a sinner.

A little after, he had a kind of vision, wherein he saw all his family, both the dead and the living in their several present and future states: and on seeing one of his children in glory, whom he had been doubtful of, he cried out, calling her by her name, "And is *Hannah* there! What, *Hannah*! Blessed be the Lord! Thanks be to the Lord! I shall soon be with thee." Accordingly, about *four o'clock*, he took his flight to the regions of immortality!

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord! for they rest from their labour, and their works follow them. May I follow this servant of God in all the paths of duty, and like him receive a Reward!

J. SOUTHCOTE.

Bristol, Jan. 9, 1772.

*Of the FORE-KNOWLEDGE of GOD.*

Extracted from a late Author.

*[Concluded from page 90.]*

**T**HOUGH God does not foresee, nor fore-ordain as absolutely, certainly and infallibly future, all the determinations of free-agents; yet he may foresee and foretel when he pleases, all the natural and necessary consequences of their free determinations. These he sees not in his pre-determining decrees; but in the nature of intellectual agents. All intelligent beings chuse and act, not only infallibly, but even necessarily, according to what appears to them best, so long as they remain in that persuasion. In this case God may foresee certainly, and foretel infallibly all the natural and necessary consequences of these determinations, in which we remain obstinately, though freely. Thus he may arrange, in devils and in wicked men, all the natural and necessary effects of their free, deliberate choice; dam up their malice and corruption on one side, open its sluices upon another; and without being the source and cause of their sin, over-rule and direct infallibly all the free eruptions of evil in them, to the accomplishment of his great designs. This is the highest effort, not only of infinite power, but of eternal wisdom, justice and goodness; yea, far superior to creation itself, when he found nothing to oppose or resist his divine operation. This is God's prevision of, and provision for the cure and extirpation of moral evil, while his sanctity remains unstained, and the freedom of the creature untouched. In this sense God is said in scripture, "to blind the minds and harden the hearts of the wicked: to let loose the devils, and send them to deceive mankind." These actions in God can not regard the first springs and absolutely free determinations of

of intellectual agents; but the natural necessary consequences, and manifestations of the evil principle in them, to which they voluntarily adhere.

It is true that spiritual agents being always free to change their determinations, and the principles of their actions, what God foretels may sometimes not happen. The reason is, because all God's predictions, with regard to the co-operation of free-agents, are conditional, whether that condition be expressed or not. This science and prediction of conditionals, is insinuated and inculcated in many places of scripture, where God foretels and threatens punishments and misfortunes that never happen. He very often advertises his creatures of the natural and necessary consequences of their corruption, in order to make them change the principle of their conduct. He sees the dangers into which we hurry; and to hinder us from falling into them, he is represented in holy scripture as admonishing, threatening, exhorting, requesting, and weeping over his creatures; yea, exhausting as it were all the efforts of his power, wisdom and goodness, without success; "What could I have done more to my vineyard, says the Holy Ghost, that I have not done?" All these solicitations, admonitions, and vehement expostulations would be useless if we were not free, and if God acted upon us by omnipotent, irresistible wills; yea they would be illusory, if he foresaw from all eternity, that free agents would certainly, infallibly, and absolutely do what he exhorts them not to do.

The system of prescience when rightly understood answers all objections, without darkening the matter by the subtleties, palliatives, and subterfuges of the schoolmen. It is by this scheme alone that we confound all the blasphemies of the Socinians and Epicureans, as also those of the Fatalists. The two first maintain that God can foresee and foretel none of the actions of free-agents; and so deny prescience. The last assert that God sees all the determinations of intellectual  
agents

agents in his own absolute will; and so destroy liberty. The true midium betwixt these two extremes, consists in maintaining that God can and does foresee, fore ordain, and execute whatever he pleases in heaven and in earth; but that he neither foresees, nor fore-ordains as infallibly future, what he leaves to the free choice of intellectual agents; because this is repugnant and contradictory. Far be it from us to maintain the wild Socinian or Epicurean error, that God leaves the world to the government of second causes: gives at first natural powers to free agents, and lets every one exert them as he pleases without over-ruling them, presiding over them, and conducting them at last to his great ends. Farther yet be it from us to make the whole universe a mass of material and immaterial machines, that follow absolutely, inevitably and certainly what is fixed by infallible presciencies and predeterminating decrees. The former deny providence; the latter despoil God of all his moral attributes, sanctity, justice and goodness. The one makes God a careless, indolent being; the other makes him a cruel, tyrannical monster.



*An Extract from a SERMON, on GOD IS LOVE.*

[Continued from page 93.]

5. **W**HAT is the *Justice*, even the *punitive Justice* of God, but a modification of love and goodness?

As there is no divine perfection which appears so terrible to offenders as this, which therefore they toil to explain away, I shall dwell the longer upon it. And I hope to convince you that Justice is not that stern, tremendous attribute, which is delineated by the guilty, partial imagination of sinners, who have made it their interest that there should be no such attribute in the Deity; but that it is infinitely amiable, as well as awful; nay, that it is love and benevolence itself.

By

By the *punitive justice* of God, I mean that perfection of his nature which executes the sentence of his law upon offenders, or inflicts upon them the punishment he had threatened to disobedience, according to his own denunciation. The present world, which is a state of trial and discipline, and not of final rewards and punishments, is not the proper theatre of vindictive justice; but of a promiscuous providence: *All things come alike to all, and no man can know the love or hatred of the Ruler of the world towards him, by all that is before him.* Yet sometimes, even in this life, justice arrests the guilty, and displays its illustrious terrors upon them; especially upon guilty nations that have no existence, in a national capacity, in the eternal world, and therefore can be punished in that capacity in this only. It was vindictive justice that deluged the old world in a flood of vengeance; that kindled the flames of Sodom and Gomorrah; and that cut off the nations of Canaan, when they "had filled up the measure of their iniquities." It is justice that arms kingdoms from age to age, and makes them the executioners of divine wrath upon one another, while they are gratifying their own ambition, avarice, or revenge. The devastation of earthquakes, inundations, plagues, epidemical sicknesses, famines, and the various calamities in which mankind have been involved, are so many displays of divine justice; and their being brought on the world according to the course of nature, and by means of secondary causes, will by no means prove that they are not so, but only that the very make and constitution of this world are so planned by divine wisdom, as to admit of the execution of justice at proper periods; and that all its parts are the instruments of justice to accomplish its designs. But these and all the other judgments of heaven upon our world are only preludes and specimens of the most perfect administration of it in a future state. There the penalty of the law will be executed upon impenitent offenders with the utmost impartiality. And revelation  
assures



assures us that the punishment will be endless in duration, and as exquisite as the utmost capacity of the subject will admit: and consequently that it will not, like fatherly chastisements, have any tendency to their reformation, but to their entire and everlasting destruction. Now it is this display of punitive justice that appears so cruel to the guilty children of men; and therefore this is what I shall principally endeavour to vindicate, and to clothe with all the amiable glories of love and benevolence.

For this end I beg you would consider, that whatever has a tendency to prevent sin, tends to prevent misery also, and to promote the happiness of the world, and of all the individuals in it; that good laws are absolutely necessary for the prevention of sin; that penal sanctions are essential to good laws; and that the execution of the penal sanctions upon offenders is absolutely necessary to their efficacy; and consequently the execution of them is a display of love and benevolence.

Consider also, that many are excited to seek everlasting happiness, and deterred from the ways that lead to destruction; by means of the threatenings of the law; that even those on whom they are finally executed were once in a capacity of receiving immortal advantage from them, but defeated their good influence by their own wilful obstinacy; and that the righteous execution of these threatenings upon the incorrigible, may promote the common good of the universe.

Consider farther, that criminals are incompetent judges of vindictive justice, because they are parties, and therefore we should not form an estimate of it by their prejudices, but from the judgment of the impartial part of the creation.

Finally consider, that proceedings similar to those of the divine government are not only approved of as just in all human Governments, but also loved and admired as amiable and praise-worthy, and essential to the goodness of a Ruler.

[To be continued.]

Some

Some REMARKS on ARTICLE X. of Mr. Maty's New  
Review, for December 1784.

1. **A** Day or two ago this Review fell into my hands, which contains a Letter from the Rev. Mr. *Badcock*. I have not the pleasure of knowing this Gentleman. But I esteem him for his useful and ingenious Publications. And I think it my duty to inform both him and the public better, of some points wherein they have been misinformed.

2. He says, "Mr. *Samuel Wesley*, of *Epworth*, in *Lincolnshire*, was sent to the University." This is not accurate. He was educated for some years at a Dissenting Academy, from which he then privately retired, and entered himself at *Exeter-College*, in *Oxford*. "His Heroic Poem, the Life of Christ, excited the ridicule of the wits." His own account of it was, "The Cuts are good; the Notes pretty good: the Verses so so." "At a very advanced age he published a Latin Work on the Book of *Job*, which was never held in any estimation by the learned." I doubt that. It certainly contains immense Learning; but of a kind which I do not admire.

3. "He married a woman of extraordinary abilities, the daughter of Dr. *Samuel Annesley*." (Dr. *Annesley* and the then Earl of *Anglesey* were brother's sons.) "*Samuel*, his eldest son was a noted Jacobite." Nay, he was no more a Jacobite than he was a Turk. And what amends can Mr. *Badcock*, or Mr. *Maty* make, for publishing this egregious falsehood? "Many of his Political Satires remain unpublished, on account of their treasonable tendency." Here is a double mistake. For 1. He never published any thing Political, whether satirical or not. 2. He never wrote any thing of a treasonable tendency; he sacredly avoided it. "In his rage of Jacobitism, he poured out the very dregs of it on Royalty." VOL. VIII. U itself."

itself." No, never. He never wrote, much less published, one line against the King. I speak it from personal knowledge, having often heard him say, "If it reflects on the King, it is none of mine." His constant practice may be learnt from those lines, in the *Battle of the Sexes*,

"Forgive the voice that useful fiction sings,  
Not impious tales of deities impure;  
Not faults of breathless Queens, or living Kings,  
In open treason, or in veil obscure."

"Time however changed the Satirist against Sir *Robert*, into an humble suppliant." Nay, I do not believe, he ever wrote a line to Sir *Robert*, either in verse or prose.

4. "Mrs. *Wesley* lived long enough to deplore the extravagance of her two sons, *John* and *Charles*; considering them as *under strong delusions, to believe a lie*." By vile misrepresentations she was deceived for a time. But she no sooner heard them speak for themselves, than she was thoroughly convinced, they were in no delusion; but spoke *the words of truth and soberness*. She afterwards lived *with me* several years, and died rejoicing and praising God.

5. I was born in June 1703, and was between six and seven years old, when I was left alone in my father's house, being then all in flames: till I was taken out of the nursery window, by a man strangely standing on the shoulders of another. Those words in the picture, *Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?* chiefly allude to this.

6. "He had early a very strong impression of his designation to some extraordinary work." Indeed not I: I never said so. I never thought so: I am guiltless in this matter. The strongest impression I had till I was three or four and twenty was,

*Inter sylvas Academi quærere verum:*

and afterwards, (while I was my father's Curate) to save my own soul and those that heard me. When I returned to *Oxford*, it was my full resolve to live and die there; the reasons for which I gave in a long letter to my father, since printed in one of my Journals. In this purpose I continued, till Dr. *Burton*, one of the Trustees for *Georgia*, pressed me to go over with General *Oglethorpe*, (who is still alive, and well knows the whole transaction) in order to preach to the *Indians*. With great difficulty I was prevailed upon to go, and spend upwards of two years abroad. At my return, I was more than ever determined to lay my bones at *Oxford*. But I was insensibly led, without any previous plan or design, to preach first, in many of the Churches in *London*, then in more public places; afterwards in *Bristol*, *Kingswood*, *Newcastle*, and throughout *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*.<sup>4</sup> Therefore all that Mr. *Badcock* adds, of the incidents that "gave an additional force," to an impression that never existed, is very ingenious; yet is in truth a castle in the air.

7. It is true, that for awhile I admired the *Mystic* Writers. But I dropped them, even before I went to *Georgia*: long before I knew or suspected any thing as Justification by Faith. Therefore all that follows, of my "making my System of Divinity more commodious for general use:" and of "employing myself to search for some common bond, whereby the most dissonant Sects might have a centre of union;" having no foundation to stand upon, falls to the ground at once. I had quite other work while I was at *Oxford*, being fully engaged, partly with my Pupils, and partly with my little Offices, being *Greek* Lecturer, and Moderator of both the Classes.

8. "His dexterity in debate has been so long known, that it is almost become proverbial." It has been my first care for many years, to see that my Cause was good: and never, either in jest or earnest, to defend the wrong side of a question. And shame on me if I cannot defend the right, after

so much practice: and after having been so early accustomed to separate truth from falsehood, how artfully so ever they were twisted together.

9. If the Poem on Religious Discourse “delineates the disposition and character of the Author,” it does not delineate mine; for I was not the Author, but Mr. *John Gambold*. What becomes then of that good-natured remark? “The wonder is not, that *John Wesley* should have shewn an inclination to insult the memory of a sober Divine: but that *Samuel Wesley* should have been disposed to shew lenity, to a Whig of the Revolution.” Mistake upon mistake! 1. Those marginal notes were not wrote by *Samuel*, but *Charles Wesley*. He told me so this very day. 2. Both my father and all his sons, have always praised God for the happy Revolution.—— I let Bishop *Warburton* alone. He is gone to rest; I well hope, in Abraham’s bosom.

10. “Mr. *Wesley* had a very important end in view”—— What end, but to save sinners? What other end could I possibly have in view? Or can have at this day? “Deep Projects of a subtle mind.” Nay, I am not subtle, but the veryest fool under the sun, if I have any earthly project at all now! For what do I want which this world can give? And, after the labour of fourscore years,

No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in the wilderness;

A poor, wayfaring man  
I dwell awhile in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain.

JOHN WESLEY.

City-Road, Jan. 11, 1785.



*An Account of the Drummer of Tedworth.*

IN 1661, about the middle of March, a gentleman, named *Mompesson*, in the county of *Wilts*, being at a neighbouring town, called *Ludgarshal*, and hearing a drum beat, enquired of the Bailiff of the town, at whose house he was, what it meant? The Bailiff told him, they had been for some days troubled with an idle drummer, who demanded money of the Constable, by virtue of a pretended pass, which he thought was counterfeit. Upon this Mr. *Mompesson* sent for the fellow, and asked him, by what authority he went up and down the country, in this manner, with his drum? The drummer answered, he had good authority; and produced his pass, with a warrant under the hands of Sir *William Cowley*, and Colonel *Ayliff*, of *Creetenham*. Mr. *Mompesson* knowing these gentlemen's hands, discovered that the pass and warrant were counterfeit; and thereupon charged the Constable to carry the vagrant before a Justice of the Peace, to be further examined and punished. The fellow confessed the cheat, and begged only to have his drum. Mr. *Mompesson* told him, that if he understood from Colonel *Ayliff*, whose drummer he said he was, that he had been an honest man, he should have it again; but, in the mean time, he would secure it. So he left the drum with the Bailiff, and the drummer in the Constable's hands; who it seems was prevailed on by the fellow's intreaties, to let him go.

About the middle of April following, when Mr. *Mompesson* was preparing for a journey to *London*, the Bailiff sent the drum to his house. When he was returned, his wife told him, they had been much affrighted, and that the house had like to be broken up. He had not been at home above three nights, when the same noise was heard again. It was a very great knocking at the doors, and on the outside of the house.

Hereupon

Hereupon he got up, and went about the house with a brace of pistols in his hands. He then opened the door where the knocking was, and then he heard the noise at another door. He opened that also, and went out round the house, but could discover nothing; only he heard a strange noise, as a thumping and drumming on the top of the house, which continued a great space, and then, by degrees, went off into the air.

After this, the thumping and drumming were very frequent: usually for five nights together; and then intermitted three. It came constantly as they were going to sleep, whether early or late.

After a month's disturbance without, it came into the room where the drum lay, within half an hour after they were in bed, and continued almost two hours. The sign of its coming was, they heard a hurling in the air, over the house; and, at its going off, the beating of a drum, like that at the breaking up of a guard. It continued in the room for the space of two months; which time Mr. *Mompesson* lay there to observe it.

Mrs. *Mompesson* being brought to-bed, there was but little noise the night she was in travail; nor any for three weeks after, till she had recovered strength. But after this it returned as before; and followed the youngest children, beating their bedsteads with such violence, that all present expected them to fall in pieces.

For an hour together, it would beat on the drum, Round-heads, and Cuckolds, and Tat-toos, and several other points of war, as well as any drummer could. After this, they would hear a scraping under the children's bed, as if made by something with iron talons. It would lift the children up in their beds; follow them from one room to another; and, for a while haunt none but them.

As there was a cock-loft in the house which had not been troubled; there they removed the children, and put them to bed while it was day-light. But they were no sooner in bed, but their troubler was with them, as before.

[*To be continued.*]

*Dr. HAMILTON's Account of a great Deliverance.*

WHEN I was on board the *Isis*, said he, we had a most amazing deliverance. On the first of August, 1761, the ship being then in the Gulph of Lions, we were struck by lightning. It shivered the main top-gallant, and main top-mast nearly to shivers, and took large pieces out of the main mast. I was, at the time, in the cockpit, close by the powder room. The lightning penetrated that length. I saw it perfectly plain. It gave a loud crack, and filled all the cockpit full of smoke. The wonder was, first, that the ship was not blown up; and secondly, that although we had thirty-two men struck down by the lightning, yet they all recovered!

J. H——.

*ANECDOTE of Archbishop SHARPE.*

IT was his Lordship's custom to have a saddle horse attend his carriage, that, in case of fatigue from sitting, he might take the refreshment of a ride. As he was thus going to his episcopal residence, and was got a mile or two before the carriage, a decent, well-looking young man, came up to him, and with a trembling hand and faltering tongue, presented a pistol to his Lordship's breast, demanding his money. The Archbishop with composure turned about, and looking stedfastly at him, desired he would remove that dangerous weapon, and tell him fairly his condition.

"Sir!

"Sir! Sir!" with great agitation, cried the youth, "No words——'tis not a time——your money instantly." "Hear me, young man; said the Archbishop, and come on with me. You see I am a very old man, and my life is of very little consequence; your's seems far otherwise. I am named *Sharpe*, and am Archbishop of *York*: my carriage and servants are behind; tell me what money you want, and who you are; and I'll not injure you, but prove a friend. Here take this——, and now tell me how much you want to make you independent of so destructive a business as you are now engaged in."—"O! Sir, replied the man, I detest the business as much as you. I am—but—but—at home, there are creditors who will not stay: fifty pounds, my Lord, indeed would do what no tongue besides my own can tell." Well, Sir, I take it on your word; and, upon my honour, if you will, in a day or two, call on me at ——, what I have now given, shall be made up that sum.

The highwayman looked at him; was silent; and went off: and at the time appointed actually waited on the Archbishop; and assured his Lordship his words had left impressions which nothing could ever efface.

Nothing more of him transpired for a year and a half, or more; when, one morning a person knocked at his Grace's gate, and with a peculiar earnestness desired to see him. The Bishop ordered the stranger to be brought in; he entered the room where his Lordship was, but had scarce advanced a few steps, before his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk almost breathless on the floor: on recovering, he requested his Lordship for an audience in private. The apartment being cleared, "My Lord, said he, you cannot have forgotten the circumstances at such a time and place; gratitude will never suffer them to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my Lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind; but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, in happiness to millions. O,  
my

my Lord,—— (tears for awhile preventing his utterance) 'tis *you!* 'tis *you!* that have saved me, body and soul! 'tis you that have saved a dear and much-loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom I tendered dearer than my life. Here is that fifty pounds: but never shall I find language to testify what I feel. Your God is your witness; your deed itself is your glory: and may heaven, and all its blessings, be your present and everlasting reward!

I was the younger son of a wealthy man; your Lordship knows him, I am sure. His name was ———. My marriage alienated his affection, and my brother withdrew his love, and left me to sorrow and penury. A month since my brother died a bachelor, and intestate. What was *his* is become *mine*; and, by your astonishing goodness, I am now at once the most penitent, the most grateful, and happiest of my species.



*A remarkable Account taken (verbatim) from a Grave-Stone,  
in Dundee.*

**H**EIR lyis ane honest man *Walter Gourlay* maltman and burges of *Dundee* qvha decessit in 28 day of Apryl 1628 of the aige of 46 years with his twentie bairnis.

Below there is a coat of arms (which almost every stone in the burying-ground has) and under that two large death-heads, for the man and his wife, and four rows of smaller ones, five in each row, for the twenty children. If this stone speaks truth, (and we can hardly suppose it does not) the most remarkable circumstance is, that a family of twenty-two persons, should die so near one another, as to be all buried in one grave.

O, Death! such are thy triumphs over the poor children of men; but the time is coming when Thou also shalt be *swallowed up in Victory.*



*An Extract from a JOURNEY from Aleppo to Jerusalem; at  
Easter, A. D. 1697.*

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. late Fellow of Exeter  
College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.

[Continued from page 111.]

**T**HURSDAY, March 4. To revive us after the heaviness of the last night, we had the consolation to be informed this morning, that the river was fordable. Glad of this discovery, we made the best dispatch we could of this inhospitable place.

From hence, ascending gently for about half an hour, we came to the foot of a very steep hill, which, when we had reached its top, presented us with the first prospect of the Ocean. We had in view likewise the city *Latichea*, situate on a flat, fruitful ground, close by the sea: a city first built by *Seleucus Nicator*, and by him called, in honour of his mother, *Λαοδικεία*, which name it retains with a little corruption, at this day. It was anciently a place of great magnificence; but in the general calamity which befel this country, it was reduced to a very low condition, and so remained for a long time; but of late years it has been encouraged to hold up its head again, and is rebuilt, and become one of the most flourishing places upon the coast.

From the hill which we last ascended, we had a small descent into a spacious plain, along which we travelled southward, keeping the sea on the right-hand, and a ridge of mountains on the left. Having gone about one hour and a half in this plain, we discerned on the left-hand, not far from the road, two ancient tombs. They were chests of stone, two yards and a half long each. Their cavities were covered over with large tables of stone, that had been lifted aside,  
probably

probably in hopes of treasure. The chests were carved on the outside with ox-heads, and wreathes hanging between them, after the manner of adorning heathen altars. They had likewise at first, inscriptions graven on them: but these were so eaten out, that one could not discover so much as the species of the characters. Here were also several foundations of buildings; but whether they were ever any place of note, situated hereabouts, or what it might be, I cannot resolve.

Our whole stage this day was about six hours, pointing for the first hour West, and for the remaining part near South, having the sea on the right-hand, and a ridge of mountains at about two hours distance on the left. And in this state, our road continued for several days after, without any difference, save only, that the mountains at some places approach nearer the sea; at other, retire farther off. These mountains go under different names, as they run along upon the coast, and are inhabited by rude people of several denominations. In one part of them, there dwell a people of a very strange and singular character. For it is their principle to adhere to no certain religion: but Chameleon-like, they put on the colour of religion, whatever it be, which is reflected upon them from the persons with whom they happen to converse. With Christians they profess themselves Christians; with Turks they are good Musselmens; with Jews they pass for Jews; being such Proteus's in religion, that no body was ever able to discover what shape or standard their consciences are really of. All that is certain concerning them is, that they make very good wine, and are great drinkers.

Friday, March 5. This whole day we spent at *Jebilee* to recruit ourselves after our late fatigues: having the convenience of a new *Kane* to lodge in, built at the north entrance into the city.

*Jebilee* is seated close by the sea, having a vast, and very fruitful plain stretching round about it, on its other sides. It makes a very mean figure at present: though it still retains the distinction of a city, and discovers evident footsteps of a better condition in former times. Its ancient name was *Gabala*. In the time of the Greek Emperors, it was dignified with a Bishop's See. In which sometimes sat *Severian*, the grand Adversary of *Chrysostom*.

The most remarkable things, that appear here at this day, are a Mosque, and an Alm's-house just by it, both built by *Sultan Ibrahim*. In the former, his body is deposited, and we were admitted to see his tomb, though held by the Turks in great veneration. We found it only a great wooden chest, erected over his grave, and covered with a carpet of painted callico, extending on all sides down to the ground. It was also tucked up with a great many long ropes of wooden beads hanging upon it, and somewhat resembling the furniture of a Button-maker's shop. This is the Turks usual way of adorning the tombs of their holy men.

From these Mahometan sanctuaries, our guide offered to take us to a Christian Church, about two furlongs out of the town on the south-side. When we came to it, we found it nothing but a small grotto in a rock, by the sea shore, open on the side towards the sea; and having a rude pile of stones erected in it for an altar. In our return from this poor chapel, we met with the person who was the Curate of it. He told us that himself and a few other Christians of the Greek communion, were wont to assemble in this humble cell for divine service, being not permitted to have any place of worship within the town.

The most considerable antiquity in *Jebilee*, and greatest monument of its former eminency, is the remains of a noble theatre just at the North gate of the city. It passes among the Turks for an old castle; which (according to the Asiatic way of enlarging) they report to have been of so prodigious  
a height,

a height, that a horseman might ride, about sun-rising, a full hour in the shade of it.

As for what remains of this mighty *Babel*, it is no more than twenty feet high. The flat side has been blown up with gunpowder by the Turks. And from hence (as they related) was taken a great quantity of marble, which we saw used in adorning their Bagnio and Mosque before mentioned. All of it that is now standing is the semi-circle. It extends from corner to corner just a hundred yards. In this semi-circular part, is a range of seventeen round windows just above the ground, and between the windows all round were raised, on high pedestals, large massy pillars, standing as buttresses against the wall, both for the strength and ornament of the fabric; but these supporters are at present most of them broken down.

Within is a very large Arena, but the just measure of it could not be taken, by reason of the houses with which the Turks have almost filled it up. On the West-side, the seats of the spectators remain still entire, as do likewise the caves or vaults which run under the Subsellia all round the theatre. The outward wall is three yards three quarters thick, and built of very large and firm stone; which great strength has preserved it thus long from the jaws of time, and from that general ruin, which the Turks bring with them into most places where they come.

[*To be continued.*]



*A Memorial for Miss NANCY BISSAKER: written in the seventh Year of her Age, by the late Mr. C. Perronet.*

[*Concluded from page 112.*]

THE business I think you will fall into, is teaching School. I like this above all others; because you will have an opportunity of teaching the knowledge of God; and by  
being

being acquainted with many, be able to do every one good. Your turn of mind suits with it. You delight in children, and to help others. God has given you this mind.

In particular, urge those under you to meekness, and contempt of the world, to give up their likes and dislikes, and to be crucified to self-chusings: and of all things, instil self-abasement, respect to the aged, the poor and holy; and never to put themselves on a footing with those older than themselves.

But what you teach them, you must practise yourself, or you do little.

Of books, regard above all, the sacred Oracles; grow in reverence of them. We can never adore God enough for his *written word*. Without it, error and wild conceit of every kind, had overwhelmed us, and nothing could have withstood it. Next to the death of Christ, and the gift of the Holy Spirit, is that "word that is a lamp to our feet, and a light unto our path." Give yourself much to searching the scriptures while you are young. It is in youth we find most time, before business, or age prevent, or unfit us for reading. Besides, what you read now will make the most lasting impression on your memory.

Often read *J. and C. Wesley's* hymns. They are a treasury of divine truth, a body of divinity, and a good comment on scripture. The matter is such as prepares the mind for the love of scripture, and for following Christ. What many others adopt unfits the understanding for truth, and untunes it for obedience: and at best is low, and unprofitable.

Next, I recommend *J. Wesley's* Abridgment of *Kempis*, and *Baxter's Saints Rest*. This last is full of important truth; is a system of doctrine, a preservation from error, and will help you to minister to others on all occasions.

As you are likely to be a sufferer, read the martyrdoms and sufferings of others. It will help to make you resigned to the same.



fame, and teach you to be a "follower of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

Preserve this writing, and let it not be lost, or injured. Take a copy with your own hand, that if it be destroyed you may still have it by you.

I commend you, and the rest of your house, to the favour of God in Christ Jesus, and pray that I may meet you on mount Sion, to dwell for ever with the Lord Jesus, the Father, and eternal Spirit; Three in One undivided Jehovah.

C. P.

Charles Perronet

Died August the 12th, 1776, aged 53.

He was an afflicted man:

Preached to a gainsaying people:

Was hated by the wicked;

And praying for his persecutors,

Committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCLX.

[From Mr. J. H. to the Rev. John Wesley.]

Worcester College, Feb. 29, 1772.

Rev Sir,

THERE are a few names even in our Sardis, which have not defiled their garments, and I am happy to inform you, they still increase. Mr. S. who entered at my College, is very promising. He informed me he saw you at Chesham, in company with Mr. J. and another serious youth; and was encouraged by your friendly exhortation. Not long after, another sincere young man repaired to Oxford; and entered at Worcester College. I was apprehensive, another pre-  
fented

sent through my hands so speedily, might rather alarm the College, and therefore previously sent a letter to my Tutor, wherein I conveyed to him some sentiments I wanted to express more explicitly. He behaved with the greatest kindness, and got our business done without the least objection. This was Mr. Owen. He was intended for a Counsellor. But seems now to bid fair for being an able Advocate for God.

Several others begin to put forth promising blossoms. May the dew of heaven ripen, and cause them to bring forth fruit to perfection! I hear too of more expected soon to enter. O that from this fountain, streams may ever flow to water a thirsty land!

I little thought of seeing, by this time, a Triumvirate of the despised followers of the Crucified, within our unhallowed walls. Pray for us, my dear Mr. Wesley, that we may be indeed like a three-fold cord, never to be broken: that we may have grace to order our conversation aright; that they of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of us.

As to myself, dear Sir, I have great complaints to make. However, I find Jesus more precious than rubies, and am at times happy, very happy in his love. O, for more faith, that I may be more constantly so. Any kind endeavour of dear Mr. Wesley's to contribute to this, will be very thankfully received, by his ready and willing Servant, even to bonds, for Jesus's sake,

J. H.

---

L E T T E R CCCLXI.

[From Miss D. Perronet, to the Rev. John Wesley.]

Shoreham, Feb. 29, 1772.

Honoured Sir,

**M**Y soul is pressing forward, and seeking deeper acquaintance with Jesus. I long to abide in the secret of his dwelling, that I may learn every lesson of his love. I wait  
for

for all my Lord is willing to bestow. O, for greater faithfulness to God !

I am willing to wait for my good things hereafter : therefore I turn from many a lawful enjoyment, as well as from all that God hath forbidden, so I may be brought nearer to himself. I count it a privilege to have a right to the Tree of Life, by keeping the commandments of God. I long to get lower and lower still, till there is nothing in my soul that opposes the working of his power. I would forget myself and only adore Him, whose name is as ointment poured forth.

We rejoice that the Lord is here drawing sinners to himself ; and that he hath stirred up several devoted souls, not only to war a good warfare for themselves ; but earnestly to seek after the salvation of others. And we have daily encouragement to do this, as he is working among us by his word and spirit.

As for you, Sir, we rejoice in your joy. I trust you shall see the good of Jerusalem all your days. It may be, that after you have gone through great conflicts, and gained strength and purification by suffering, you will be admitted to nearer fellowship with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, after this flood\* cast out upon you !

I commend myself to your prayers, and hope you will continue to instruct and caution, your constant, though unworthy Friend.

D. PERRONET.

L E T T E R CCCLXII.

[From Mr. Jonathan Bryan, to the Rev. John Wesley.]

Rev. Sir,

New-York, April 1, 1772.

**B**Y a letter from Mr. Loyd, of London, we are informed, that you incline to visit America. Mr. Whitefield's preaching was of unspeakable use to many. Thousands will praise God that they ever heard him.

\* By Mr. Toplady and others.

But he preached mostly in the sea-port towns, and the most populous parts of the provinces, where the gospel was known, though not preached with power: but in the back parts which are now grown populous, the inhabitants are in a state of deplorable ignorance still. If some zealous and able Teachers would engage heartily in the work of their conversion, how soon might rivers spring forth in the desert, and these owls and dragons of the wilderness give honour to God!

No doubt but many in England and elsewhere, who abound in wealth, would contribute towards erecting schools to teach the children, and also towards the support of Preachers, to lead them and their parents, into the knowledge of Christ, if such an undertaking was properly set on foot. But who is qualified for this work? I know none except yourself.

But dear Sir, what concerns me more than all, is the unhappy condition of our negroes: a people born as free as ourselves, and whose minds are as capable of improvement as our own: yet are kept in worse than Egyptian bondage. The food we eat, the clothes we wear, and all the superfluities we possess, are the produce of their labours. And what do they receive in return? Nothing equivalent: on the contrary, we keep from them the key of knowledge: so that their bodies and souls perish together in our service!

But if the knowledge of God could be imparted to them, it would make more than ample amends for all their other hardships. Therefore, dear Sir, if you are not quite too far advanced in years, I say to you, in the name of God, come over and help us; in doing which you will greatly oblige many thousands, and among the rest,

Your Friend and Brother,

JONATHAN BRYAN.

LETTER

## L E T T E R. CCCLXIII.

[From the Rev. Vincent Perronet, to the Rev. C. Wesley.]

Shoreham, April 18, 1772.

My very dear Brother;

**I** Doubt not, but we both join in constant petitions, at the throne of grace, for the life and health of our dear absent friend, your Brother.

By all accounts, his valuable health is in a precarious state: and unless God provides (as I doubt not, but he will) for his people, they will have abundant reason to mourn.

May God give thee,\* a double portion of his spirit; that thou mayest stand in the gap; and prevent the flock from being led by any, who have not true gospel light in the head, and great integrity in the heart!

My love to thy dear Brother: the same attends thee and my dear sister, and all thy family. The divine blessing be with all of us!

Thine, most affectionately,

V. PERRONET.



## P O E T R Y.

*To the Rev. Dr. Ayscough; by Lord L——n.*

**S**AY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?  
 What pleasing studies cheat the tedious day?  
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore:  
 And wise antiquity's immortal lore?  
 Whose virtue by the charms of wit refin'd,  
 At once exalts and polishes the mind.

\* This familiarity, is very becoming the venerable character of the good Vicar of Shoreham, who is not far from the Hundredth year of his age.



How different from our modern, guilty art,  
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart?  
 Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,  
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn.  
 Dost thou in sage historians joy to see  
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty?  
 How the same hands that Tyrants durst controul,  
 Their Empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole?  
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd  
 The proud luxurious Masters of mankind?  
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece such charms admire,  
 Each grace, each virtue freedom could inspire?  
 Yet in her troubl'd states see all the woes,  
 And all the crimes that giddy faction knows;  
 Till rent by parties, by corruption sold,  
 Or weakly, careless, or too rashly bold,  
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,  
 The slave and tut'refs of protecting Rome?

Does calm philosophy her aid impart,  
 To guide thy passions, and amend thy heart?  
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end  
 To which alone the wise their studies bend?  
 For which alone by nature were design'd  
 The power of thought—to benefit mankind?  
 Not like a cloister'd drone, to read and doze  
 In undeserving, undeserv'd repose;  
 But Reason's influence to diffuse; to clear  
 The enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;  
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind  
 Those pedant chains that clog the free-born mind,  
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ!  
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy!  
 Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,  
 Nor lost in social virtue's pleasing care;

Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain  
Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;  
So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;  
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,  
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.  
Good Wor'ter thus supports his drooping age,  
Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;  
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defied  
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,  
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest guide. }  
O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!  
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine!  
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;  
Learn not to flatter, nor insult the crown;  
Nor basely servile court the guilty great,  
Nor raise the Church a rival to the State;  
To error mild, to vice alone severe,  
Seek not to spread the law of love by fear.  
The Priest, who plagues the world, can never mend:  
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.  
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,  
All force but their's is impious, weak and vain.

My other cares in other climes engage,  
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;  
In various knowledge to improve my youth,  
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;  
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,  
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;  
The useful science of the world to know,  
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here, I pity and admire,  
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,

Yet

Yet taught by custom's force, and bigot fear,  
 To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear.  
 Whose nobles born to cringe, and to command;  
 In courts a mean, in camps a generous band;  
 From each low tool of power with joy receive  
 Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.  
 Whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,  
 Though plundered, gay; industrious, though oppressed  
 With happy follies rise above their fate,  
 The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the muses deigned awhile to sport  
 In the short sun-shine of a fav'ring court:  
 Here Boileau strong in sense, and sharp in wit,  
 Who from the ancients, like the ancients writ;  
 Permission gained inferior vice to blame,  
 By flattering incense to his master's fame.  
 Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excelled  
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;  
 By keen, yet secret satire skilled to please,  
 With morals, mirth uniting, strength with ease.  
 Now charmed, I hear the bold Corneille inspire  
 Heroic thought with Shakespear's force and fire;  
 Now sweet Racine with milder influence move  
 The softened heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey  
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway;  
 Proud palaces, that drained the subject's store,  
 Raised on the ruins of the oppressed and poor;  
 Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,  
 And painted triumphs stile ambition Great.\*  
 With more delight those pleasing shades I view,  
 Where Condé from an envious court withdrew:†

\* The victories of Louis XIV. painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

Where, sick of glory, faction, power and pride,  
 (Sure judge how empty all, who all had triéd)  
 Beneath his palms the weary Chief reposèd,  
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue closèd.

With shame that other faméd retreat I see  
 Adornèd by art, disgracèd by luxury ;†  
 Where Orleans wastèd ev'ry vacant hour,  
 In the wild riot of unbounded power ;  
 Where feverish debauch, and impious love,  
 Stainèd the mad table and the guilty grove.  
 With these amusements is the friend detainèd ;  
 Pleasèd and instructèd by a foreign land ;  
 Yet oft a tender wish recal's my mind  
 From present joys, to dearer left behind.

O native isle ! fair freedom's happiést seat,  
 At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat ;  
 At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,  
 And all my country on my soul returns.  
 When shall I see thy fields, whose plentéous grain,  
 No power can ravish from thè industrious swain ?  
 When kifs with pious love the sacred earth,  
 That gave a Burleigh, or a Russel birth ?  
 When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood  
 Propèd by their care, or strengthenèd by their blood,  
 Of fearless independence wisely vain,  
 The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain.

Yet O ! what doubt, what sad presaging voice  
 Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice ;  
 Bids me contemplate every state around,  
 From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound ;  
 Bids their lost rights, their ruinèd glories see ;  
 And tells me, these, like England, once were free.

† St. Cloud.

*Bishop CORBET to his Son Vincent CORBET, two years of age.*

**W**HAT I shall leave thee, none can tell,  
But all shall say I wish thee well.

I wish thee, Vin. before all wealth,

Both bodily and ghostly health:

Not too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,

Too much of either may undo thee.

I wish thee learning, not for show,

Enough for to instruct and know;

Not such as Gentlemen require,

To prate at table, or at fire.

I wish thee all thy mother's graces,

Thy father's fortunes and his places.

I wish thee friends, and one at court,

Not to build on, but support,

To keep thee not in doing many

Oppressions, but from suffering any.

I wish thee peace in all thy ways,

Nor lazy, nor contentious days;

And when thy soul and body part,

As innocent, as now thou art.

ENGLISH DOGGEREL. *An Epitaph.*

\* **U**NDERNEETHE this stone doth lye

The body of Mr. Humphrie

Jones, who was of late

By trade a tin plate

Worker, in Barbicanne

Well known to be a goode man

By all his friends and neighbours too

And paid every bodie their due

He died in the year 1737

Aug. 4th aged 80 his soul we hopes in heven

\* The above is found on a Grave-Stone in Pancras Church-Yard, within a mile of London! and is here inserted (verbatim) to keep Scotland in countenance. See page 564 of the preceding Volume;







REV. RICH. DILLON, A.B.  
OF TRIN. COLL. DUB.

T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For A P R I L 1785.

\*—\*—\*—\*—\*—\*—\*—\*—\*—\*

An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY's *Discourses on the*  
FIVE POINTS.

CHAP. I. *Concerning the Decree of Reprobation.*

[Continued from page 125.]

5. **A** Fourth scripture speaks of men *before ordained to this condemnation*: here therefore seems to be an appointment of men to damnation.

Answer. The verse in the Greek runs thus, *Some ungodly men turning the grace of God into lasciviousness have entered into (the Church) οἱ πάλαι προγεγραμμένοι εἰς τὸ τοῦτο κρίμα*, i. e. of whom it was before written that this should be their sentence or punishment, or as it is in the parallel place of St. Peter, *οἷς τὸ κρίμα ἐκ πάλαι ἐκ ἀρχῆς*, to whom the sentence of old pronounced doth not linger. Now, that this cannot be meant of any divine appointment of them to eternal damnation before they had a being, is evident, 1. Because it cannot be thought without horror that He, who is the Lover of souls, should appoint

VOL. VIII. Y any,

any, much less the greater part of them, to inevitable Perdition before they had a being. 2. The word *κρίμα* relates not to sin, but to punishment, the fruit of sin; so Mark xii. 40, *They shall receive περισσώτερον κρίμα, sorer punishment*: Romans ii. 3, *Thinkest thou this, O man, who doest the same thing, that thou shalt escape, τὸ κρίμα, the judgment of God?* Now God ordaineth none to punishment but sinners and ungodly men; and such, by the text, these persons are stiled: and 3. These were men of whom it was before written, or prophesied, that they should be condemned for their ungodliness. For *Enoch prophesied before, to, or of these ungodly men, saying, the Lord cometh with thousands of his saints, to do judgment upon all that are ungodly, and to convince them of all the hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him.* And in the parallel place of St. Peter, their punishment is stiled, (2 Pet. ii. 3.) *The punishment long ago denounced against them; viz. that they should be reserved to the day of judgment to be punished, ver. 9.*

6. Dr. *Twiss* confesseth that the scriptures speak fully of Election; but sparingly of Reprobation in most places. Yet some passages we have, saith he, which give light and evidence to both alike. For like as it is said, Acts ii. 37, *That God added to the Church such as should be saved*; so 2 Cor. iv. 3, it is said, *If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that be lost.* And as it is signified, Matt. xxiv. 24, that *It is impossible seducers should prevail over the Elect*; so 2 Thess. ii. both as much is signified, ver. 13, and also expressed, ver. 10, 11, *That they shall prevail among them that perish.* And 1 Cor. i. 18, we are given to understand jointly *That the gospel is to them that perish, foolishness; but to us who are saved, it is the power of God*: and Rom. ix. 18, *That as God hath mercy on whom he will have mercy, so whom he will he hardeneth.* And like as, Acts xiii. 48, we read that *as many believed as were ordained to eternal life*, I conceive to be all one with writing  
our

our names in heaven, Luke i. 20; and writing us in heaven, Heb. xii. 23, and this phrase I take to be all one with the writing of us in the Book of Life: so on the other side, we read that they whose names were not written in the Book of Life from the foundation of the world, should wonder when they beheld the Beast, and not so only, but worship him also, Rev. xiii. 8. xvii 8.

To all these citations, most of which are palpably impertinent, I answer in the general, that they signify no more than those words of Christ, Mark xvi. 16, *He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned*; and Luke xiii. 3. 5, *Except ye repent ye shall all perish*, (for that exceptive contains this proposition, *He that repenteth shall not perish*) and these words of the Baptist, John iii. 36, *He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life; he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him*. For those that are lost, 2 Cor. iv. 3, are ver. 4, *those that believe not*: and that not because of any antecedent decree; but because the god of this world, had blinded their eyes. And those who perish, 2 Thess. ii. 10, are those who believe not the truth, ver. 12; they who perish, 1 Cor. i. 18, are the unbelieving Jews and Gentiles, ver. 21, 22, 23; they who are hardened, Rom. ix. 18, are the vessels of wrath fitted for destruction by their own wickedness, compleated by their infidelity, which made Christ preached to them a stone of stumbling, ver. 32, 33. To proceed to those places which may seem to require a more particular notice.

1. The phrase of being written in the Book of Life is Jewish, and doth not signify the absolute Election of any person to eternal life, but only the present right of the just person to life; and therefore it is called the Book of Life written for the Just, Targum on Ezek. xiii. 9, *the Book of the just*, Targ. Jon. on Exod. xxxii. 32, in which say the Apostolical Institutions we come to be written τῇ ἡμετέρᾳ ἐκνοίᾳ, καὶ σπουδῇ, by our good affection and industry. And as men may be



written in it when they are converted to God, so may they be blotted out when they backslide, says St. Basil, *from Virtue to Iniquity*; according to that saying of the Psalmist, *Let them be blotted out of the Book of the Living, and not written with the Righteous*. Accordingly Christ threateneth to some, that *He would blot their names out of the Book of Life*, Rev. xxii. 19, and promiseth *To him that overcometh that he would not blot his name out of the book*, Rev. iii. 5. And God himself saith to Moses, *Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of the Book which I have written*: this Book is said to be written from the foundation of the world. Not to have a name written in it, is not to be owned as God's sons and servants.

2. The passage cited from the Thessalonians concerns only the Jews, who having rejected the gospel of our Lord, were by God's just judgment permitted, by the false miracles of their impostors, assisted by the power of Satan, to believe a lie, and so perish for their infidelity.

Lastly, As for the passages cited from Rom. ix. they can be nothing to the purpose, that chapter being not at all designed to determine any thing concerning God's absolute decrees of dealing with mankind in general, or any particular person; but only to justify his dealings with the unbelieving Jews upon their stubborn infidelity, and admitting the believing Gentiles to be the spiritual seed of Abraham. This appears,

1. From his recapitulation of his whole discourse in these words, ver. 30, *What shall we say then?* i. e. what is the substance of this whole discourse? It is even this, *That the Gentiles which (before the preaching of the gospel) followed not after righteousness, have yet (through faith) attained unto righteousness; but the Jews following after the law of righteousness (or after righteousness by the law) have not obtained unto righteousness, because they sought it not by faith (in Christ.)*

2. This

2. This is apparent from the Apostle's prayer, and *vehement desire that all Israel might be saved*, chap. x. 1. For upon supposition of such a decree of Reprobation concerning them, this must not only have been a vain prayer, but even an opposing of his will *to the good pleasure of God* revealed to him, since it is evident he prays here *for the salvation of all Israel*; and not for those only who were predestinated to salvation.

[*To be continued.*]

\*\*\*\*\*

## S E R M O N XXVI.

On HEBREWS vi. 1.

[*Concluded from page 135.*]

12. **B**UT a still more plausible objection remains, taken from Experience: which is, That there are no living Witnesses of this Salvation from Sin. In answer to this I allow,

1. That there are not many: even in this sense, there are *not many Fathers*. Such is our hardness of heart! Such our slowness to believe what both the Prophets and Apostles have spoke, that there are few, exceeding few true witnesses of the Great Salvation.

I allow, 2. That there are false witnesses who either deceive their own souls, and speak of the things they know not: or *speak lies in hypocrisy*. And I have frequently wondered, that we have not more of both sorts. It is nothing strange, that men of warm imaginations should deceive themselves in this matter. Many do the same with regard to Justification: they imagine they are justified, and are not. But though many imagine it falsely, yet there are some that are truly justified. And thus though many imagine they are sanctified, and are not, yet there are some that are really sanctified.

sanctified. I allow, 3dly, That some who once enjoyed full Salvation, have now totally lost it. They once walked in glorious liberty, giving God their whole heart, *rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in every thing giving thanks.* But it is past. They now are shorn of their strength, and become like other men. Perhaps they do not give up their confidence; they still have a sense of his pardoning love. But even this is frequently assaulted by doubts and fears, so that they hold it with a trembling hand.

13. "Nay this (say some pious and sensible men) is the very thing which we contend for. We grant, it may please God, to make some of his children for a time unspeakably holy and happy. We will not deny, that they may enjoy all the holiness and happiness which you speak of. But it is only *for a time*: God never designed, that it should continue to their live's end. Consequently Sin is only suspended: it is not destroyed."

This you affirm. But it is a thing of so deep importance, that it cannot be allowed without clear and cogent proof. And where is the proof? We know that in general *the gifts and callings of God are without repentance.* He does not repent of any gifts which he hath bestowed upon the children of men. And how does the contrary appear, with regard to this particular Gift of God? Why should we imagine, that he will make an exception, with respect to the most precious of all his gifts on this side Heaven? Is he not as able to give it us always, as to give it once? As able to give it for fifty years, as for one day? And how can it be proved, That he is not willing to continue this is loving kindness? How is this supposition, that he is not willing, consistent with the positive assertion of the Apostle? Who after exhorting the Christians at Thessalonica, and in them all Christians in all ages, to *rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks,* immediately adds (as if on purpose to answer those, who denied, not the *power*, but the *will* of God

to work this in them.) *For this is the will of God concerning you in Christ Jesus.* Nay, and it is remarkable, that after he had delivered that glorious promise (such it properly is) in the twenty-third verse, *The very God of peace shall sanctify you wholly, and the whole of you* (so it is in the original) *the spirit, the soul, and the body shall be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ:* he adds again, *Faithful is he that hath called you, who also will do it.* He will not only sanctify you wholly, but will preserve you in that state, until he comes to receive you unto himself.

14. Agreeable to this is the plain matter of fact. Several persons have enjoyed this Blessing, without any interruption for many years. Several enjoy it at this day. And not a few have enjoyed it unto their death, as they have declared with their latest breath; calmly witnessing, that God had saved them from all sin, till their spirit returned to God.

15. As to the whole head of Objections taken from Experience, I desire it may be observed farther, either the persons objected to have attained Christian Perfection, or they have not. If they have not, whatever objections are brought against them, strike wide of the mark. For they are not the persons we are talking of: therefore whatever they are or do, is beside the question. But if they have attained it, if they answer the description given, under the nine preceding Articles, no reasonable Objection can lie against them. They are superior to all censure. And *every tongue that riseth up against them will they utterly condemn.*

16. "But I never saw one (continues the objector) that answered my idea of Perfection." It may be so. And it is probable, (as I observed elsewhere) you never will. For your Idea includes abundantly too much: even Freedom from those Infirmities, which are not separable from a Spirit that is connected with flesh and blood. But if you keep to the account that is given above, and allow for the weakness of human Understanding, you may see at this day undeniable instances of genuine, Scriptural Perfection.

III. 1. It only remains, in the third place to expostulate a little with the Opposers of this Perfection.

Now permit me to ask, Why are you so angry with those who profess to have attained this? And so mad (I cannot give it any softer title) against Christian Perfection? Against the most glorious gift which God ever gave to the children of man upon earth? View it in every one of the preceding points of light, and see what it contains that is either odious or terrible: that is calculated to excite either Hatred or Fear, in any reasonable creature.

What rational Objection can you have, to the loving the Lord your God with all your heart? Why should you have any aversion to it? Why should you be afraid of it? Would it do you any hurt? Would it lessen your happiness, either in this world or the world to come? And why should you be unwilling, that others should give him their whole heart? Or that they should love their neighbours as themselves? Yea, *as Christ hath loved us*? Is this detestable? Is it the proper object of Hatred? Or is it the most amiable thing under the sun? Is it proper to move terror? Is it not rather desirable in the highest degree?

2. Why are you so averse to having in you the whole *mind which was in Christ Jesus*? All the affections, all the tempers and dispositions which were in him, while he dwelt among men? Why should you be afraid of this? Would it be any worse for you, were God to work in you this very hour, all the mind that was in Him? If not, why should you hinder others from seeking this blessing? Or be displeased at those who think they have attained it? Is any thing more lovely? Any thing more to be desired by every child of man?

3. Why are you averse to having the whole *fruit of the Spirit*? Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, meekness, gentleness: fidelity, goodness, temperance? Why should you be afraid of having all these planted in your inmost soul? As  
*against*



*against these there is no law*, so there cannot be any reasonable objection. Surely nothing is more desirable, than that all these tempers should take deep root in your heart: nay, in the hearts of all that name the name of Christ: yea, of all the inhabitants of the earth.

4. What reason have you to be afraid of, or to entertain any aversion to the being *renewed in the whole image of him that created you*! Is not this more desirable than any thing under heaven? Is it not consummately amiable? What can you wish for in comparison of this, either for your own soul, or for those for whom you entertain the strongest and tenderest affection? And when you enjoy this, what remains, but to be *changed from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord*?

5. Why should you be averse to Universal Holiness? The same thing under another name. Why should you entertain any prejudice against this, or look upon it with apprehension? Whether you understand by that term the being inwardly conformed to the whole image and will of God; or an outward behaviour, in every point suitable to that conformity. Can you conceive any thing more amiable than this? Any thing more desirable? Set prejudice aside, and surely you will desire to see it diffused over all the earth.

6. Is Perfection (to vary the expression) the being *sanctified throughout in spirit, soul and body*? What lover of God and man can be averse to this, or entertain frightful apprehensions of it? Is it not in your best moments your desire to be all of a piece? All consistent with yourself? "All faith, all meekness, and all love?" And suppose you were once possess of this glorious liberty, would not you wish to continue therein? To be preserved *blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ*?

7. For what cause should you that are children of God, be averse to or afraid of presenting yourselves, your souls and  
VOL. VIII. Z bodies

bodies as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God? to God your Creator, your Redeemer, your Sanctifier? Can any thing be more desirable than this entire self-dedication to Him? And is not your wish that all mankind should unite in this *reasonable service*? Surely no one can be averse to this, without being an enemy to all mankind.

8. And why should you be afraid of or averse to what is naturally implied in this? Namely, the offering up all our thoughts, and words, and actions, as a spiritual sacrifice to God, acceptable to him through the blood and intercession of his well-beloved Son? Surely you cannot deny that this is good and profitable to men, as well as pleasing to God. Should you not then devoutly pray, that both you and all mankind, may thus worship him in spirit and in truth?

9. Suffer me to ask one question more. Why should any man of reason and religion, be either afraid of, or averse to Salvation from all Sin? Is not sin the greatest evil on this side hell? And if so, does it not naturally follow, that an entire deliverance from it is one of the greatest blessings on this side heaven? How earnestly then should it be prayed for by all the children of God? By sin I mean, “a voluntary transgression of a known law.” Are you averse to being delivered from this? Are you afraid of such a deliverance? Do you then love sin, that you are so unwilling to part with it? Surely no. You do not love either the devil or his works. You rather wish to be totally delivered from them; to have sin rooted out both of your life and your heart.

10. I have frequently observed, and not without surprise, that the opposers of Perfection, are more vehement against it when it is placed in this view, than in any other whatsoever; they will allow all you say of the love of God and man; of the mind which was in Christ, of the fruit of the Spirit, of the image of God, of Universal Holiness, of entire Self-dedication, of Sanctification in spirit, soul, and body: yea, and of the

the offering up all our thoughts, words and actions, as a sacrifice to God. All this they will allow, so we will allow sin, a little sin, to remain in us till death.

11. Pray compare this with that remarkable passage in *John Bunyan's Holy War*. When *Immanuel*, says he, had driven *Diabolus* and all his forces out of the city of *Mansoul*, *Diabolus* preferred a petition to *Immanuel*, that he might have only a small part of the city. When this was rejected, he begged to have only a little room within the walls. But *Immanuel* answered, "He should have no place in it at all, no not to rest the sole of his foot."

Had not the good old man forgot himself? Did not the force of truth so prevail over him here, as utterly to overturn his own system? To assert Perfection in the clearest manner? For if this is not Salvation from sin, I cannot tell what is.

12. "No, says a great man, this is the error of errors: I hate it from my heart. I pursue it through all the world with fire and sword." Nay why so vehement? Do you seriously think there is no error under heaven equal to this? Here is something which I cannot understand. Why are those that oppose Salvation from sin, few excepted, so eager? I had almost said furious? Are you fighting *pro aris & focis*? For God and your Country! For all you have in the world? For all that is near and dear unto you? For your Liberty? Your life? In God's name, why are you so fond of sin? What good has it ever done you? What good is it ever likely to do, either in this world, or in the world to come? And why are you so violent against those that hope for deliverance from it! Have patience with us, if we are in an error: yea, suffer us to enjoy our error. If we should not attain it, the very expectation of this deliverance gives us present comfort. Yea and ministers strength, to resist those enemies which we expect to conquer. If you could persuade us to despair of that victory we should give over the contest.

Now we are *saved by hope*: from this very hope a degree of salvation springs. Be not angry at those who are

*Felices errore suo:*

Happy in their mistake. Else, be their opinion right or wrong, your temper is undeniably sinful: bear then with *us*, as we do with *you*: and see whether the Lord will not deliver us? Whether He is not able, yea and willing to save them to the uttermost that come unto God through Him.

Tunbridge-Wells,

Dec. 6, 1784.

\*\*\*\*\*

*An Account of Mr. WILLIAM M'CORNOCK, in a Letter to the Rev. John Wesley.*

[*Concluded from page 139.*]

ABOUT ten days after I went home, I met with one of the most wicked men in the country. As soon as I began to speak to him about godliness, he seemed surprised, and after a few minutes hastened away to tell his wife what strange things he had heard. His wife sending him for me, I went and spoke to her about our common salvation. In about a quarter of an hour she was convinced of her lost condition, and cried to the Lord for mercy; and in a short time was truly converted to God.

A little after, her husband told me that his mother and aunt wanted to see me. I told him they might come to his house that night, and if any of the neighbours would chuse to hear me, they might come also. The people hearing that I was mad, about the number of three or fourscore came to see, and hear me. While I exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come, they paid much attention; but in particular one who was resolved to know whether I was mad or not.

In

In a short time he went away convinced that he was an unbeliever, and soon after found a sense of the favour of God. In about six weeks he began to preach the gospel, and about three years after, died in the favour of God.

The Lord having thus raised up such a notorious sinner to bear witness to what I had declared, encouraged me to speak boldly for him. Indeed I did not often trouble my neighbours to send for me; but went of my own accord to call them to repentance. And while some of them laughed at me, others were melted into penitential sorrow, and in about two years there were thirty of them converted.

When the Society was in some degree established near *Donegal*, I went and preached at a place called *Drimanerdigh*, and got a Society of about twenty members; some of whom were converted to God. Then I went to a place about six miles west from *Donegal*, and raised a small Society there, of about fifteen members. I then passed over a mountain about seven or eight miles broad, and preached to a congregation of Papists, who hearing me with great attention, smote on their breasts, wept exceedingly, and went away returning me thanks for my instructions. I then went to *Deoren*, and preached there once a fortnight for about two years. In the third year, on proposing to them to join in Society, I got a few at first; the number increased till there was above thirty: who in a short time were most of them converted to God. Then I went to a place called *Ballycalone*. After I had preached there three or four years about fifty were converted in that place.

In 1779, at Mr. *Wesley's* request, I travelled, part of the year in the *Inishkillen*, and part in the *Sligo* Circuits. I had some trials in the beginning of this year; but towards the latter end, my soul was exceeding happy, on seeing God adding to his Church daily. While I was in the *Sligo* Circuit I went to many places where the people never heard a Methodist before, and was kindly received. I also went out of



the Circuit above twenty miles to *Ballyna* and *Kilalla*, where the people seemed well-pleased to hear the word of the Lord.

That year we got some footing in *Iniskillen*; for there were a few joined in Society. But though we were much threatened by the inhabitants of the town; they did us no harm. In a place called *Drumbullion* we got upwards of forty members in Society, and in about seven or eight months thirty of them were converted. Our number increased that year at *Florence-Court* from about twelve to threescore; and also near *Sligo* the increase was rather greater.

In 1780, I was appointed for *Clones* Circuit: but was soon removed from that to *Charlemount*. A few days after I went there, I was told that there was a family who had most of their furniture tossed to and fro, by an invisible hand; that some things were taken away for some days, and then returned: that some clothes had been taken away, and left hanging down from the roof of the house. They told me that once the crock was thrown at one of the women of the house, and also a noggin with water; also that a young man was thrown out of bed in the next house. This continued for five or six weeks, until a neighbouring gentleman told them that they should be troubled so no more. The people supposed it was occasioned by that gentleman's servant, who declared that he and the devil would vex the people of that house.

In 1782, I was sent into the *Lisleen* Circuit. In October I took a tour of about a hundred and thirty miles, in order to raise some new Societies. But the weather being very stormy, I suffered much in a strange country. Once I had to swim my horse over two arms of the sea; and over one I went in a boat made of horse skins. Afterwards I had to ride about twenty miles; but my horse wanting both his fore-shoes I could not get forward, so that I was benighted on a mountain where I did not see a house for many miles. At length I heard a dog bark which conducted me to a house  
where

where I was comfortably entertained. I gave an exhortation, and prayed with the people of the house, and some strangers that lodged there that night, and have reason to hope it was not in vain.

In 1783, I was again sent into the *Clones* Circuit: but, nothing material has happened since I came here. However, the Preachers and I are united to each other in the bonds of love; and we are agreed to do all we can to pull down the strong holds of Sin and Satan.

As to myself, I have cause to adore the Author of my being, that ever since I knew him, as a reconciled God, I have had a strong desire to press on in the way to heaven; and have also (though very imperfectly) endeavoured to say or do something for God daily. But yet I see how much I have left undone, which fills me with shame and sorrow of heart; and continues to humble me in the dust before him.

Thus Sir, I have given you an imperfect Account of myself; and in return beg an interest in your prayers, and hope you will believe me when I subscribe myself,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your's most affectionately,

W. M'CORNOCK.

Clones, Oct. 1, 1783.

*A short Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.*

Written by Mr. J. ROGERS.

[Continued from page 143.]

ONE morning when I\* first came into her room, she called me to her and said, "I have had a sweet night my dear, the Lord has given me many precious promises; and I think my Saviour will not now tarry long. I wish to be gone. What think you? Is it not likely I shall soon be

\* Miss Roe's words continued.

released?"

released?" I said, If we may judge from appearances, you will soon be with him; but all depends on his good pleasure: perhaps he protracts your stay, and suffers you to continue here so much beyond all our expectations, that you may be a greater blessing to us, and that your own crown may be the brighter. "Well, said she, let him do as he pleases; but if it were his will, I should be glad to be released." Another time, as I stood by her, she said, "My dear, do you think there is any thing in heaven like beautiful gardens, green fields, or sweet flowers?" &c. I answered, We cannot judge with certainty about this; but we know, whatever will yield delight, or, any way tend to the happiness, either of our souls or bodies, we shall surely enjoy. It may be a question, whether we shall have the sense of smell, &c. but if we have, or whatever appetites or desires we are capable of, we are sure they will all be satisfied. She said, "I have such views of this kind as I never had before. I see sweet flowery prospects before me, quite delightful; and in the night I heard the ringing of bells, and a sound of music quite ravishing!" I said, I have often heard of God's dear children, who died rejoicing having such prospects, and hearing the like. But it is enough that we know we shall enjoy God to all eternity, and that all our desires shall be satisfied in him. "Yes, my dear, said she, this is All, and I shall soon see him, and know even as I am known!"

When I told her my mother had desired me to dine at home, she said, "Well, pray do so, and give my kindest respects to her, for letting you be with me so much. Tell her, my prayer is, that the Lord may reward her; and I know he will." When I returned to her, she called me to her bed-side, and enquired after my mother's health, and said, "I hope she is not displeased at your being with me so much?" When I told her she had sent a very kind message; she praised the Lord, and said, "How tenderly does he order all  
for

for me! he is good indeed! I think I have more reason to praise him than any one. For he permits those I love best to be with me, and I have every thing they can do for me. And my little *Jemmy* too is gone to heaven before me, out of a miserable world. Dear creature, it was kind indeed of the Lord to take him: he would have been a suffering little fellow, if not a cripple; and yet I believe the Lord would have made him a good man. But heaven is best, and I shall soon be with him." A little after, being obliged often to call upon me for assistance, she said, "My love, I am sorry to trouble you so very much; though I know you do it willingly. But the Lord will surely reward you: for my heart is engaged with him on your account. Yes, my dear, I pray for you in my dying moments."—Thus far her Friend: what follows was written by Mr. *Rogers*.

After this she remained constantly happy, and frequently appeared as one ready to fly away. Seeing her so amazingly supported, I said, My dear, the Lord is gracious to you indeed! though your greatest temptation, during your whole life, was to doubt of your acceptance, yet I have observed since that conversation with Miss *R.* you have been constantly happy; so that

Not a doubt doth arise To darken the skies,  
Or hide for a moment your Lord from your eyes,

for the enemy is not even permitted to shew himself. She answered, "No, my dear, I am sure I have done with him. He has no more power over me. He has no business to come near me any more. I will have no more to say to him." I said, My dear, he is a bold Adversary: he ventured to attack even Christ himself, though he could say, he hath nothing in me. I mention this, that you may not be surprised if he should assault you, as he hath done many of God's dear children, even in their latest moments. She

said, "I know, my dear, you do it for my good; but I am quite sure he shall torment me no more. He would; but my dear Saviour will not let him. The Lord sees my extreme weakness, and he loves me too well to lay any more upon me. My precious Saviour is all I want. He knows I love him. Yes, my Jesus is my All, and I believe he will be so: he will never, never leave me!" And so it was; for I do not remember that she had one gloomy moment after, though she lived a month!

One day, while several friends were standing round her bed, she broke out in praise to God, saying, "How many mercies hath the Lord bestowed upon me, of which I am unworthy!" She then turned her face to Mr. *W*——r, and said, "O, Sir! what cause have I, above all creatures to be thankful? Especially in this time of need! How indulgent is the Lord in sending me such a kind friend as dear Miss *R*. I am far from my own relations; but I have in her, all I want. She does indeed act the part not only of a loving sister, but of a tender, indulgent mother! I pray the Lord to reward her! I cannot; but I believe He will. Nay he does reward her; and I believe he will bless her more than ever. And I thank you, Sir, for all your regard and friendship to me and mine. You have been a faithful and steady friend. But you know your reward is with the Lord. The Lord does bless you, and he will bless you more and more: I know he will. You have gone through many trials, and you will have more to pass through. But you know the way to the kingdom lies through many tribulations. Your exercise may yet be great, but be not afraid. Trust in the Lord, and you will be supported. Yes, yes; He will bring you through all. I believe I shall meet you in heaven!" She then prayed for him, after which he took his leave.

The day after, being very comfortable, she looked up with a smile, and said, "Do, my dear, tell me something about my Jesus. O, he is a precious Saviour! I love him indeed! But



But I am very weak. Do you speak, my dear, and tell me some of His sayings." I then repeated the following texts :

"In my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also.

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go out no more.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the Tree of Life, and may enter through the gates into the city.

"And they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes : and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying ; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

All these said I, my dear are yours. She answered, "Yes, I believe they are. Jesus is mine ! That is a sweet word, which is just come to my mind, Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. These words were never so sweet to me before."

In the evening, Mr. S. called to see her, and sat by her about three-quarters of an hour; and often spoke to her, when she could bear it. After which he prayed by her, and it was a solemn season to all present. As soon as he was gone she said, "I am glad Mr. S. came; he has done me good. I could not say much to him; but I am greatly comforted. Thank the Lord, who is so kind to me!"

I asked her, (if the Lord should then take her) whether she chose that Mr. S. should preach a funeral sermon for her in the New Church? She replied, "Yes, if it will not make me appear of too great consequence: I am afraid of being thought more than I am. I would not have much

said of me. I feel I am a poor, unworthy creature. I truly respect Mr. S. and if it might be of any use to the living, I had rather he did.

January 16, was a happy day to her. While I stood by her bed-side, she looked at me and said, "The Lord bless you my dear! He will bless you. What cause have I to thank God for the first day I knew you! But for you I might have been cast into the way of a gay world; but the Lord made you the instrument of snatching me from it. I hope I shall be one diamond more in your crown, and shall praise God to all eternity for you! Go on, my dear, and the Lord be with you!"

She begged I would give her dying love to her dear sisters, and write a particular letter to her sister Sally, saying, "It will comfort her and do her good. Do, bid her be very serious, and give her heart to God; then I shall meet her in a better world."

After this, (speaking of Mr. Wesley) she expressed her usual veneration and regard for him, and desired her sincere thanks to him for the care and tenderness of a father which he had always shewn her. She earnestly prayed the Lord to reward him for it all. Adding she believed God would bless him in his latter days; and that in a short time she should see him again in her Father's house.

[To be continued.]

*An Account of Mr. JOHN HOSKINS: in a Letter to the Rev. John Wesley.*

[Concluded from page 143.]

I Am now old and grey headed; and it is time to make the most of the few days I may have left, to the glory of God, and the benefit of my own soul.

As

As to the necessaries of life, I am in some measure provided for at present by the poor people here. Many who have but little food and raiment for themselves, gladly give me a part of that little, out of love to God and their own souls: but more they cannot give. As to any thing farther I leave it with you, Sir, to do as you think best. But if you can do no more, you will please to write me a few lines of instruction and advice, which I want very much.

I cannot conclude without informing you that this summer I went over to *Trinity*, where I was so used last year, and made a second attempt to preach there. The day after I arrived, which was Sunday, I gave away at the Church-door, about twenty little books. The people received them very thankfully. Every day the week after I visited from house to house, when many were inquisitive to know what this new Religion (as they called it) was? The next Saturday in the afternoon, I put up a paper on the Church-door, to give notice, that if there was no preaching in the Church, I would preach in the Church-yard at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon on Sunday. Accordingly I went at the time appointed. But the flag was hoisted, and the Church-doors were opened for service, though there had been no service in the forenoon all the summer before. I went into the Church, and about six persons with me. We sat some time, but no Preacher nor people came. (The man that reads there is a fisherman, who does it for part of a livelihood.) I therefore sang some verses of a hymn, and kneeled down to pray. While I was at prayer, a person, who calls himself the Constable, came and laid hold on me, and said, I must go with him before the Justice. He pulled out a paper and read it to me; wherein was an order that no person should preach in the Church-yard, which was the property of the people in the harbour. When I came before the Justice, he said he sent for me, to warn me not to preach in the Church-yard. I told him, if any one would let me have a house to preach in, I would not.

He

He asked me by what authority I went about preaching? I took out my Bible and told him my commission was in that book. He did not insist upon seeing it, but told me he could not hinder me from preaching in any house, or out of doors on Rider's hill, or any where else about the harbour, so I did not cause any riots. I said, I did not cause any riots, but endeavoured to promote peace and good-will amongst men. He said, he advised me for my own safety, to keep myself out of danger; for there were some sailors, and other rude fellows, who purposed to abuse me; and as he was a Justice of the Peace, he must endeavour to prevent riots, or any disorder in the harbour. He also said he would have punished the men that abused me so on board the ship last year, if I had complained to him. The Constable and he then went out of doors, and I followed them, and came away without any hurt.

In the afternoon, a man came to me and asked me to go home with him, and told me I should be welcome to preach in his house. Accordingly I preached that evening to a small congregation, who behaved very devout and attentive all the time, and expressed a desire to hear again. I therefore preached on Monday evening: when they came again, and several of their neighbours with them. We had a comfortable meeting, and the power of God was present. I believe the word sunk into many hearts. The next evening, I preached again, and (as I understood afterwards) soon after I began, the house was beset with sailors and others. But I continued speaking, and finished in great peace.

I now beg to hear of the progress of the gospel in London, and how the work in general goes on; which will be an encouragement to the little flock here, and,

Rev. and dear Sir,

To your unworthy Son in the Gospel,

JOHN HOSKINS.

Old Perlican, Newfoundland,

October 15, 1781.

An



---

*An Account of the Life and Death of THOMAS SLATER.*

**T**HOMAS SLATER was from a child piously inclined.

He constantly attended the service of the Church, and was diligent in reading his Bible and other good books. When he was an apprentice, he frequently staid up great part of the night, or rose at four o'clock in the morning, to read and pray. For this, and such like exercises, he was persecuted by those about him; but this only tended to make him more diligent in what he believed to be his duty. So careful was he not to omit any known duty, that if at any time he had been called away by business, in the morning, before he had time for prayer, he was sure to embrace the first opportunity, even though it had been in the open air.

About this time he began to attend the preaching, and about three years ago, was convinced of the necessity of a change of heart; and that not all his reading, praying, and attendance upon the worship of God, would be of any avail, unless he was born again. He now began to seek the Lord in good earnest; and in order to have more frequent opportunities, he made application to be received into the Society. He was permitted to meet in Class a few times upon trial; but notwithstanding he had always been moral in his conduct, and was now convinced of the absolute necessity of an inward change, he had never been convinced of the sinfulness of following his business (Hair-dressing) on a Sunday. His Class-Leader found this out, and told him he must lay it entirely aside, or he could not be admitted as a member of the Society. He was no sooner told of it than he saw into its sinful nature; and though he saw the consequence would be the loss of his business, he nobly resolved to sacrifice his all, for the sake of God and a good conscience.

He



He therefore told his customers, one by one, "I will not dress any hair on the Lord's-day." It happened as he foresaw it would, that most of them were offended, and told him; "Then you must not dress us at all." But he, nothing moved, resolved rather to suffer the loss of all things, than sin against God. A few days after he had made this sacrifice, the Lord spoke peace to his soul, and gave him the witness of the Spirit that he was born of God. He could now rejoice in the Lord with joy unspeakable, and from that day to the day of his death, he steadily pursued the one thing needful; and adorned the gospel by a holy life, and unblameable conversation.

He was now married, and as his business failed he was reduced to great straits; nevertheless he still cast his care upon God: resolving rather to do the meanest drudgery than forfeit His favour. He therefore did the little business he had to do, and in order to procure a livelihood, cheerfully submitted to assist a friend in mending shoes. But notwithstanding all his diligence, he frequently knew not where to get a meal to eat; however he still trusted in God: his usual expression in such cases was, "The Lord will provide."

One instance out of many may be sufficient to shew, how well his faith was grounded. Being in the room with his wife, she asked, "What shall we do for a little food?" He replied, "I do not know, my dear;" and then added, "The Lord will provide." Just then a stranger came in to have his hair dressed, and on going away gave him enough to provide food for that, and the following day.

But the Lord did not permit him to be long in this situation; for having tried and found him faithful, he caused his business to return again, so that he had more than he could possibly do himself. He was frequently solicited to shave and dress on the Sabbath-day; but he constantly refused; even, when tempted to it by those on whom a great part of his living depended.

Since

Since Christmas last, he had been unusually earnest for a nearer union with God. Sometimes he has prayed till his bodily strength was quite exhausted. His faith was strong and permanent, and his soul constantly panted after all the salvation of God.

A few months ago, he was seized with a Diabetes, which threw him into a Consumption. In his affliction he never murmured; but was perfectly resigned to the Divine will, whether for life or death. A few days before his demise, he was removed into the country for the benefit of the air; but his disorder becoming very violent he was obliged to take his bed; still rejoicing in the God of his salvation. On the Sunday before his death, his wife asked him, My dear, do you now love God? He replied, "I do: I love him with my whole heart." He then added, "Sing that hymn,

" Come let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne."

Many of our friends came to visit him that day, when his conversation was so full of heaven, that it was made a blessing to their souls: several of whom testified that they never had seen any one so happy before. His body grew weaker and weaker; but his consolations grew stronger and stronger, till on Monday the 15th of August, a little before ten in the forenoon, without a sigh or a groan, he sweetly slept in Jesus.

JONATHAN HERN.

Manchester, Oct. 14, 1783.



*An Account of the Death of Mr. T. CAPPITER.*

**M**R. CAPPITER was converted when he was about eighteen years of age; and was then one of the most zealous young men in the country.

VOL. VIII.

B b

When

When he became a Preacher, though his gifts were not very extensive, he spoke in such a lively manner, as frequently made deep impressions on his hearers.

He was about eleven weeks ill. In this whole affliction he never appeared to have the least doubt of his acceptance with God; nor even shewed the least impatience. I visited him several times, and found him quite resigned, and very happy.

As Death approached, his joys increased: and he seemed like a celestial inhabitant, full of life, love, joy, and praise. He exhorted all who came near him, in a very moving manner, to prepare for a better world. Indeed he was so filled with the divine life, that his very countenance shone; which all who were near him could not but behold!

Having called for his wife, he took leave of her in a very affectionate manner; exhorting her to live to God, and keep close to the Society. And finding God had made her willing to resign him, he seemed quite in an extasy; they then parted with a tender smile, well knowing that they should soon meet again.

He then spoke to the family, one by one, and gave them very wholesome counsels, and offered up fervent prayers for them. He had also some of the most serious people in the Society sent for, that they might sing and rejoice with him. Thus he continued full of love and joy, till Sunday the 16th instant, when he fell asleep in the Lord.

BENJAMIN RHODES.

Grimsbj, Feb. 26, 1772.

---

*A remarkable Account of JANE WILDBORE, of Nighton,  
near Leicester.*

**I**N the year 1772, a mischeivous Cow fell upon her, and beat and bruised her to such a degree, that she lost the use of her limbs. In this situation she remained for four years.

years. In this time she was thirty weeks in the Infirmary at *Leicester*, where her wounds and bruises were cured; but not being able to restore her to the use of her limbs, they turned her out incurable.

While she was in the Infirmary it pleased God to send some serious people to pray with the sick; by which means her eyes were opened to see her fallen condition. She also saw that if she died as she was, she must die eternally. On this, she began to cry to God for mercy; and was determined not to rest till he answered her prayer.

One day when she was meditating on her miserable condition, she thought, How can I attend the means of grace, and get a livelihood in the world, without the use of my limbs? She then endeavoured to believe that God was *able* and *willing* to restore her to her former soundness, if she sought him with all her heart. She also believed that he *would* do it: and on that account promised to serve him all the days of her life.

Soon after, being left alone in the house one Sunday evening, it was impressed on her mind to pray for deliverance from her infirmity; but how to get on her knees, and rise up again she knew not. At last she strove to believe that God would help her: and so it was; for by endeavouring to use her hands, she kneeled down, and continued in prayer for a considerable time, and then rose up again. Thus she continued praying and acting faith on God till Tuesday evening, when an excruciating pain went through her feet and legs, which caused her to cry out aloud; but when the pain was over, she found she could move, first her toes, and then her feet and legs. She then got up and walked over the room, blessing and praising God for what he had done: and from that time she has enjoyed the perfect use of her limbs.

A little after this she came to me, and desired to be admitted into the Society, and seemed fully determined to

fulfil her promise, in serving her great Restorer all the days of her life.

I met with her about two months ago, and found her happy in God. She then told me, that about a year after the Lord had restored her to the use of her limbs, he spoke peace to her soul; and that she has continued to hold fast a sense of his favour ever since; and earnestly desires to love him with all her heart.

This account may be depended on. For *J. Wildbore*, who truly fears God, and can have no worldly motive in view in declaring a falsehood, is still alive, and ready to attest it to any judicious person.

Coleford, Sept. 7, 1784.

C. WATKINS.

\*\*\*\*\*

*An Account of the* DRUMMER *of* Tedworth.

[Continued from page 157.]

ON the first of November, 1662, there was a mighty noise; and a servant observing two boards in the children's room, seeming to move, he bade it give him one of them, upon which the board came within a yard of him. The man added, nay, let me have it in my hand: upon which it was driven quite home to him. On his thrusting it back, it was driven to him; and so up and down, at least twenty times together. This was in the day time, and seen by a whole room-full of people. That morning it left a sulphurous smell behind it, which was very offensive. At night the Minister (one Mr. *Craig*) and divers of the neighbours, came to the house on a visit. The Minister went to prayer with them, kneeling at the children's bed-side. During prayer, it withdrew into the cock-loft, but returned as soon as prayer was ended; and then, in sight of the company, the chairs walked about the room of themselves, and every loose thing moved about the chamber. At the same time.



time, a bed-staff was thrown at the Minister, which hit him on the leg, but very softly. Mr. *Mompesson* perceiving how it persecuted the children, lodged them at a neighbour's house; taking his eldest daughter, who was about ten years of age, into his own chamber, where it had not been for a month before. As soon as she was in bed, the disturbance began there again, continuing drumming and making noises: and it was observed, that it would exactly answer any thing that was beaten, or called for. After this, the house where the children were lodged, happening to be full of strangers, they were taken home; and no disturbance having been known in the parlour, they were lodged there; where also their persecutor found them; but then only plucked them by the hair and night-clothes.

It was noted, that when the noise was loudest, no dog about the house would move, though the knocking was oft so boisterous, that it had been heard a considerable distance in the fields, and awakened the neighbours in the village. The servants were sometimes lifted up with their beds, and then let gently down again, without hurt; at other times it would lie like a great weight upon their feet.

About the latter end of December, 1662, the drummings were less frequent: and then they heard a noise like the gingling of money, occasioned, as it was thought, by some, what Mr. *Mompesson's* mother had spoke the day before, to a neighbour who talked of fairies leaving money. The night after there was a great gingling of money all over the house. After this, it desisted from ruder noises, and employed itself in little apish and less troublesome tricks. On Christmas eve, a little before day, one of the boys arising out of bed, was hit on a sore place on his heel. The night after Christmas day, it threw the old gentlewoman's clothes about the room, and hid her Bible among the ashes. After this time, it was very troublesome to a servant of Mr. *Mompesson's*, who was a stout fellow. This man lay within, during the greatest disturbance;

disturbance; and for several nights something would endeavour to pull his clothes off the bed, so that he was fain to tug hard to keep them on; but sometimes they were pulled from him by force, and his shoes thrown at his head; and now and then he found himself forcibly held, as if he was bound hand and foot. A son of Sir *Thomas Bennet*, whose workman the drummer had sometimes been, came to the house, and told Mr. *Mompesson* some words that he had spoken, which it seems were taken ill. For as soon as they were in bed, the drum was beat up very violently and loudly; the gentleman arose, and called his man to him, who lay with Mr. *Mompesson's* servant, whose name was *John*. As soon as Mr. *Bennet's* man was gone, *John* heard a rustling noise in his chamber, and something came to his bed-side, as if it had been one in silk. The man presently reached after his sword, which he found held from him. About the beginning of January, 1663, they were wont to hear a singing in the chimney, before it came down. And one night lights were seen in the house. One of them came into Mr. *Mompesson's* chamber, which seemed blue and glimmering, and caused stiffness in the eyes of those who saw it. After the light, something was heard coming up stairs, as if it had been one without shoes. The light was seen also four or five times in the children's chamber; and the maids confidently affirm, the doors were at least ten times opened and shut in their sight; and when they were opened, they heard a noise as if half a dozen persons had entered together. After which, some were heard to walk about the room, and one rustled as if it had been in silk. The like Mr. *Mompesson* himself once heard.

During the time of the knocking, when many were present, a gentleman of the company said, "Satan, if the drummer set thee to work, give three knocks and no more," which it did very distinctly and stopt. Then the gentleman knocked to see if it would answer him, as it was wont; but it did not.

For

For further trial, he bade it, "If it were the drummer, to give five knocks, and no more that night;" which it did, and left the house quiet all the night. This was done in the presence of Sir *Thomas Chamberlain* of *Oxfordshire*, and divers others.

On Saturday morning, an hour before day, January 10, a drum was heard to beat upon the outside of Mr. *Mompesson's* chamber, from whence it went to the other end of the house, where some strangers lay.

The next night, a smith in the village, lying with the man, they heard a noise in the room, as if one had been shoeing a horse: and somewhat came, as it were with a pair of pincers, snipping at the smith's nose most part of the night.

One morning Mr. *Mompesson* rising early to go a journey, heard a great noise below, where the children lay; and running down with a pistol in his hand, he heard a voice, crying, A-*witch*, a *witch*, as they had also heard it once before. Upon his entrance all was quiet.

Having one night played some little tricks at Mr. *Mompesson's* bed's feet, it went into another bed, where one of his daughters lay: there it passed from side to side, lifting her up as it passed under. At that time, there were three kinds of noises in the bed. The night after, it came panting like a dog out of breath. Upon which, one took a bed-staff to knock, which was caught out of her hand, and thrown away; and company coming up, the room was presently filled with a noisome smell, and was very hot, though without fire, in a very sharp, severe winter night. It continued in the bed, panting and scratching an hour and a half, and then went into the next chamber, where it knocked a little, and seemed to rattle a chain: this it did for two or three nights together.

After all this the old gentlewoman's Bible was found in the ashes, the paper side being downwards. Mr. *Mompesson* took it up, and observed that it lay open at the third chapter of  
Mark,

Mark, where there is mention of unclean spirits falling down before our Saviour; and of his giving power to the twelve to cast out devils; and of the scribes' opinion, that he cast them out through Beelzebub. The next night they strewed ashes over the chamber, to see what impressions it would leave. In the morning they found in the place, the resemblance of a great claw, in another of a lesser, some letters in another, which they could make nothing of, besides many circles in the ashes.

[*To be continued.*]

*An Extract from a SERMON, on GOD IS LOVE.*

[*Continued from page 150.*]

**L**ET us briefly illustrate these several Propositions.—  
 1. "Whatever has a tendency to prevent sin, tends to prevent misery also, and to promote the happiness of the universe and all the individuals in it; good laws are absolutely necessary for the prevention of sin; penal sanctions are essential to good laws: and the seasonable execution of those sanctions is absolutely necessary to their efficacy; and consequently the execution of them is a display of love and benevolence."

"Whatever has a tendency to prevent sin tends to prevent misery also," and that for this reason, because sin is necessarily productive of misery; and destructive of happiness. Can a rational creature be happy that is disaffected to the supreme good, the only source of that kind of happiness which is adapted to a rational nature? This is as impossible as that you shall enjoy animal pleasures while you abhor all animal enjoyments. Can a social creature be happy in eternal solitude, or in a state of society, while ill-affected towards the other members of society, or while they are ill-affected

affected towards him, and he to them, "hateful and hating one another?" Can a creature formed capable of felicity, superior to what any created good can communicate, be happy in the eager pursuit of bubbles; of inferior enjoyments? All those dispositions of heart, and the practices resulting from them, in which sin consists, such as enmity to God, uneasy murmurings against his perfections, and the government of his law and providence; a churlish, malignant, envious temper towards mankind; an anxious, excessive eagerness of desire after vain, unsatisfactory enjoyments; a disrelish for the exalted pleasures of *holiness* and *benevolence*: what are these and the like dispositions but so many ingredients of misery? And consequently all measures that are taken for the prevention of sin are so many benevolent expedients for the prevention of misery and the increase of happiness.

I add, "Good laws are absolutely necessary for the prevention of sin." Indeed those dispositions and actions which are forbidden by the divine law, would be of a deadly nature to the soul, even if they were not forbidden, as a stab to the heart would prove mortal to the body, though there were no laws against it; and for that very reason laws have been made against it. Therefore the laws of God do not properly constitute the destructive nature of sin, but only warn us against what is destructive in its own nature, previous to all explicit laws. And is it not an act of the highest benevolence, that the supreme *Lawgiver* should warn us against this pernicious evil, and plainly inform us what it is? This is the design of his laws, both natural and revealed. And without them, what sure instructor, what unerring guide, or what strong inducements to a proper conduct could we have in this most important case? Is it not necessary, is it not kind, that the supreme Legislator should interpose his authority, and lay us under the strongest obligations to avoid our own ruin? And if good laws are necessary, so are penal sanctions; for, "Penal sanctions are essential to good laws." Laws without penalties



would be only the advices of an equal or an inferior, and not the obligatory commands of authority. They might be observed or not, according to pleasure, and consequently would answer no valuable purpose. But on a point so plain I need not multiply words. I appeal to the common sense of mankind; I appeal to the universal practice of all governments. Have there ever been, or can there possibly be any laws without penal sanctions? Would not such laws be exposed to perpetual contempt, and be destitute of all force and energy? The common sense and universal practice of all the world in all ages remonstrate against such an absurdity. But if penal sanctions are essential to good laws, then so is their execution; for, "The seasonable execution of penal sanctions is absolutely necessary to their efficacy." Penalties denounced can have no efficacy upon the subjects of the law; that is, they cannot excite fear, and by that means deter them from disobedience, unless they are *believed*, and their execution *expected*. But they would soon cease to be believed, and their execution would no longer be expected, if in several instances they should be dispensed with, and a succession of sinners, should pass with impunity. Other sinners, judging of future events by past facts, would expect the same indulgence, and therefore venture upon disobedience without any restraint from the penalty of the law. Here again I shall bring the matter to a quick decision by appealing to the universal practice of mankind. Would human laws have any force if the penalty was hung up as an empty terror and never executed? Would not such laws be liable to perpetual violation, and become the sport of daring offenders? Would not the escape of former offenders encourage all future generations to give themselves a loose, in hopes of the same exemption? Is it not necessary in all governments that public justice should make examples of some, to warn and deter others? Have not all nations, especially the more civilized, made such examples? And have

not

not all the impartial world commended their proceedings as necessary to the safety and happiness of society, and expressive of their regard to the public good?

View all these things together, and I may bid defiance to common sense to draw any other conclusion, than that the justice of God, in executing the penalties of his law upon impenitent offenders, is the height of goodness. If love requires that all proper expedients be used for the prevention of sin; if good laws are necessary for this end; if penalties are essential to good laws; and if the seasonable execution of penalties be absolutely necessary to give them their benevolent force and tendency: does it not unavoidably follow that love itself requires both the enacting of penal sanctions to the law of God, and the execution of them upon proper subjects? Without this wholesome severity the divine laws would be less secure from contempt, and the divine government would be less favourable to the peace and happiness of the subjects, than the laws and governments of mortals in all civilized nations.

“ But why does the penalty rise so high? Why is the execution lengthened out through everlasting ages? Why might not a gentler punishment suffice?” This is the grand objection, and in such language as this the enmity of the rebellious heart against the justice of God generally expresses itself. But if the original design and natural tendency of the threatened penalty be to prevent sin, then by how much severer the penalty, by so much the more effectual tendency has it to answer this kind design. No punishments can rise higher than those which a righteous God has annexed to disobedience, the natural source of every misery; and what is this but to say that no methods more effectual can be taken to prevent it than what he has actually taken? We may therefore infer the ardor of the love of God, from the terror of his threatenings. He has denounced the greatest misery against sin, in order to restrain his creatures from running

into that very misery ; and threatens the loss of heaven, in order to prevent his creatures from losing it.

I must also here repeat the common argument, which appears to me as valid as common : “ that as the essence of sin consists in the breach of an obligation, the evil of sin must be exactly proportioned to the strength of the obligation ;” that as we are undoubtedly under infinite obligations to a God of infinite excellency, our Maker, Ruler, and Benefactor, the evil of sin, which violates those obligations, must be infinite also ; and that no punishment short of what is infinite can be adequate to the demerit of an infinite evil ; and consequently sinners ought to suffer a finite punishment through an infinite duration, because that is the only way in which they are able to bear an infinite punishment. But on this common topic a few hints may suffice.

*[To be continued.]*

---

### Of ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

*[Extracted from a late Author.]*

**E**TERNAL Providence is that almighty wisdom, goodness and power, by which God knows, wills and employs all the means necessary to accomplish his designs in creating. God’s design in creating was to make all intelligent natures happy in the knowledge and love of his infinite perfections, which is their ultimate and supreme felicity ; therefore eternal Providence knows, wills, and employs, continually all the means necessary to lead his intelligent creatures to their ultimate and supreme happiness.

Those who do not know the doctrine of final causes, nor the designs of God in creating, nor the love he has for his intelligent images, nor the intimate manner by which he is present to them, are very much puzzled how to give a  
demonstration

demonstration of Providence ; but one who rises up to first principles, and shews that God is present every where, that he created finite intelligences only to make them happy, that he knows all their situations, and that he desires their felicity, can no more doubt of eternal Providence than he can doubt a father that lives continually with his children, loves them tenderly, knows all their inclinations, and has a full power to make their fortunes, can neglect their education, and leave them miserable.

The wild Epicurean notion adopted by some Deists, as if God abandoned the world, to the government of second causes, free-agents, and natural powers, flows from their not understanding God's end in creating, his manner of preserving, his omnipresent activity through the whole creation. They suppose that God can be separated from his work ; that the creatures can subsist and be happy, enjoy being and well-being when detached from their source ; they deny God's infinite activity, wisdom and goodness, as if he was so entirely occupied within himself as not to interest himself in his creation. They have no notion of the nature of God eternally active, that preserves and beatifies his creatures by his continual omnipotent efficacy, influence and communicative goodness.

The consequences of the Predestinarian doctrine are yet far more impious and blasphemous. The Epicureans and some Socinians seem to deny God's relative attributes, and make him an indolent careless God ; but the Predestinarians make him a cruel, malicious, Manichean evil principle, and destroy all his moral perfections ; since they maintain that he abandons the far greatest part of mortals to eternal misery by free choice, and arbitrary preteritions, without allowing them the graces necessary to conduct them to the ultimate end of their creation. A Being that loves essentially all his creatures, and that desires necessarily the happiness of what he loves ; a Being that had no other design in creating but to  
make

make them happy for ever and ever in the knowledge and love of his boundless perfections ; a Being that knows, wills, and employs continually all the means necessary to lead all his intelligent creatures without exception to their ultimate and supreme happiness, can never become indifferent about them, cease to interest himself in them, and abandon them to everlasting misery. He can never be delighted with their imperfections ; he can never take any pleasure in their sufferings ; all his punishments therefore must be remedies ; and all his severities salutary cures. He must always be ready to pardon if the creatures are convertible. He can never cease to pity and succour, but when his remedies become useless, and the patient incurable. These are the natural and necessary consequences that result from the very nature and definition of infinite goodness ; and if there be any expressions in scripture that seem to intimate the contrary, they may and must be interpreted in another sense than the Predestinarians give to them.

Hence in all times, in all places, and in all situations, almighty Providence " enlightens every man that comes into the world," and refuses to none of his creatures, fallen or un-fallen, the helps necessary to conduct them to, or confirm them in, the knowledge and enjoyment of their ultimate and supreme happiness. Nothing therefore derogates more from the divine wisdom and goodness than to maintain, with some superficial philosophers, that there is any one nation or savage in the world, that has not at some time or other in his life an idea of a God, and of a first cause, of moral good and evil, of virtue and vice, sufficient to excite him to the search and knowledge of his almighty Original, or at least to the desire of being enlightened and beatified by that universal wisdom and goodness that diffuses its rays over all created intelligencies. Such savages may indeed be incapable of expressing their ideas and sentiments, of reasoning upon them in a philosophical manner, and drawing from them metaphysical



taophysical principles and consequences: but all of them, even the most barbarous, the most idolatrous, and the most superstitions, have felt more or less, the rays, influences, and illuminations of that universal Light, "that enlightens every man that comes into the world."

Hence to maintain, "that out of the pale of the visible Church there are no graces;" that of old all the pagan world; and at present all those, that are deprived of the light of the gospel, were then and are now left in a state of absolute darkness, and abandoned to eternal damnation, is a wild, absurd, pharisaical error, that destroys all God's moral attributes, and thereby leads to the highest incredulity and contempt of all revealed Religion.



#### *A Remarkable PUNISHMENT of MURDER.*

THE following melancholy Account was given me by a very worthy man, Mr. *Thomas Marshall* of *Edal* in *Derbyshire*, Dec. 17, 1778.

Twenty years ago, a young Gentleman and Lady came out of *Scotland*, as is supposed, upon a matrimonial affair. As they were travelling through that county, they were robbed and murdered, at a place called the *Winnets*, near *Castleton*. Their bones were found about ten years ago, by some miners who were sinking an Engine-pit at the place.

One *James Ashton* of *Castleton*, who died about a fortnight ago, and who was one of the murderers, was most miserably afflicted and tormented in his conscience. He had been dying, it was thought, for ten weeks; but could not die till he had confessed the whole affair. But when he had done this, he died immediately.

He said, *Nicholas Cock*, *Thomas Hall*, *John Bradshaw*, *Francis Butler*, and himself, meeting the above Gentleman and Lady in the *Winnets*, pulled them off their horses, and dragged them into a barn belonging to one of them, and took

took from them two hundred pounds. Then seizing on the young Gentleman, the young Lady (whom *Ashton* said was the fairest woman he ever saw) intreated them, in the most pitious manner, not to kill him, as she was the cause of his coming into that country. But, notwithstanding all her intreaties, they cut his throat from ear to ear! They then seized the young Lady herself, and, though she intreated them, on her knees, to spare her life, and turn her out naked! yet one of the wretches drove a Miner's pick into her head, when she dropt down dead at his feet. Having thus dispatched them both, they left their bodies in the barn, and went away with their booty.

At night they returned to the barn, in order to take them away; but they were so terrified with a frightful noise, that they durst not move them: and so it was the second night. But the third night, *Ashton* said, it was only the Devil, who would not hurt him; so they took the bodies away, and buried them.

They then divided the money: and as *Ashton* was a Coal-Carrier to a Smelt-Mill, on the *Sheffield-Road*, he bought horses with his share; but they all died in a little time. *Nicholas Cock* fell from a precipice, near the place where they had committed the murder, and was killed. *Thomas Hall* hanged himself. *John Bradshaw* was walking near the place where they had buried the bodies, when a stone fell from the hill and killed him on the spot, to the astonishment of every one who knew it. *Francis Butler*, attempted many times to hang himself, but was prevented; however he went mad, and died in a most miserable manner.

Thus, though they escaped the hand of human justice (which seldom happens in such a case) yet the hand of God found them out, even in this world. How true then is it, that thou, O Lord, art about our path, and about our bed, and spiest out all our ways!

THOMAS HANBY.

of

## OF PLANTING POTATOES.

[For the good of the Public, I insert the following Account.]

To the EDITOR of the *Arminian Magazine*.

Sir,

**B**Y Mr. *Story's* advice I have lately communicated to the Society at *Bath*, instituted for the encouragement of Agriculture, a method which I take to prevent blighted crops of Potatoes. As it is a matter of consequence to the public in general, and to the poor in particular, you may perhaps think it worth a place in the *Arminian Magazine*; as thereby it may be more extensively useful.

For the first five or six years of my being in the Gardening business, I sustained very great losses in my crops of Potatoes, by what is called the Blighted, or curled Potatoes. Many people have endeavoured to find out the cause, as it has been a general complaint throughout the kingdom; but I believe, as yet, without success: although very great has been the loss to the nation for want of an effectual remedy to prevent it. I think that nothing can be applied to alter the nature of the seed that is infected with this disease, (for I have proved by repeated experiments that the fault is not in the soil) nor can it be known which is bad until it is planted. I therefore have made use of the following method to select with certainty a sort of seed that is good.

Soon after Christmas I make a hot-bed in the following manner. I lay horse-dung, &c. about eighteen inches thick; over this, I spread fine mould about five or six inches thick, and then lay (of different sorts of Potatoes) such as I intend to plant, in different divisions; so that I may tell distinctly to what sort they belong, and lightly cover them up with mould. By reason of the warmth of the bed they soon come up, and if there does not appear to be above one in thirty, or forty bad, (for some will surely prove so in the hot-bed, as well as in the field, if they are infected.) I then plant

of that sort with the greatest safety. When I find they are too bad to plant, I look out for others from various parts of the country, and try them. This I am enabled to do by making the experiment so early.

They who cannot make a hot-bed might plant them time enough in a warm border of rich mould, and be pretty sure of success. But the hot-bed is best; for I have never known the experiment fail, in one instance either in my own, or my neighbours' practice for near a dozen years.

JOSEPH WELLS.

Jan. 22, 1785.

---

*An Account of the remarkable Conversion of an INDIAN PRIEST to Christianity, in the year 1763. By the Rev. Mr. George Henry Hutteman, Protestant Missionary at Cudulore, in the East-Indies.*

THE conversion of this Pandaram deserves particular notice.—He was a Priest of Isuren's sect, a man of the noblest tribe, and of great judgment and learning. It is now something more than a year since he visited me, and declared the scruples of his conscience; and expressed himself warmly against the vanity and wickedness of the Malabar religion. I told him, that the religion of Jesus was admirably fitted for such souls as are concerned about their eternal interest: at the same time I told him the many difficulties that attend the embracing this religion; that he must renounce the world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; must prepare for persecution, even from those who had formerly venerated him: however, that all these difficulties are infinitely outweighed by the great rewards proposed in the gospel, and by the dreadful threatenings against the despisers of this religion.

He went away, and promised to deliberate on these things, and I did not hear of him till last November; when he returned

turned to this place, and was courteously entertained by the heathen merchants, who venerated him as their Priest. Meanwhile he visited me now and then, and was present when divine service was held in the Malabar language. At last it pleased the Lord to work in him a thorough conviction. He took his solemn leave of the heathens, declaring to them the reasons why he forsook the Malabar religion, and embraced that of the Christians. After he had been several weeks amongst us, he wrote his life, and the reasons that induced him to turn a Christian. It was as follows:

“My name is *Tondaman Mudaly*. I was born near *Tirunawaly*, in the kingdom of *Madurei*, in the year *Pingala Warusham* 1737. In my infancy my parents taught me that there was a Being who had created heaven and earth, and that good men would go to heaven, but the wicked to hell; and in my youth I began to be solicitous for the salvation of my soul: for which reason I was diligent in reading our books. In my fourteenth year I resolved to choose the life of a Priest or Pandaram of *Isuren*.

About this time I was so unfortunate as to lose both my parents; this confirmed my resolution, and I enquired for the most famous Pandaram, who could make me a disciple by baptism, and teach me the forms of prayers, and all things necessary to a true Pandaram. I was told that three hours from *Majaburam*, at *Tarmaburam*, in the kingdom of *Tanjore*, there was such a one; hereupon I took a journey to him, received the purification of water, and learned under him for the space of five years. I had a great desire to procure, by my penances, salvation to as many as possible; I therefore asked leave of my Pandaram to go on pilgrimages, to which he consented, and permitted me to sacrifice wherever I should come.

Reading our books frequently with attention, I was surprised to find that our gods were born of father and mother, and that quite different operations were ascribed to them: to



Bruma the creation; to Wishtnu the redemption, and to Siwen or Ifuren the destruction. I likewise found that the same gods were subject to many imperfections: Biruma (or Bruma) knew not who had killed his wife; and Perumal (or Wishtnu) was ignorant of his wife's being ravished; he knew not his father's death till he learned it by letters.

I was much scandalized by the prophane and immoral service performed in our Pagodas: at *Supramanciam*, a famous Pagoda, three leagues from *Goa*, the image of a serpent with seven heads is worshipped: at a certain festival this serpent is said to move the heads, and three girls of the most beautiful shape dance before him stark naked; in the sight of an innumerable company of spectators: at the sacrifice of Satty (this is, the Venus of the Romans) men and women eat and drink together, and afterwards mix promiscuously. Daily are entertained in our Pagodas the dancing girls, who are professed prostitutes, who sing at morning and evening sacrifices the impurest songs, and offer in the Pagodas, with the obscenest language, their persons to the spectators, and invite them to lie with them.

All this, the feelings of my conscience told me, could not be from the eternal God, whom reason and the still voice of nature proclaim to be a holy being, who abhorreth vice and impurity, and delights in virtue and chastity; this must undoubtedly be from Satan, the father of lewdness; however, since our whole nation is zealously attached to this worship, I stifled the clamours of my conscience, thinking that if it was really wrong, so many thousands of people could not follow it: and so I went on, visiting one Pagoda after another.

At last I came to *Cudulore*, and was informed that here was a Priest who taught the religion of Parabara Wastu [the supreme Being] and when I visited you, and heard the Wedam [religion] of Parabara Wastu, the mists of my understanding began to clear up, and all that you said of the perfections of God, and the manner of worshipping him, was  
immediately

immediately approved by the silent voice of reason and conscience. All the doctrines which your Wedam proposeth lead directly to the honour of the only true God: may his name be blessed for ever! It describeth man as he really is, sinner and guilty! it rejects the unavailing atonements by penances performed by a miserable, sinful wretch. Must not the mountain be supported by a mountain? Can the ant be a match for the lion? The holy and dreadful sufferings of Jesus Mattias [Redeemer] have atoned for the violated rights of the divine government. Your Wedam enables a man to curb and subdue his passions and wicked appetites, and makes the mind in love with holiness, by the spirit of Jesus. It containeth the clearest revelation of life and immortality, and such grand promises that are more than sufficient to bear us up in the course of a Christian life, notwithstanding the discouragements from a wicked world. It threateneth to obstinate vice and impenitence such dreadful punishments, as are enough to counterpoise the momentary and fleeting pleasures of sin. It is therefore my firm resolution to embrace this Wedam, to live and die in it. I have weighed the Malabar religion against it; but, alas, the former is too light; I know it is of Satan, and the direct way to ruin soul and body.

Parabara Waslu, Creator of the Universe, have mercy upon me! O how do I bewail that I have been twenty-eight years thine enemy. I have forsaken thee the living fountain, and worshipped idols, whom thou abhorrest. Jesus Nadar [redeeming Lord] impute thy blood unto me, and procure me the forgiveness of my sins. Thou Spirit of holiness sanctify my heart, and form me into the likeness of the blessed Jesus. Amen."

Since this Pandaram is a man of good abilities, and of a very upright disposition, and unwilling to live upon almsgiving, but resolved to earn his own bread or rice, by diligent and faithful labour; I promised to constitute him Master of our Malabar School, and he embraced the proposal willingly.

*An*

An Extract from a JOURNEY from Aleppo to Jerusalem; at  
Easter, A. D. 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. late Fellow of Exeter  
College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.

[Continued from page 163.]

SATURDAY, March 6, we put forward again early the next morning. All along this day's journey, we observed many ruins of castles and houses, which testify that this country, however it be neglected at present, was once in the hands of a people that knew how to value it. *Strabo* gives us the names of several places situate anciently along this coast. But whether the ruins we saw, may be the remains of any of these cities, cannot well be determined; seeing all we have of those places, is only their names. The *Balanea*, of *Strabo*, is supposed to be the same place, that the Turks (little changing its name) call *Baneas*. It stands upon a small declivity, about a furlong distant from the sea, and has a fine clear stream running swiftly by it on the South-side. It is at present uninhabited, but its situation proves it to have been anciently a pleasant place, its ruins well-built, and its bay, an advantageous habitation.

Leaving *Baneas*, we went on by the sea-side, and in about a quarter of an hour passed by an old castle, on the top of a very high mountain. It is built in the figure of an equilateral triangle, having one of its angles pointed towards the sea. The Turks call it *Merchab*: and enlarge much upon the sieges it has sustained in former times: but whatever force it may have had anciently, it is at present only a residence for poor country people.

At about one hour and a half distance from *Baneas*, we came to a small clear stream, which induced us to take up our lodging near it. We pitched in the Campagnia about

two

two or three furlongs up from the sea; having in sight, on the mountains above us, a village called *Sophia*, inhabited solely by Marionites; and a little farther *Besack*, another village possessed by Turks only; and a little farther *Mera-kiah*, whose inhabitants are a miscellany of Christians and Turks together. Our whole stage this day was about six hours.

Sunday, March 7. We removed the next morning, and travelled still by the sea-side till we reached *Tortosa*. The ancient name of this place was *Orthosia*. It was a Bishop's See in the province of *Tyre*.

Its situation is on the sea-shore; having a spacious plain extending round about it on its other sides. What remains of it is the castle, which is very large and still inhabited. On one side, it is washed by the sea; on the others, it is fortified by a double wall of coarse marble, built after the rustic manner. Between the two walls is a ditch: and likewise another encompassing the outermost wall. You enter this fortress on the North-side, over an old draw-bridge, which lands you in a spacious room for the most part uncovered, but anciently well arched over, being the church belonging to the castle. On one side it resembles a church, and in witness of its being such, shews at this day, several holy emblems carved upon its wall, as that of a dove descending, over the place where stood the altar; and in another place that of the Holy Lamb. But on the side which fronts outward, it has the face of a castle, being built with port-holes for artillery, instead of windows. Round the castle on the South and East sides, stood anciently the city. It had a good wall and ditch encompassing it, of which there are still to be seen considerable remains. But for other buildings, there is now nothing left in it, except a church, which stands about a furlong eastward from the castle. It is one hundred and thirty foot in length, in breadth ninety-three, and in height sixty-one. Its walls and arches, and pillars, are of  
a bastard

a bastard marble, and all still so entire, that a small expence would suffice to recover it into the state of a beautiful Church again. But, to the grief of any Christian beholder, it is now made a stall for cattle; and we were, when we went to see it, almost up to our knees in dirt and mire.

[*To be continued.*]



### A METHOD of *saving* FROZEN LIMBS.

[By a Native of Russia.]

IN *Russia*, it is customary in severe frosty weather, instead of giving the hat on meeting, as with us, for people to stop and peep into each others faces. If nothing is amiss, they pass in silence; but if the nose, the ears, or either cheek appears frozen, notice\* is given by the stranger, by saying, "Sir, your nose, or your right ear," &c. and so passes on. Upon this the affected person applies a poultice of snow, and in a short time it recovers.

In February, 1772, I haled out of the mud three River-Turtles, and carrying them home, they remained some weeks in an open cellar; when finding them (in a very severe frost) froze as stiff and hard as ice, I determined to make a trial. They were instantly put into a pail of water, fresh drawn from a well; in a few hours the two largest were well recovered, and as lively as when I caught them.

In the winter of 1769, I had a box of four oranges froze as hard as ice. They were put into water just drawn from a well, they recovered and squeezed as well, as if they had not been froze. One of them I placed in a window; it froze quite hard a second time, and was in like manner recovered, and became as sound as ever.

\* It is to be understood that the person whose nose, &c. is frozen is insensible of its being so; there being no feeling in the frozen part.

LETTERS.



\*\*\*\*\*

# L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCLXIV.

[From Miss H. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Wycombe, May 12, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

SINCE I saw you last, I have been called to suffer the will of God in several respects. However, he has been graciously pleased to give me strength to stand my ground hitherto.

In my late sickness, my relations did not, for sometime, so much as send to know how I was. But at last, the Lord turned the hearts of my two nieces, who became more kind. When I got up again, and began to use the means of grace, Mr. W. came to see me. The morning he came, our conversation was more general than I desired. After a time, he seemed to intimate that he thought I was not what he expected to see me. I was tempted to despair while he talked with me. But I durst not complain, lest I should shew a want of patience. Since then, though I have walked more in the spirit of true religion; yet I feel the need I have of being watered every moment. And I feel as much need of using all the means of grace as ever. But I have not been able to fast so often this winter as I have done before. But I am thankful when I can use that ordinance, as I always find it a great blessing.

Upon the whole, I desire nothing but to do and suffer the will of God, and I believe I was never so well prepared to suffer as I am at present: seeing I am more saved from softness of spirit, which has formerly often hurt both my body and soul.

VOL. VIM.

E e

As

As in obedience to you I have troubled you with these lines, I hope you will favour me with your advice and prayers, and believe me to remain, Rev. Sir, your Friend and Servant,

H. B.

L E T T E R CCCLXV.

[From Miss A. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Witney, May 15, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

**T**RULY God is loving unto Israel, and no good thing doth he with-hold from them that love him. I could not desire a more suitable Saviour; or one more adequate to my wishes. O, Sir, how empty and insignificant are all earthly things, compared to what we find in God! How infipid are all terrestrial joys to a soul who tastes the love of Jesus, and feeds, from day to day, on angels' food! Adored for ever be the God of love, who died himself that we might never die! I long for a greater depth of purity, to live in all things more like my living Head. This is all I wish for. I see such a beauty in humility as I cannot express; and trust I shall partake of this lovely fruit of the Spirit more and more.

Of late, I have been more particularly led to consider the nature of that salvation which is received by faith. I have thought, suppose I am speaking to one newly justified, who feels the love of God shed abroad in his heart, and who has no desire contrary to the will of God, whether it would be expedient to exhort such a one to hold fast what he has attained; and to tell him he never need feel evil more? Is it not, Sir, because we lose some degree of the light, power and love at first given, that we again feel evil tempers? And suppose, through unwatchfulness, weakness of faith, &c. we feel something

something spring up, that troubles us, might we not come immediately to the fountain, and never expect to experience the same to spring up again?

Several of our friends have lately had these thoughts, without being suggested to them by any person. As to myself, I am quite wavering, and therefore I hope you will favour me with a few lines. In so doing you will, Rev. Sir, greatly oblige your's affectionately,

A. B.



## P O E T R Y.

*The Three* WARNINGS: *a* TALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found,  
 Least willing still to quit the ground;  
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
 That love of life increased with years  
 So much, that in our latter stages  
 When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,  
 The greatest love of life appears.  
 This great affection to believe,  
 Which all confess, but few perceive,  
 If old affections can't prevail,  
 Be pleas'd to hear a modern Tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,  
 On neighbour *Dobson's* wedding-day;  
*Death* call'd aside the jocund groom,  
 And stept into another room,  
 And looking grave,—you must, says he,  
 Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.—  
 With you! and quit my *Susan's* side!  
 With you! the hapless husband cried:

Young as I am—'tis monstrous hard—  
 Besides, in truth, I'm not preparèd;  
 My thoughts on other matters go,  
 This is my wedding night, you know.  
 What more he urgèd I have not heard,  
     His reasons could not well be stronger;  
 So *Death* at last his prisoner sparèd,  
     And left to live a little longer.  
 Yet calling up a serious look,  
 The hour-glass tremblèd while he spoke,  
 Neighbour, he said, farewell; no more  
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:  
 And further to avoid all blame  
 Of cruelty upon my name,  
 To give you time for preparation,  
 And fit you for your future station,  
*Three several warnings* you shall have  
 Before you're summonèd to the grave;  
 Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,  
     And grant a kind reprieve,  
 In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
 But when I call again this way,  
     Well-pleasèd the world will leave,  
 To these conditions both consented,  
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale besel,  
 How long he livèd, how wise, how well,  
 How roundly he pursuèd his course,  
 And smoakèd his pipe, and stroakèd his horse  
     The willing Muse shall tell.—  
 He chafferèd then, he bought, he sold,  
 Nor once perceived his growing old,  
     Nor thought of *Death* as near;

His

His friends not false, his wife no fhrew,  
 Many his gains, his children few,  
 He pass'd his hours in peace;  
 But while he view'd his wealth increafe,  
 While thus along life's dusty road,  
 The beaten track content he trod,  
 Old Time whose hafte no mortal fpare,  
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,  
     Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in mufing mood,  
     As all alone he fat,  
     Thé unwelcome melfenger of fate,  
 Once more before him flood.  
 Half killed with anger and furprife,  
 So foon return'd ! old *Dobfon* cries,  
 So foon doft call it ! *Death* replies,  
 Surely my friend you're but in jeft,  
     Since I was here before,  
 'Tis fix and thirty years at leaft,  
     And you are now fourfcore.  
 So much the worfe, the clown rejoined ;  
 To fpare the aged would be kind :  
 However, fee your fearch be legal ;  
 And your authority—is regal :  
 Elfe you are come on a fool's errand,  
 With but a fecretary's warrant.  
 Befides you promif'd me *three warnings*,  
 Which I have look'd for nights and mornings ;  
 But for the lofs of time and eafe  
 I can recover damages.  
 I know, cries *Death*, that at the beft,  
 I feldom am a welcome gueft ;  
 But don't be captious, friend, at leaft.

I little



I little thought you'd still be able  
 To stump about your farm and stable;  
 Your years have run to a great length,  
 I wish you joy of all your strength.  
 Hold, says the farmer, not so fast,  
 I have been *lame* these four years past.  
 And no great wonder, *Death* replies,  
 However you still keep your eyes;  
 And sure to see one's loves and friends,  
 For legs and arms would make amends.  
 Perhaps, says *Dobson*, so it might,  
 But I have lately lost my *sight*.  
 This is a shocking story, faith!  
 But there's some comfort still, says *Death*;  
 Each strives your sadness to remove;  
 I warrant you hear all the news.  
 There's none, cries he, and if there were,  
 I'm grown so *deaf* I could not hear.  
 Nay then, the spectre stern rejoined,  
     These are unwarrantable yearnings,  
 If you are *lame*, and *deaf*, and *blind*,  
     You've had your *three sufficient warnings*;  
 So come along, no more we'll part,—  
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart;  
 And now old *Dobson* turning pale,  
 Yields to his fate,—so ends my Tale.

---

### A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

[By Miss Steel.]

**T**O Thee, all-glorious, ever-blessed Power,  
 I consecrate this solemn midnight hour;  
 While darkness robes in shades the spangled sky,  
 And all things hush'd in peaceful slumbers lie.

That

That I may gladly praise thy sacred name,  
 My thoughts with rising gratitude inflame;  
 So shall the mercies which thy hands impart,  
 Command my tongue, and animate my heart.

Should grief assail—my bosom heave with sighs;  
 Then see my tears, and listen to my cries:  
 And let my soul by some blest foretaste know,  
 Her sure deliverance from eternal woe.

Arméd with immortal hope, no more I'll fear  
 The hour, the awful hour of Death draw near:  
 But Faith increasing, as my life decays,  
 My dying breath shall mount to heav'n in praise.

O! may my prayers before thy throne arise;  
 An humble; but accepted sacrifice!  
 Then balmy sleep my weary eye-lids close,  
 And cheer my body with a soft repose.

Their sacred wings may guardian angels spread,  
 And from all dangers screen my helpless head!  
 While from the throne of light, some gracious beams  
 Shine on my soul, and influence all my dreams.

### To SILVIA.

WHILE musing in this solitary hour,  
 My Silvia rises fair to fancy's eye:  
 Soft, soothing, melancholy, pensive power!  
 Awakes for her the anxious, tender sigh.

Ah! how, when entering on a world of snares,  
 Shall innocence preserve the artless maid?  
 Ah! who shall guide, through life's bewild'ring cares,  
 Her steps in safety to some hallow'd shade?

Parental

Paternal love, with ever-watchful eye,  
Shall guard from cares, if near her cares should press;  
Shall kindly warn of every danger nigh,  
And point the path of safety, joy and peace.

Friendship, for Silvia, shall collect her powers,  
And o'er the scene diffuse a lucid ray;  
Around her path shall strew the sweetest flowers,  
And bid the muse attune her softest lay.

Delusive hope! what dangers rise unseen!  
What unsuspected sorrows wait around!  
And can a friend or parent step between,  
When the winged arrow may so quickly wound?

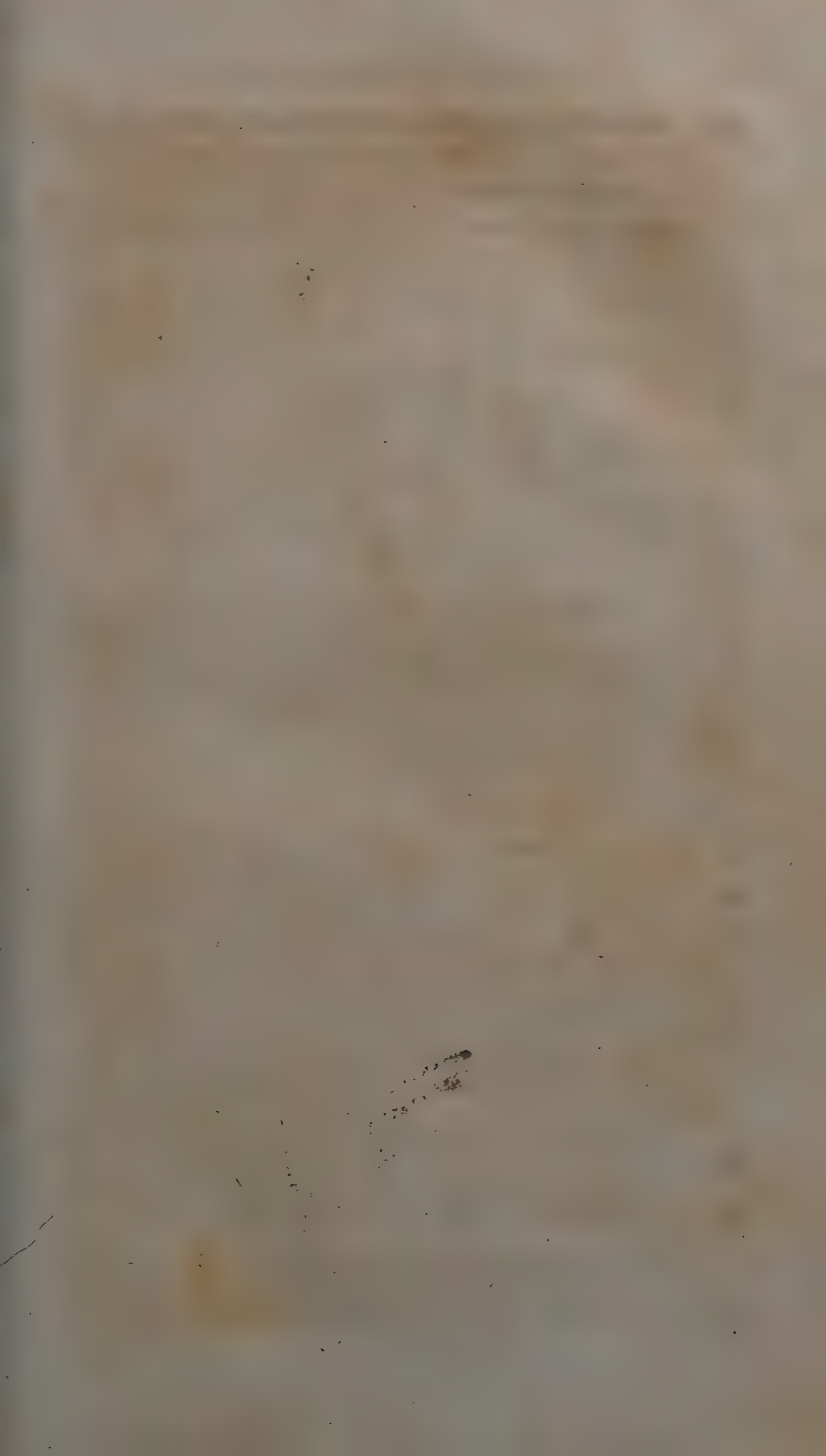
Alas! not friendship's tenderest, kindest art  
Can guild affliction's heart-oppressing gloom:  
Nor can paternal love repel the dart,  
If Death stands threatening o'er the gaping tomb.

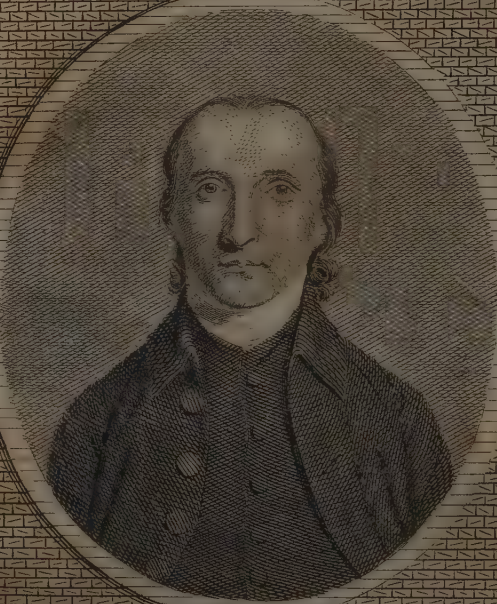
O for a friend whose life-inspiring smile  
Can brighten dark affliction's darkest hours;  
Ease every pain, and soften every toil,  
And spread new life through nature's fainting powers.

O for a friend whose all-sustaining arm  
Can make the heart serenely view the tomb;  
Can Death of all his dread array disarm,  
And place a smiling angel in his room!

See, lovely Silvia, see that friend appears!  
And hark! he calls you to his guardian arms!  
Jesus, that friend indeed! for ever near,  
When grief approaches, or when death alarms.

O hear his voice! for heaven attends the sound,  
To him alone devote your blooming days:  
So shall your life with happiness be crown'd;  
So shall you join with angels in his praise.





MR. HENRY MOORE.  
*Ætatis 32.*

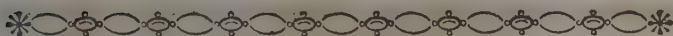




T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For M A Y 1785.



An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY'S *Discourses on the*  
FIVE POINTS.

[Continued from page 179.]

C H A P. II.

*Arguments against the Absolute Decree of Reprobation.*

**I** Come now to shew that this doctrine is contrary both to the nature and the will of God.

To the perfections of his nature ; for,

1. 1st. God doth imutably, from the perfection of his nature, require that we should love, fear, and obey him. Again, his moral and imitable perfections, viz. his holiness, justice, truth, goodness, and mercy, being essential perfections flowing from his nature, must be the rule of the exercise of his will and power ; and as God cannot but be the proper object of our love, fear, and obedience, even so he cannot but be desirous that all men should resemble him as much as they are able, and therefore hath required his people to be

*holy, because the Lord their God is holy; to be merciful as their heavenly Father is merciful; to be kind to the unthankful and the wicked, that they may be his children; to be righteous as He is righteous: and to put on the new man which is created after God in righteousness and true holiness.* He cannot then have ordained that they should be otherwise for want of any thing on his part requisite to make them so: much less can he command them under the penalty of his displeasure so to be, and yet leave them under an incapacity of being so.

And does He think worthily of God, who knowing that all the lapsed sons of Adam were equally the objects of his commiseration, equally capable of his mercy, yet thinks he hath placed the far greatest part of them under an absolute decree of Reprobation, and then invites, and entreats them to be reconciled; and then eternally torments them for neglecting that salvation, though he knows they never can do otherwise without that grace which he hath absolutely purposed for ever to withhold from them! Surely he thinks more worthily of the God of Love, who looks upon him as an universal Lover of souls, who *would have all men to be saved*, and draws them to him by the most alluring promises, and the stirrings of his Spirit; swears to them that *he would not they should perish*; warns them of, and conjures them to avoid the things which tend to their eternal ruin; directs them to the means by which they may most certainly escape it: rejoiceth more at the conversion of one sinner, than at the righteousness of ninety-nine persons who need no repentance; and when all the methods of his grace are lost upon them, breaks forth into compassionate and melting wishes, that they had *known the things which belong to their eternal peace*. Again, Consider, whether he conceives more honourably of God who thinks he chuses his favourites without reason, and rewards them without any qualifications, but those he irresistibly works in them; or he who looks upon him as one that dealeth with all men, according as they improve the talents

talents he hath given them, or hide them in a napkin? Whether, Lastly, he represents God honourably, who believes that, by his revealed will, he hath declared he *would have all men to be saved*, and yet by an antecedent secret will would have the greatest part of them to perish; that he hath imposed a law upon them which he requires them to obey on penalty of his eternal displeasure, though he knows they cannot do it without his irresistible grace; and yet is absolutely resolved to with-hold this grace from them, and then to punish them eternally for what they could not do without it: or he who believes him to deal plainly with his creatures, and means what he says; and therefore not to seem desirous they should do, or avoid what he knows they never could do or avoid, and then complains that they have not done it, and enquires what was wanting on his part to enable them to do it?

2. 2dly. This will be further evident from those scriptures which declare God is *long-suffering to us ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance*; and that he sent his Prophets to prevent their ruin, *because he had compassion on them*. That he commands his Prophets, on peril of contracting the guilt of their blood, to warn his people that without repentance they must die, and to let them know, that as sure as he lives, *he would not the death of him that dies, but would rather have him turn and live*; and that therefore they could have no reason to say his ways were *not equal*, or that they suffered for their father's sins. For,

1st. Doth it become the wisdom of God to appoint those means for the effecting what he would have done, which he knows to be no means, because no ways sufficient to produce the assigned end; and to with-hold, yea, to decree to with-hold that which alone could make them so?

2dly. Doth it become the sincerity and wisdom of God to declare he did these things out of *compassion to his people*, till they so far despised his messengers, and rejected their warnings,

that there was no further remedy for them, when he himself beheld them in their *Eutopian massa perditâ*, without the least compassion, never designing them any remedy? Or could he hope to manifest the equity of his ways by saying *all souls are mine*, if he was not only like the Ostrich to the greatest part of them, *hardening himself against his own offspring*, made after his own image, *as if they were not his*, but even making the most of them, under that previous act of preterition, which renders their damnation unavoidable? Is he so concerned to justify the equity of his proceedings by declaring that *the son shall not die a temporal death, for the iniquity of his father, but the soul that personally sinneth he shall die*; when this more obvious exception lay against the equity of his proceedings with the sons of men, that most of the sons of Adam lay under death eternal by his peremptory decree? Does it become his sincerity to seem so earnest in his calls to them to repent, and to enquire with so much seeming concern, *Why will you die*, and to strengthen the invitation with an oath and solemn declaration, *I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth; therefore turn yourselves and live ye*; and an enquiry, *am I not much delighted in that the sinner turneth from his evil ways, and liveth*, when he himself hath passed that act of preterition on them, which renders it impossible for them to repent, and live?

To say that God is sincere, and in good earnest in these declarations and enquiries, only because the thing commanded (though it be impossible to be done by them) would be grateful to him if it were done, is most apparently to put a force upon the text, to delude men with vain words, and to make the great and good God speak so to his people in the concerns of their salvation as a wise, and honest man would be ashamed to speak to his neighbour.

And 1<sup>st</sup>. it puts a manifest force upon the text: for in what propriety of speech can he be said to be more desirous that lapsed sinners should return from the evil of their ways  
and

and live, than that they should continue in their sins and die, who seeing them under an absolute necessity of dying without grace necessary to avoid it, leaves them under that sad necessity! and who seeing them under an equal incapacity of living without the same grace, decrees that they shall never have it, and therefore in effect saith, they shall die and not live. Surely when that which they say would be grateful to God is by him left under a known impossibility of being done, he cannot properly be said to will it at all, because *voluntas non est impossibilium, a true will only respects things possible*: much less can he be said to will it, rather than that death, which by his own decree, i. e. his will, and rule of acting, he hath made impossible to be avoided.

Again; Doth he not delude men with vain words, who teaching that a God of truth, sincerity, and of great goodness, doth with much seeming compassion, enquire of persons absolutely doomed to death by his own prescription, *Why will you die?* and saith unto them with a passionate concern, *turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, why will you die? repent, and be converted from all your transgressions, so iniquity shall not be your ruin*, when he himself had from eternity appointed them to ruin, and purposed to with-hold from them that grace without which it was impossible they should repent or be converted, and that he calls upon them to *cast away from them all their transgressions whereby they have transgressed, and make themselves a new heart, and a new spirit, for I have no pleasure in their death*, when he himself only propounds the way of life unto them upon impossible conditions?

Did ever any honest man thus attempt to engage another to that which he beforehand knew was impossible, without that help he had determined to deny him? or enquire why he would do what he well knew he never could avoid? Did ever any wise Physician, or Surgeon say to the blind, the deaf and lame, I am not willing you should still continue under these distempers; put away your blindness, deafness  
and



and lameness, and it shall be well with you, when they knew it was impossible to do it without their art, and that they were resolved it should afford them no assistance? If then the case is the same, in reference to all to whom God hath decreed not to afford sufficient grace, or to obtain a new heart and spirit, and more especially to them, *whom he hath ordained to die eternally*. Who can imagine a God of wisdom, and sincerity, should so deal with the generality of lapsed men, as no good, wise, honest, or true hearted man could have the face to deal with one like himself?

[*To be continued.*]



## S E R M O N XXVII.

### On HEBREWS xiii. 17.

*Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch over your souls, as they that shall give account, that they may do this with joy, and not with grief; for that is unprofitable for you.*

1. **E**XCEEDING few, not only among Nominal Christians, but among truly religious men, have any clear conception of that important doctrine, which is here delivered by the Apostle. Very many scarce think of it, and hardly know that there is any such direction in the Bible. And the greater part of those who know it is there, and imagine they follow it, do not understand it, but lean too much either to the right hand or the left, to one extreme or the other. It is well known to what an extravagant height the Romanists in general carry this direction. Many of them believe an implicit Faith is due to the doctrines delivered by those that rule over them, and that implicit Obedience ought to be paid,

paid, to whatever commands they give: and not much less has been insisted on, by several eminent men of the Church of *England*. Although it is true that the generality of Protestants are apt to run to the other extreme: allowing their Pastors no authority at all, but making them both the creatures and the servants of their congregations. And very many there are of our own Church who agree with them herein: supposing the Pastors to be altogether dependent upon the people: who in their judgment have a right to direct, as well as to chuse their Ministers.

2. But is it not possible, to find a medium between these two extremes? Is there any necessity for us to run, either into one or into the other? If we set Human Laws out of the question, and simply attend to the oracles of God, we may certainly discover a middle path, in this important matter. In order thereto, let us carefully examine the words of the Apostle above recited. Let us consider,

I. Who are the persons mentioned in the text, *they that rule over us*?

Secondly, Who are they whom the Apostle directs, to *obey and submit themselves* to them?

Thirdly, What is the meaning of this direction? In what sense are they to *obey and submit themselves*? I shall then endeavour to make a suitable application of the whole.

I. 1. Consider we, first, Who are the persons mentioned in the text, *they that have the rule over you*? I do not conceive that the words of the Apostle are properly translated; because this translation makes the sentence little better than tautology. If they *rule over you*, you are certainly ruled by them: so that according to this translation, you are only enjoined to do what you do already: to obey those whom you do obey. Now there is another meaning of the Greek word, which seems abundantly more proper: it means to *guide*,

*guide*, as well as to rule. And thus, it seems, it should be taken here. The direction then, when applied to our spiritual Guides, is plain and pertinent.

2. This interpretation seems to be confirmed by the seventh verse; which fixes the meaning of this. "*Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God.*" The Apostle here shews, by the latter clause of the sentence, whom he meant in the former. Those that *were over them* were the same persons *who spoke unto them the word of God*: that is, they were their Pastors; those who guided and fed this part of the flock of Christ.

3. But by whom are these Guides to be appointed? And what are they supposed to do, in order to be intitled to the obedience which is here prescribed?

Volumes upon volumes have been wrote on that knotty question, "By whom are Guides of souls to be appointed?" I do not intend here, to enter at all, into the dispute concerning Church-Government? Neither to debate, whether it be advantageous or prejudicial to the interest of true Religion, that the Church and the State should be blended together, as they have been ever since the time of *Constantine*, in every part of the Roman Empire, where Christianity has been received. Waving all these points, (which may find employment enough for men that abound in leisure) by them that guide you I mean; them that do it, if not by your Choice; at least by your Consent: them that you willingly accept of to be your Guides, in the way to heaven.

4. But what are they supposed to do, in order to entitle them to the obedience here prescribed?

They are supposed to go before the flock, (as is the manner of the Eastern Shepherds to this day) and to guide them in all the ways of truth and holiness: they are to *nourish them with the words of eternal life*, to feed them with the *pure milk of the word*: applying it continually *for doctrine*, teaching them all the essential doctrines contained therein: *for reproof,*  
warning

warning them if they turn aside from the way to the right-hand or to the left : *for correction*, shewing them how to amend what is amiss, and guiding them back into the way of peace : and *for instruction in righteousness*, training them up in inward and outward holiness, *until they come to a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.*

5. They are supposed to *watch over your souls, as those that shall give account.* *As those that give account!* How unspeakably solemn, and awful are these words! May God write them upon the heart of every Guide of souls!

*They watch, waking* while others sleep, over the flock of Christ; over the souls that he has bought with a price, that he has purchased with his own blood. They have them in their hearts both by day and by night; regarding neither sleep nor food in comparison of them. Even while they sleep, their heart is waking, full of concern for their beloved children. *They watch* with deep earnestness, with uninterrupted seriousness, with unwearied care, patience and diligence, as they that are about to give an account of every particular soul, to him that standeth at the door, to the Judge of quick and dead.

II. 1. We are, Secondly to consider, Who those are whom the Apostle directs to obey them that have the rule over them? And in order to determine this, with certainty and clearness, we shall not appeal to Human Institutions, but simply, (as in answering the preceding question) appeal to that decision of it, which we find in the oracles of God. Indeed we have hardly occasion to go one step farther than the text itself. Only it may be proper, first to remove out of the way some popular opinions, which have been almost every where taken for granted, but can in no-wise be proved.

2. It is usually supposed, first, That the Apostle is here directing *Parishioners* to obey and submit themselves to the *Minister* of their Parish. But can any one bring the least shadow of proof for this from the Holy Scripture! Where is it written, that we are bound to obey any Minister, because we live in what is called his Parish? “Yes, you say, we are bound to *obey every ordinance of man for the Lord’s sake.*” True, in all things indifferent; but this is not so: it is exceeding far from it. It is far from being a thing indifferent to *me*, Who is the Guide of *my* soul. I dare not receive one as my guide to heaven, that is himself in the high road to hell. I dare not take a wolf for my shepherd, that has not so much as sheep’s clothing; that is a common swearer, an open drunkard, a notorious sabbath-breaker. And such (the more is the shame, and the more the pity) are many Parochial Ministers at this day.

3. “But are you not properly members of that Congregation, to which your parents belong?” I do not apprehend that I am: I know no scripture that obliges me to this. I owe all deference to the commands of my parents, and willingly obey them in all things lawful. But it is not lawful to *call them Rabbi*, that is, to believe or obey them implicitly. Every one must give an account of himself to God. Therefore every man must judge for himself: especially in a point of so deep importance as this is, the choice of a Guide for his soul.

4. But we may bring this matter to a short issue, by recurring to the very words of the text. They that have voluntarily connected themselves with such a Pastor, as answers the description given therein. Such as do in fact watch over their souls, as they that shall give account: such as do nourish them up with the words of eternal life; such as feed them with the pure milk of the word, and constantly apply it to them for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and  
for



for instruction in righteousness: all who have found and chosen Guides of this character, of this spirit and behaviour, are undoubtedly required by the Apostle, to *obey and submit themselves* to them.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

\*\*\*\*\*

*A Short Account of the* EXPERIENCE *of the Rev. JAMES*  
CREIGHTON, B. A.

[Written by Himself.]

THE following Account was written about a year ago, when I was in a bad state of health; and was intended only for the use of my own family, when it should please God to remove me from them. But I had no intention that it should be made public: because I know, however interesting many little circumstances of our lives may be to those who are nearly connected with us; yet they prove insipid to others, unless they are attended with something remarkable. But, it being observed by a judicious person, that we ought publicly to acknowledge the loving kindness of the Lord, even in *little* circumstances, I have consented that the following short account should be made public.

I was born at a place called *Moyne-Hall*, near *Cavan*, the chief town of the county of that name, in *Ireland*, in the year 1739. My ancestors, both by my father's and mother's side, were of Scotch descent, and settled in *Ireland*, I believe, in the latter end of the last, or the beginning of the present century. They were Dissenters from the Church of England; but my father having seldom an opportunity of going to the Dissenting Meeting (as there was none near him) generally attended the Church with his family.

My mother endeavoured early to impress my mind with the principles of the Christian religion, and urged me much

to the reading of the scriptures. Pity but all parents would *train up their children in the way they should go*; and particularly make them acquainted with the oracles of God: for though they often turn aside from them; yet the scripture-truths, which have been warmly urged upon the mind, will generally recur sooner or later, especially in the hour of sickness or affliction; and may be a means of bringing them acquainted with their own hearts, and with Jesus Christ and him crucified.

While very young I was sent to School, where I excelled most in such things as were taught there. When I was pretty well fitted for business, and was about to quit the English school, a Clergyman, who was Master of a Grammar-School in *Cavan*, hearing a favourable account of me from my old School-Master, requested my father, that I might be sent to him, in order to be taught the languages. My father having consented, I went to him, where I made a considerable progress. In a year after my going to this school I was put to learn Greek; and in four years and an half, from my entering it, I was admitted into Trinity College, *Dublin*. Here I did not make any extraordinary progress, though I was far from being idle; and having naturally a bad utterance, I could not express myself so readily or clearly as others, though I understood things as well as they did. Indeed I thought sometimes I was not fairly dealt with, in respect to Premiums which are given in that College. However I got through my under-graduate-course with decency, and at Shrove-Tide Commencement, in the year 1764, was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

After leaving the College, I was an Assistant, for two years, at the school where I had been bred. I was much inclined to have remained in a private station, conscious that I was not calculated to appear in public. Yet during my stay in the College, and also for near a year after I left it, I often  
reasoned

reasoned concerning entering into Orders, and could not reconcile myself to it. The chief difficulty lay here; I was conscious that I was unqualified for so important a work; neither was I clearly satisfied that I was *called of God*. I often prayed earnestly that God would give me light, or some token whether it was his will or not. But I received nothing that I could look upon as an answer till a little before I went into Orders. In the beginning of October, in the year 1764, the Gentleman in whose school I assisted, came and informed me that the Bishop was shortly to hold an Ordination, and that I must go to him in a few days to be examined for Orders. This news threw me into great distress of mind; and I told him I could not think of it, as I had told him before, that I looked upon myself as scarcely fit for any business in life.

I then applied myself to fervent prayer; in consequence of which, being a little more satisfied, I was on the 28th of October admitted to the Order of *Deacon*, and to that of *Priesthood* on the same day of October in the following year, in the Cathedral Church of *Kilmore*, by the then Bishop of that See.

But though admitted into this sacred office, yet was I totally unfit to teach *others* the way of salvation; not having learned, what should be the first lesson with every man, but especially every Preacher, viz. to *know myself*. I often formed good resolutions, especially on my taking Priest's Orders: but alas! I kept them not. And no wonder, for I was still a *natural man*, and consequently could not discern spiritual things. I had not power to keep that law which I delivered to others. I found by experience the truth of what *St. Paul* said, when personating a natural man, *The good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do*. I had, it is true, been by preventing grace kept from many outward evils, to which youth is generally prone; so that when in the College, I was looked upon as somewhat singular. I generally

generally attended the public means of grace in the College, and sometimes prayed earnestly in secret. I struggled frequently against sin, especially those which most easily beset me; but this was commonly of short duration. As I advanced in years, and got acquainted with the world, I conformed more and more to it, than in my youth; being of too easy a temper I was often persuaded to do things contrary to my conscience; particularly to drink more than I could well bear, (though I was seldom what the world calls drunk,) and to partake of foolish amusements.

From my earliest days, as God had been frequently convincing me of the sinfulness of my heart and life, I was fond of reading, and of singing the penitential Psalms; and was often constrained to shed tears when repeating them in private. After many efforts, I almost fell into despair of ever gaining the victory; and indeed the last spark of preventing grace seemed to be almost extinguished, when God, who is rich in mercy, and willing that *all should come to the knowledge of his truth*, was pleased, in the latter end of the year 1776, fully to open my eyes.

[*To be continued.*]

---

*A short Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.*

Written by Mr. J. Rogers.

[*Continued from page 194.*]

SHE then began to offer up fervent prayer to God to support her in her latest hour, and to give her patience and resignation; and arm her with the same mind that was in her suffering Lord: to bless the dear children, and to comfort *me* in the awful moment when she should be called hence, saying, "I have often thought of this, and always feared if the Lord should take me from you, you would not  
be

be able to bear it. But I now believe he will support you: you must look to him. I shall leave you; but Jesus will not. No, no! You know, you have been closely tried since you came to *Marchesfield*; but you can say, Hitherto hath the Lord helped me. And he is the same to help you still! Trust in him and fear not! I am sure the Lord hath rewarded you for all; you have lost nothing by suffering in his cause; but have gained much more experience by those things. How clearly is that word fulfilled, All things shall work together for good to them that love God."

When at any time things of a trying nature had happened among the people, while others would have been repeating grievances, her method was, to retire instantly to secret prayer; where she generally left her burden with the Lord. She was no tattler, no busy body; but a keeper at home. She carefully refrained from speaking evil of any one; but when any used her unkindly, she would bear it in silence and recommend them to God in prayer.

January 23, *George Pearson* called to enquire after her, and by her desire we asked him up stairs. When he was come, she gave him her hand, and said, "Well George, I am glad to see you; I love to see the Lord's children, and I believe you are one. You have known the ways of God a long time George. The Lord has done much for you: yes he *has* blessed you, and he *will* bless you still. He is a good and faithful God. I have ever proved him so, and especially in this time of need. He does greatly bless me and comfort me, and will save me to the end! I believe you have had many trials since you first set out in the ways of God. You now grow near the end of your journey. You will not forsake the Lord now, and I am sure he will not forsake you. No, no. The Lord never forsakes his people. You see he does not forsake me, unworthy as I am."

The next day she was much composed and given to slumber. She had no pain, except when her cough came on.  
She



She looked at me wishfully for sometime, and then said, "Pray with me; and ask the Lord (if it be his pleasure) to take me, I long to be gone!" I replied, My dear, I cannot ask the Lord to do that; I wish you to stay longer: she answered, "Why, my dear, cannot you yet give me up? *You must; you must be resigned*, my dear: it is the Lord's doing, and you know you have often said whatever he does *is well-done!*"

Having called the servant to her, she said, "*Phæbe*, be sure to be a good girl. Serve the Lord. Give him your heart. Religion is the best thing *Phæbe*: nothing else will do. Be truly religious, and you will be fit to live or fit to die! O, it is a blessed thing to be devoted to God in our youth! Do not forget what I say. I am dying! you may live many years; or you may follow me soon! we cannot tell. The Lord knoweth! O think on these things, and you will see me again in heaven."

Miss R. having assisted her in what she wanted, she looked her in the face, and said, with a peculiar emphasis, "God bless you my dear, and reward you for all your kindness to me! He will reward you; I believe he will." Miss R. answered, To be of the least use to you, is to me a sufficient reward: I can truly say I am blessed in being with you. I only wish to be like you when I come to be in like circumstances. She answered, "O, my dear, you will make a glorious end, whenever you go! But I hope the Lord will spare you many years. Your work is not done! You will do much more good before you follow me."

A friend from *Buxton*, coming to see her, said, You are much altered since I saw you last. On which she said, "Yes, I am very weak; but my Lord is very precious to me, and deals very tenderly with me indeed." She then enquired after his family, praying God to bless both him and them.

The day after, being asked how she felt herself, she replied, "Very comfortable. I feel the Lord is good to me: and notwithstanding all my unworthiness, I believe he will accept me; nay, he *does* accept me; I know that Jesus is mine and I am his! I am indebted to his merit for all! I am saved through Christ alone! I leave all my concerns with Him; and am sure he will keep what I have committed to his care. My husband, my children, my friends, my all, I leave with Jesus! I fully believe He will preserve them all! and we shall meet above."

January 26, she was very weak, but quite resigned and much comforted. Being almost spent with coughing, when she had recovered a little, we heard her speak to herself thus, "Well, but I know my reward is with the Lord, and my God will be my help. Glory be to his dear Name! I feel he *doth* help me!" She then lay silently breathing prayer and praise; and often saying, Come! Come! Come Lord, Jesus! Do come, blessed Saviour! Come! Come away! I long to be with thee! I shall be with thee very soon." &c.

[*To be continued.*]

\*\*\*\*\*

*A short Account of ANN ROYLANDS.*

ANN ROYLANDS was born January 8, 1766. She lost her mother when she was about ten years old. This was the occasion of many serious reflections, young as she then was. It seemed to lay the foundation of what often appeared in her life and conversation afterward. She frequently shewed much tenderness of spirit in family prayer, and also when spoke to on account of her soul.

Thus she went on, till about the middle of April, 1784, when she was seized with an illness which ended in Death. Her disorder was a Consumption, and it made swift advances to hasten her end. Her father sent her to the country, to see

what a change of air would do; but she was uneasy till she returned to *London*.

As her illness increased, so did her trouble of mind. In this situation I found her on the 7th of May. I conversed sometime with her, and concluded the conversation with prayer. When I arose from my knees, I had a strong conviction that God would soon visit her soul. I encouraged her to come to Jesus, just as she was; and to cast her burdened soul on the Lamb of God, I told her father and mother-in-law, not to fear; for ere long she would see the salvation of God. In this confidence I left her, and from this time she called upon the Lord night and day.

On Monday the 10th of May, a Christian friend called on her, and conversed with, and prayed for her. After prayer, she cried out, "It is done! It is done!" The friend that was with her said, What is done? She replied, as well as she could for tears, "The Lord has pardoned all my sins!" Just at that instant her father (who had been at a prayer-meeting) came in, and to his unspeakable joy, found her overwhelmed with tears of love, and praising God. "Now, said she, I shall go to heaven! Now I am not afraid to die! O, I have been a wicked sinner; but God has pardoned all my sins! Now I shall go to see my mother, brothers, and sisters in glory!"

All the ensuing week, she enjoyed a constant sense of the peace and love of God. In this spirit I found her when I called to see her. She calmly told me what the Lord had done for her soul. She was much delighted with the hymns; but particularly with the funeral hymns. Her disorder now increased very fast, and at seasons, Satan was permitted to try her faith. About a week after she found peace with God, she thought she saw the devil coming towards her, with a fierce countenance; and looked as if he would have torne her in pieces. But she lifted up her heart to the Lord, and found him near to save. She then cried out, "Thou dog  
of

of hell, thou canst not stand prayer!" Immediately her soul was so filled with the love of God, that she could scarce contain herself. She longed to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. But in the midst of her earnest desires to be gone, she would frequently say! "Thy will be done! Thy will be done!"

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ELIZABETH HENSON'S *Account of the Death of her Mother.*

**M**Y dear mother was released from the body on the 26th instant, about nine o'clock in the evening.

The last five days she lived, she said, "The enemy is constrained to withdraw; for the Lord knows my weakness, and does not suffer me to be tempted." She had a great desire to see Mr. *Wesley*; but when he came, she could speak but little to him. However his words and prayers were a great comfort to her. One day when I thought she was dying, I asked her if she had any doubt of her acceptance with God? On which she answered, "No. I feel no doubt. Christ is precious to me." Afterwards she said, "Perfect love casteth out all fear that hath torment. I have nothing to do now but to fear offending my good and gracious God. He is the good Shepherd, and careth for his sheep. What a good Shepherd have I? But O, how little have I laboured for him! But the precious blood of Christ is all my dependance now. O, what a Saviour is he! why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? Trust in God, for I shall yet praise him."

Some friends coming to see her; she told them she had no doubt. She then said to me, "O, my dear child! I long to be with him whom my soul loveth." The rest of the day she was frequently heard to say, "O, precious Christ! O, blessed Jesus! O, what a Saviour have I!" Her last words were, "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Whittlebury, Nov. 30, 1784.

E. HENSON.

*An Account of the DRUMMER of Tedworth.*

[Concluded from page 206.]

ABOUT this time (says my author) I went on purpose to enquire the truth of those passages, of which there was so loud a report. The drumming had ceased before I came hither ; but most of the more remarkable circumstances before related, were confirmed to me there, by several who had been present.

At this time the children were used to be haunted as soon as they were laid. They went to bed that night I was there, about eight o'clock ; when a maid-servant coming down, told us it was come. The neighbours and two ministers that were there, who had seen and heard divers times, went away ; but Mr. *Mompesson* and I, and a gentleman that came with me, went up stairs. I heard a scratching which was very strange. I perceived it was just behind the bolster of the children's bed. It was as loud a scratching as one with long nails could make upon a bolster. There were two little girls in bed, between seven and eleven years of age. I saw their hands without, so that they could not contribute to the noise. As they had been used to it, they seemed not to be much affrighted. Standing at the bed's head, I thrust my hand behind the bolster ; whereupon the noise ceased there, and was heard in another part of the bed : but when I had taken out my hand, it returned, and was heard in the same place as before. I had been told, it would imitate noises ; so I made trial, by scratching several times upon the sheets, as five, seven, and ten, which it followed, and still stopped at any number. I searched under and behind the bed, turned up the clothes to the bed-cords, grasped the bolster, founded the wall behind, and made all search that I possibly could, to find



find if there was any trick, and so did my friend; but we could discover nothing. I was therefore verily persuaded (and am so still) that the noise was made by some spirit.

After we had searched about half an hour or more, it went into the middle of the bed, and there seemed to pant very loud like a dog out of breath. I put my hand upon the place, and felt the bed bearing up against it. I grasped the feathers to feel if any living thing was in them. I looked under, and every where about, to see if there was any dog or cat, or any other creature in the room; and so we all did, but found nothing. The motion it caused by this panting was so strong, that it shook the room and windows very sensibly; it continued thus more than half an hour, while my friend and I staid in the room, and as long after, we were told. During the panting, I chanced to see something (which I thought was a rat or a mouse) moving in a linen-bag, that hung against another bed in the room. I slept and caught it by the upper end with one hand, with which I held it, and drew it quite through the other, but found nothing at all in it; there was nobody near to shake the bag, or if there had, no one could have made such a motion, which seemed as if some living creature had moved in it. My friend and I lay in the chamber where the first and chief disturbance had been. We slept well all night, but early in the morning I was awakened by a great knocking without our chamber door. I asked, Who was there? But the knocking still continued, without answer. At last, I said, "In the name of God, who is it? and what would you have?" To which a voice answered, "Nothing with you." We, thinking it had been some servant of the house, went to sleep again: but speaking of it to Mr. *Mompesson* when we came down, he assured us that no one of the house lay that way, or had business thereabout; and that his servants were not up till he called them, which was after it was day.

There

There came one morning a light into the children's chamber, and a voice crying, A witch, a witch, for at least a hundred times together. Mr. *Mompesson* one day seeing some wood move as of itself, discharged a pistol into it, after which they found drops of blood upon the hearth, and in divers places on the stairs. For two or three nights there was a calm in the house; but then it came again, to a little child, newly taken from the nurse, which it would not let rest for two nights together: nor suffer a candle in the room; but carry them away lighted up through the chimney, or cast them under the bed. It so frightened this child, by leaping upon it, that, for some hours, it could not be recovered out of the fright: so that they were forced again to put the children out of the house.

The next night, something about midnight came up the stairs, and knocked at Mr. *Mompesson's* door; but he lying still, it went to his man's chamber, to whom it appeared standing at his bed's feet: the exact shape and proportion he could not discover; but he said, "He saw a great body, with two red, glaring eyes, which it fixed upon him, and at length disappeared." Another night, several gentlemen being present, it purred in the children's bed like a cat; at which time the clothes and children were so lifted up from the bed, that six men could not keep them down. Hereupon they removed the children, intending to have ripped the bed, but they were no sooner laid in another, but the second bed was more troubled than the first. It continued thus four hours, and beat the children's legs against the bed-posts, that they were forced to rise, and sit up all night. After this, it would empty chamber-pots into their beds, and threw them with the ashes from the hearth, though they were ever so carefully watched.

About the beginning of April 1663, a gentleman that lay in the house, had all his money turned black in his pocket. And Mr. *Mompesson* coming one morning into his stable, found

found his horse lying on the ground, having one of his hinder legs in his mouth.

After this, there were other remarkable things; but my account goes no further. Only Mr. *Mompesson* wrote me word, "That afterwards the house was several times beset with seven or eight, in the shape of men; who, as soon as a gun was discharged, would shuffle away together into an arbour."

The drummer was tried at the assizes at *Salisbury*. He was committed first to *Glocester* goal for stealing; when a *Wiltshire* man coming to see him, he asked, What news in *Wiltshire*? The man answered, "He knew of none." No, said the drummer, Do you not hear of the drumming at a gentleman's house at *Tedworth*? "I do enough of that," said the other, Aye, said the drummer, I have plagued him, and he shall never be quiet, till he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my drum. Upon information of this, the drummer was tried at *Sarum*; and all the main circumstances I have related, were sworn to at the assizes, by the Minister of the parish, and divers others of the most intelligent inhabitants, who had been eye and ear witnesses of them, for several years together.

The drummer was condemned for transportation, and accordingly sent away; but I know not how (it is said, by raising storms, and affrighting the seamen) he made a shift to get back again. And it is observable, that during the time of his restraint and absence, the house was quiet; but as soon as he came back the disturbance returned.

He had been a soldier under Cromwell, and used to talk of gallant books, which he had of an odd fellow, who was counted a wizard.—So far the Author's account.

N. B. A grandson of Mr. *Mompesson's* was cotemporary with my eldest brother, at Christ-Church in *Oxford*; who  
asked

asked him, Whether it was true, that his grandfather had denied the truth of this relation? He said, "My grandfather never denied it. But the company which flocked to the house was so troublesome and expensive, that when a report was spread of its being a cheat, he was glad of it, and never contradicted it."

J. W.



*An Extract from a SERMON, on GOD is LOVE.*

[Continued from page 210.]

2. "MANY are excited to the pursuit of everlasting happiness, and deterred from the ways of destruction, by means of the threatenings of the divine law; even those unhappy creatures on whom they are finally executed, were once in a capacity of receiving immortal advantage from them; but defeated their good influence by their own wilful obstinacy: and the righteous execution of these threatenings upon the incorrigible, often promote the common good of the universe."

"Many are excited to the pursuit of everlasting happiness, and deterred from the ways of destruction, by means of the threatenings of the divine law." I appeal to experience and observation, whether the terrors of the Lord are not the very first things that give a check to sinners in their headlong career to ruin? It is "the law that worketh wrath;" that is, an alarming apprehension of the wrath of God against sin, that constrains them to use the means of deliverance. Thus even the terrors of the law are made subservient to divine love, in "turning sinners from the error of their way, and saving souls from death." And could we consult the glorious assembly of "the spirits of just men made perfect," they would all own that if their heavenly Father had not threatened them

them so severely they would always have continued undutiful, and consequently miserable; and that they were saved from hell by being honestly warned of the danger of falling into it. It is true, there are multitudes who do not receive this advantage by the personal sanctions of the divine law; but are made miserable for ever by the execution of them: yet it may be added,

“That even those unhappy creatures on whom they are executed, were once in a capacity of receiving infinite advantage from them; but defeated their good influence by their own wilful obstinacy.” The threatenings of the divine law had the same tendency in their own nature with respect to them, to deter them from disobedience, and urge their pursuit of happiness, as with respect to others; and these were some of the means God appointed for their salvation. But they hardened themselves against them, and thus defeated their tendency; and obstinately ruined themselves in defiance of warning. They forced a passage into the infernal pit through the strongest inclosures. But if they had not been thus warned, they not only would not have been saved in the event, but they would not have enjoyed the means of salvation. Now their enjoying these means was in itself an inexpressible blessing, though in the issue it only aggravates their misery; and consequently the enacting those penalties to the divine law, was really an act of kindness even to them.

The primary and direct end of a penalty is not the punishment of the subjects; but to restrain them from things injurious to themselves and others, and urge them to pursue their own interest. But when this good end is not answered, by reason of their wilful disobedience, then, and not till then, the execution is necessary for the good of others; which leads me to add,

“That the righteous execution of the threatened penalty upon the incorrigible, may promote the common good of the universe.” This world of ours is a public theatre, surrounded



with numerous spectators. Angels in particular are witnesses of the proceedings of providence towards mankind, and thence learn the perfections of God, and the maxims of his government. Hell is also a region dreadfully conspicuous to them, and there is no doubt, the offended Judge intends "to shew his wrath, and make his power known" to them all, as well as to mankind. Now they are held in obedience by rational motives; and not by any mechanical compulsion. And among other motives no doubt this is one of no small weight, their observing the destructive consequences of sin upon men and angels. It is not at all inconvenient with their dignity and purity, to suppose them swayed by this motive, in connection with others of a more generous nature. Therefore the confirmation of the elect angels in holiness and happiness, is no doubt not a little secured by the execution of righteous punishment upon some hardened malefactors, both of their own order, and of the human race. The same thing may be said of "the spirits of just men made perfect:" they are happily incapable of sinning; but their incapacity arises from the clear conviction of their understanding. And while sin appears to them so destructive an evil, it is impossible, according to the make of a rational nature, that they should choose it. But the consequences of sin upon the wretched creatures, on whom the penalty denounced against it is executed, is no doubt one thing that affords them this conviction; and so it contributes to their perseverance in obedience and happiness. Thus the joys of heaven are secured by the pains of hell, and even the most noxious criminals answer the terrible, but benevolent end of warning all other creatures against disobedience; just as the execution of a few malefactors in human governments is of service to the rest of the subjects.

But as the greater part of mankind perish, it may be queried, "How is it consistent with love and goodness that the majority should be made monuments of justice, for the benefit

benefit of the smaller number?' To this I reply, that though it be evident that the greater part of mankind go down to destruction in the smooth, broad road of sin, in the ordinary ages of the world; and though revelation assures us that the number of the apostate angels is very great, yet we have no reason to conclude that the greater part of the rational creation shall be miserable. Nay, it is possible the number of those on whom the penalty of the divine law is inflicted, may bear no more proportion to that of the innumerable ranks of creatures that may be retained in obedience and happiness, by means of their exemplary punishment, than the number of criminals, executed in our government for the warning of others, bear to the rest of the subjects. If we consider that those who have been "redeemed from the earth," even in the ordinary ages of the world, though comparatively but few, yet absolutely are a "multitude which no man can number, out of every kindred, and people, and language;" and that the elect angels are "an innumerable company," probably much greater than the legions of hell; if to these we add the prodigious numbers that shall be converted in that blessed season when Satan shall be bound, when the Prince of Peace shall reign, and when "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the most High," in which not only the greater number of the generations that shall live in that glorious millennium shall be saved, but perhaps a greater number than all that perished in former generations; which is very possible, if we consider the long continuance of that time, and that the world will then be under the peculiar blessing of Heaven, and consequently mankind will multiply faster, and not be diminished as they now are by the calamities of war, plagues, epidemical sicknesses, and the other judgments of God upon these times of rebellion; if we admit these suppositions, some of which are undoubtedly true, and the rest not improbable, it will follow

that the number of holy and happy creatures in the universe, will be incomparably greater than that of miserable criminals; and that the punishment of the latter is one principal means of preserving this infinite number in obedience and happiness; and consequently is highly conducive to the public happiness, and expressive of the love and goodness of the universal Ruler, to the immense community of his subjects. And thus *God is love* even in the most terrible displays of his vindictive justice.

[To be continued.]

\*\*\*\*\*

### Of HUMAN LIBERTY.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

**W**ITHOUT freedom, the origin of moral and physical evil, would be unintelligible, and even impossible. Moral good, is the conformity of the mind to the laws of eternal order. Eternal order, consists in loving God for himself, and all other beings proportionably as they resemble him. Moral evil on the contrary is to reverse or counteract this law of eternal order: it is to love otherwise than God loves; to separate the love of pleasure from the love of justice. Now this is impossible, unless finite beings be endued with a power of preferring freely the love of pleasure, to the love of order and justice. We must therefore either deny that there is any real distinction between Vice and Virtue, or maintain that all created intelligences are free. Moreover, without freedom, physical evil is no less inexplicable. It is absolutely impossible that beings made for eternal happiness can be for one instant miserable, but by their own fault; and therefore they must be endued with some faculty by which they can oppose the designs of God. Since the immense

Ocean of Goodness made us only to be happy, by his beatifying influences and communications; since he loves all that he made; and since it is impossible to love a being without desiring its well-being; it is plain that if we are unhappy for one instant, it must be by our own fault: that there must be something in us that hinders God's beatifying illapses and emanations; and that this can be no other than the abuse of liberty, and the voluntary turning away of our faculties from the overflowing source of life, light, and love. If finite spirits be not free, then, God must be the cause of all the sins they commit, and of all the sufferings they endure. Without this solution we must open the sluices to all impiety and atheism, and deny that God made us to be eternally perfect and happy in the knowledge and love of his boundless perfections.

By the negation of freedom, not only all religion, but all human society is unhinged. If there be no liberty in spiritual agents, then all inclinations, passions and vices are unblameable. They are virtuous without being commendable, and vicious without being censurable. We cannot shun any one crime, or any one action we commit. All human and divine laws are useless. It is needless to write, instruct, exhort, threaten, and endeavour to change any profligate inclination in ourselves, or in others. All our efforts are vain, and superfluous. We must follow the unchangeable laws of nature, according to the Spinofists, or the irrevocable decrees of Heaven, according to the Predestinarians, that determine us invincibly, or abandon us inevitably to robbery, incest, and parricide: to strangle an innocent child; stab a tender mother; starve our family; ruin our country; hate mankind; and blaspheme against almighty power. *Nero, Caligula, and Domitian* were no ways culpable. Their crimes were as necessary effects of invariable laws, or predeterminating decrees, as the virtues of the greatest philosophers, heroes, and saints. Yea, all the inward remorses of conscience, horrors of mind, raging

raging despair, and all the outward effects of obduration and impenitence are as necessary as the crimes themselves. All events are equally foreseen, fore-ordained, and pre-established by the Predestinarian god, or produced by the Spinoſian. It is vain to ſay that though men be neceſſary agents, yet neither are rewards uſeleſs, nor puniſhments unjuſt, becauſe both are cauſes that produce neceſſarily their effects in the good, or in the bad. This is mere ſubterfuge. The rewards propoſed, and the puniſhments threatened can have no effect but upon thoſe who are predeſtinated to hear the one and fear the other. The former are uſeful only to a little number; and the latter are unjuſt to the greater part of mankind, who could not act otherwiſe than Fate had determined them.

[*To be continued.*]

---

*To the Memory of Sir JOHN MASON,*

WHO, though but threeſcore and three years old at his death, yet flouriſhed in the reigns of four Princes, viz. *Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth*: and was a Privy-Counſellor to them all, and an eye-witneſs of the various revolutions and viciffitudes of thoſe times. Towards his latter end, being on his death-bed, he called for his Clerk and Steward, and delivered himſelf in theſe terms:

“ Lo! here have I lived to ſee five Princes, and have been a Privy-Counſellor to four of them. I have ſeen the moſt remarkable obſervables in foreign parts, and have been preſent at moſt ſtate tranſactions for thirty years together. And I have learned this after ſo many years experience, that Seriousneſs is the greateſt wiſdom, Temperance the beſt phyſic, and a good Conſcience the beſt eſtate. And were I to  
live



live again, I would change the court for a cloister, my Privy-Counsellor's buffles for a Hermit's retirement, and the whole life I lived in the palace, for an hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel. All things else forsake me besides my God, my duty, and my prayer."



*The History of the* INQUISITION.

THE Pope founded the Orders of *Dominicans* and *Franciscans*, (Anno. 1200) to preach against heresies: appointing the county of *Tholouse*, for the province of *Dominic* and his followers, and *Italy* to *Francis* and his bare-footed disciples. And both these Missioners having vowed perpetual, and blind obedience to the holy-father at *Rome*, were instructed to excite all Princes and people in communion with him, to extirpate heretics (by which name the Pope stigmatizeth all that deny him obedience) and in all places to enquire into their number and quality, and to transmit a faithful account thereof to *Rome*.

*Dominic*, who was of a bloody and cruel nature, immediately repaired to his station at *Tholouse*, and acquitted himself with so much satisfaction to the court of *Rome*, that Pope *Innocent III.* at his own request, invested him with the power of Inquisitor of the holy See. This first Inquisitor was a native of *Calaroga*, in the diocese of *Osma* in *Spain*. His mother, before she conceived him, is said to have dreamed that she was with child of a whelp, carrying in his mouth a lighted torch. Accordingly, in his time he put the world in an uproar by his barkings, and set it on fire by the torch that he carried in his mouth; which was a fit emblem of that fire and faggot by which an infinite number have been burnt alive, under the sentence of the Inquisition.

## After

After this, the Pope laboured with all his power to confer a greater power upon the Inquisitors, and to establish a tribunal for them, in which they might sit, and pronounce sentence of heresy and heretics, as Judges delegated from himself, and representing his person. With this view he obtained many constitutions in diverse places in their favour. He published the *Decretels*, *Clementines*, and *Extravagantines*, and persuaded the Emperor *Frederic II.* to confirm their authority by many laws against heretics, in the year 1225.

The Inquisition thus supported, we find it established in distant countries. It was brought into *Arragon* in the year 1232: into *France* in 1234: and in *Italy* about the same time, though not without much opposition from the Laity, who were offended at being excluded wholly from all judgment against the heretics. For all the power that the Pope and his servant *Dominic* left the civil Magistrate in this case, was to put those to death, whom the Ecclesiastics had sentenced to death; whereby he became no better than a slave to the Inquisitors, being obliged to execute their sentence with a blind obedience, without any cognizance of the crime. However Pope *Innocent IV.* after the death of the Emperor *Frederic*, erected a tribunal solely for the business of the Faith; and gave to the Inquisitors perpetual power to administer judgment in his name in this cause. But lest the Pope should seem wholly to deprive the Bishops of the power of judging concerning the faith, which had hereto been wholly lodged with them, he appointed that a Bishop, with the Inquisitor, should be Judge in this tribunal; but that the whole power of judging should rest wholly in the Inquisitor. So that the Bishop is no more than a cypher. And to soothe the Civil Magistrate, he allowed them to appoint Ministers of the Inquisition; but such only as were nominated by the Inquisitors, and to depute one of their number, nominated by the Inquisitor, to visit with him the territory committed to his charge; and of claiming the third  
part

part of the confiscated goods, &c. By which the civil Magistrate seemed to be admitted as a companion of the Inquisitors, but was in reality rendered their slave and tool: for he is obliged, at the command of the Inquisitor, to apprehend any one, and to imprison him where the Inquisitor pleaseth: and if any of his number are called to assist the Inquisitors, they must take an oath of secrecy. So that it is plain, the Magistrates were not the companions, but the slaves and tools of the Inquisitors in that tribunal. Nevertheless this shew of admission into the ecclesiastic tribunal had its desired effect; for before the year 1300, we find it gained ground in *Paris*, *Tholouse*, in the island of *Sardinia*, in *Syria*, and *Palestine*; in *Servia*, *Germany*, *Austria*, *Hungary*, *Poland*, *Dalmatia*, *Bohemia*, and in other parts, so far as the Pope's authority could promote and establish it. But it was not introduced into all the kingdoms of *Spain*, till *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, had united them by their marriage, and obtained several signal victories over the *Moors*. When by the authority of Pope *Sixtus*, they ordered tribunals of the Inquisition to be erected in all their dominions with greater pomp, magnificence, and power, than any other nation; that they might seem to exceed all others in their endeavours to maintain the *Roman Faith* against all opposition.



*An Extract from a JOURNEY from Aleppo to Jerusalem; at Easter, A. D. 1697.*

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.

[Continued from page 222.]

TUESDAY, March 9. Drawing towards *Tripoli*, our Muleteers were afraid to advance lest their beasts might be pressed for public service. So we left them in the plain

of *Junia*, and proceeded ourselves for *Tripoli*; where we arrived about sun-set.

At *Tripoli* we reposed a full week, being very generously entertained by Mr. *Francis Hastings* the Consul, and Mr. *John Fisher*, Merchant; theirs being the only English house in *Tripoli*.

*Tripoli* is seated about half an hour from the sea. The major part of the city lies between two hills; one on the East, on which is a castle commanding the place; another on the West, between the city and the sea. This latter is said to have been at first raised, and to be still increased by the daily accession of sand, blown to it from the shore: upon which occasion there goes a prophecy, that the whole city shall in time be buried with this sandy hill. But the Turks seem not very apprehensive of this prediction; for instead of preventing the growth of the hill, they suffer it to take its course, and make it a place of pleasure, which they would have little inclination to do, did they apprehend it were sometime to be their grave.

Thursday, March 11. This day we all dined at Consul *Hasting's* house, and after dinner went to wait upon *Ostān* the *Bassa* of *Tripoli*; having first sent our present, as the manner is amongst the Turks, to procure a propitious reception.

It is counted uncivil to visit in this country without an offering in one's hand. All great men expect it as a kind of tribute due to their character and authority; and look upon themselves as affronted, and indeed defrauded, when this compliment is omitted. Even in familiar visits amongst inferior people, you shall seldom have them come without bringing a flower, or an orange, or some other such token of their respect to the person visited: the Turks, in this point, keeping up the ancient oriental custom hinted at, 1 Sam. ix. 7, *If we go* (says Saul) *what shall we bring the man of God? There is not a present, &c.* which words are questionless

to be understood in conformity to this eastern custom, as relating to a token of respect; and not to a price of divination.

Friday, March 12. In the afternoon we went to visit *Bell-Mount*, a Convent of Greeks, about two hours to the southward of *Tripoli*. It was founded by one of the Earls of *Tripoli*, and stands upon a very high rocky mountain, looking over the sea: a place of very difficult ascent, though made as accessible as it was capable by the labour of the poor Monks. It was our fortune to arrive there just as they were going to their evening service. Their chapel is large, but obscure; and the altar is inclosed with Cancelli, so as not to be approached by any one but the Priest, according to the fashion of the Greek Churches. They call their congregation together, by beating a kind of a tune with two mallets, on a long pendulous piece of plank at the church-door; bells being an abomination to the Turks.

Their service consisted in precipitate, and very irreverent chattering of certain prayers and hymns to our blessed Saviour, and to the blessed Virgin, and in some dark ceremonies; the Priest, that officiated, spent at least one third part of his time, in compassing the altar, and perfuming it with a pot of incense, and then going all round the congregation, flinging his incense-pot backward and forward, and tendering its smোক with three repeated vibrations to every person present. Towards the end of the service, there was brought into the body of the Church, a small table, covered with a fair linen cloth, on which were placed five small cakes of bread cross way, and in the centre of each cake was fixed a small lighted wax taper; a hole in the cake, serving for a socket.

At this ceremony, the Priest read the Gospel concerning our Lord's feeding the multitude with five loaves. After which, the bread was carried into the Cancelli, and being there suddenly broke to bits, was again brought out in a basket, and presented to every one in the assembly, that he



might take a little. After this collation, the Priest pronounced the blessing, and so the service ended. On both sides of the body of the Church, were seats for the Monks, in the nature of the stalls for the Fellows of Colleges in *Oxford*; and on each hand of every seat were placed crutches. These you find in like manner in most Churches of this country. Their use is for the Priest to lean upon: their service being sometimes so long, that they cannot well stay it out, without the assistance of such easements; for they are not permitted by their Rubric to sit down. The younger Monks, who perhaps may have no great occasion for these supporters, do yet delight to use them (as the *Spaniards* do spectacles) not for any necessity, but in affectation of gravity.

The Monks of this Convent were, as I remember, forty in all. We found them seemingly a very good natured, and industrious; but certainly, a very ignorant people. For I found upon enquiry, they could not give any manner of rationale of their own divine service. And to shew their extreme simplicity, I cannot omit a compliment made to the Consul by the chief of them, viz. That he was as glad to see him, as if he had beheld the *Messiah* himself coming in person to make a visit to him.

Nor is this ignorance much to be wondered at: for what intervals of time they have between their hours of devotion, they are forced to spend in managing of their flocks, cultivating their land, pruning their vineyards, and other labours of husbandry, which they accomplish with their own hands. This toil they are obliged to undergo, not only to provide for their own sustenance, but also that they may be able to satisfy the unreasonable exactions, which the greedy Turks, upon every pretence they can invent, are ready to impose upon them.

[To be continued.]

THOUGHTS *upon some late OCCURRENCES.*

1. **I**N June 1744, I desired my Brother and a few other Clergymen to meet me in *London*, to consider how we should proceed to save our own souls and those that heard us. After some time, I invited the lay Preachers that were in the house to meet with us. We conferred together for several days, and were much comforted and strengthened thereby.

2. The next year I not only invited most of the travelling Preachers, but several others to confer with me in *Bristol*. And from that time for some years, though I *invited* only a part of the travelling Preachers, yet I *permitted* any that desired it, to be present, not apprehending any ill consequences therefrom.

3. But two ill consequences soon appeared. One, that the expence was too great to be borne; the other, that many of our people were scattered while they were left without a Shepherd. I therefore determined, 1. That for the time to come, none should be present but those whom I invited; and 2. That I would only invite a select number out of every Circuit?

4. This I did for many years, and all that time the term *Conference* meant not so much the conversation we had together, as the persons that conferred; namely, those whom I invited to confer with me from time to time. So that all this time it depended on me alone, not only what persons should constitute the Conference, but whether there should be any Conference at all lay wholly in my own breast; neither the Preachers nor the people having any part or lot in the matter.

5. Some years after, it was agreed, that after the decease of my Brother and me, the Preachers should be stationed by the Conference. But ere long a question arose, What does that

that term mean? Who are the Conference? It appeared difficult to define the term. And the year before last all our brethren who were met at *Bristol*, desired me to fix the determinate meaning of the word.

6. Hitherto it had meant (not *the whole body of travelling Preachers*, it never bore that meaning at all; but) *Those persons whom I invited yearly to confer with me*. But to this there was a palpable objection: such a Conference would have no being after my death. And what other definition of it to give I knew not: at least I knew none that would stand good in law. I consulted a skilful and honest Attorney; and he consulted an eminent Counsellor, who answered, "There is no way of doing this but by naming a determinate number of persons. The Deed which names these must be enrolled in Chancery. Then it will stand good in law."

7. My first thought was to name a very few, suppose ten or twelve persons. Count *Zinzendorf* named only six who were to preside over the Community after his decease. But on second thoughts, I believed there would be more safety in a greater number of Counsellors, and therefore named an hundred, as many as I judged could meet without too great an expence, and without leaving any Circuit naked of Preachers while the Conference met.

8. In naming these Preachers, as I had no adviser, so I had no respect of persons, but I simply set down those that, according to the best of my judgment were most proper. But I am not infallible. I might mistake and think better of some of them than they deserved. However I did my best, and if I did wrong it was not the error of my own will, but of my judgment.

9. This was the rise, and this is the nature of that famous Deed of Declaration, that vile wicked Deed, concerning which you have heard such an outcry! And now, can any one tell me, how to mend it, or how it could have been made better? "O yes." You might have inserted two hundred, as well

well as one hundred Preachers?" No: for then the expence of meeting would have been double, and all the Circuits would have been without Preachers. "But you might have named other Preachers instead of these." True, if I had thought as well of them as they did of themselves. But I did not, therefore I could do no otherwise than I did, without sinning against God and my own conscience.

10. But what need was there for any Deed at all? There was the utmost need of it: without some authentic Deed fixing the meaning of the term, the moment I died the Conference had been nothing. Therefore any of the Proprietors of the land on which our Preaching-houses were built might have seized them for their own use, and there would have been none to hinder them, for the Conference would have been nobody, a mere empty name.

11. You see then in all the pains I have taken about this absolutely necessary Deed, I have been labouring, not for myself: I have no interest therein but for the whole body of Methodists: in order to fix them upon such a foundation as is likely to stand as long as the sun and moon endure. That is, if they continue to walk by faith, and to shew forth their faith by their works: otherwise I pray God to root out the memorial of them from the earth.

JOHN WESLEY.

Plymouth-Dock, March 3, 1785.



*A Description of St. WINEFRED'S WELL, at Holy-Well, in Flintshire; North-Wales.*

IN the year 700 lived *Winefred*, a virgin of extraordinary sanctity, who made a vow of chastity during life, and dedicated herself to the service of God.

A heathen Prince, named *Cradoc*, having often attempted *Winefred's* chastity in vain, met her some time after upon the  
top

top of the hill near *Holywell* Church, and struck off her head, which rolling down the hill, was taken up by the Priest of *Holywell*, who replaced the head on *Winefred's* shoulders, who was thereupon restored to life, and lived fifteen years afterwards.\*

In the present loose and degenerate age, many may reckon this relation fabulous; but if it be considered that the Old and New Testament furnish us with many surprising and miraculous things, done by the power of God, there can be no dispute, at least, as to the possibility of it.

The infant *Winefred* was restored to life this spring arose in that very place; in order to perpetuate the memory of so great an action, which caused the Christian religion to increase in a very extraordinary manner; and *Winefred* being made a Saint, the Priest of *Holywell* named the spring *St. Winefred's Well*. From the original rise of the spring to this day, the water performs wonderful cures: it heals those troubled with the leprosy, and many other diseases; restores the lame to the use of their limbs, as well as sight to the blind; and strengthens such as are recovered of the small-pox. The Physicians are of opinion the water is of that excellent nature as not to be equalled in the universe: which has caused so great a resort, that, from a few houses, *Holywell* is increased to a great market-town, of fine buildings, sufficient to entertain the greatest number of quality: and the bathing rendered as agreeable as at any other public Baths.

Here it may be proper to take notice of what to some people may seem incredible, but the truth of what is offered may be at any time demonstrated to the curious; that is, that by the gauge, the *Bason* and *Well* hold about two hundred and forty tons of water; which, when let out, fill again in less than two minutes. The experiment was tried for a wager on Tuesday the 12th of July, 1731, Mr. Price the

\* So the Account from whence this is taken! Let him believe it who can.



Rector of *Holywell*, Mr. *Williams*, Mr. *Winn*, Dr. *Taylor*, and many other gentlemen of *Holywell*, as well as strangers, and the publisher of this relation, being present; when, to the surprise of the company, the well filled in less than two minutes, which gave demonstration, that *Winefred's* Spring rises more than one hundred tons every minute. And although the water in the basin is more than four feet deep, it is so transparent, that a small piece of money may be seen at the bottom of the basin: nay, some say, a pin may be seen therein. The water in rising seems to boil like a cauldron or copper heated by an excessive fire.

In the bottom of the basin are several large pebble stones, which to the eye appear as besprinkled with blood: one of which stones has sometimes the resemblance of a flower-pot, when bedecked with the choicest flowers of the season.

The said Spring, in view, turns three mills abreast; and several mills below them never wanted water.

There are other curious and remarkable things of a surprising nature, related of *Winefred's* Waters and their excellency, which gives the utmost satisfaction to the bathers and resorters thereto; the number of which has been, and still is, very great.

---

*Some Particulars concerning the Council of CONSTANCE,  
held November 1414.*

ACCORDING to the lists made at the Emperor's arrival, there were above one hundred thousand foreigners then in and about the city. Not a kingdom, republic, state, and scarce a city or community in Europe, but had its Ambassadors or deputies at it.

Thirty-six thousand beds were set up for new-comers, and at one time there were no less than thirty thousand horse in the city.

The Pope had six hundred persons in his retinue; and the Emperor four thousand. There were thirty Cardinals, who with four Patriarchs, and two of the Pope's Legates, had full one thousand two hundred attendants. There were twenty-seven Archbishops; two hundred and six Bishops, thirty-three titular Bishops; above one hundred and fifty other Prelates; and two hundred and three Abbots; who all together may be supposed to have at least five thousand in their retinue.

Prelates, Priests, and Presbyters, were reckoned at eighteen thousand; besides which were eighty thousand laymen, all strangers; fourteen Auditors of the Rota; twenty-seven Prothonotaries; eighteen Auditors of the sacred palace, and twenty-seven Secretaries of the Pope, who had two hundred under them: and there were computed to be two hundred and forty-two Writers of the Apostolic Bulls; forty-seven Writers Plenipotentiary, exclusive of twelve hundred Scribes or Writers of other kingdoms, and their servants.

The Pope and Cardinals had one hundred and twenty-three Attornies, and two hundred and seventy-three Proctors, with each a man to wait on him: there were four hundred and forty-four Doctors of divinity and law, with their servants, exclusive of sixty-five Heralds at arms, Vergers of the Consistory, Beadles and other petty Officers; with above one thousand persons in their retinue.

The attendants of the Laity were numerous in proportion: the Emperor, the four Electors present, with other sovereign Princes, Dukes, Marquisses and Burgraves, one hundred and twenty-eight Counts, six hundred Barons, &c. had upwards of four thousand men for their guard.

There were also one hundred and six Envoys or Deputies from several places, with about one thousand six hundred in their retinue; above six hundred Gentlemen, and twenty-three thousand Knights and military Officers with their servants: and the garrison consisted of about two thousand.

There were likewise eighty-six Farriers, eighty-eight Carpenters and Blacksmiths, sixty-five Apothecaries, one thousand six hundred Barbers, two hundred and forty-two Bakers, one hundred and twenty-two Shoemakers, two hundred and twenty-eight Taylors (all masters) with the journeymen of each; and three hundred Vintners and Victuallers with their drawers, &c.

This famous Council which lasted four years and forty-five sessions, made that infamous Canon, "That faith is not to be kept with heretics, nor with those suspected of heresy;" and it asserted that the authority of a Council was above that of a Pope.

This Account is taken from Dr. Southwell's New Book of Martyrs, Folio Edition, page 200.

### AN HELVETIC TALE.

ON the mountain from whence the torrent of *Runti* precipitates into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called echo from the hollow rocks, and echo bid the vallies seven times resound his songs. On a sudden he perceived a man climbing the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A staff bent beneath his tottering steps, for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked at him with surprise. My son, said the old man, smiling, do you not think that, infirm as I am, I should have done better in the valley? Know that I make this journey but once a year, and this leg as you see it is more honourable to me, than are to many the most strait and active. I do not doubt, father replied the shepherd, but it is very honourable to you; though another would be more useful. Without doubt you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or

some of the fresh water that spouts from the hollow of the rock?

*Old Man.* I like the frankness painted on thy visage. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the story of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned. When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said, Let young people when they behold their fathers maimed, adore the Almighty power and bless their valour; for without that you would have bowed your necks beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to the other. Liberty! Sweet liberty! All we see around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure.

*Young Shepherd.* He does not deserve to be a free man, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

*Old Man.* But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of *Nefels*, I come once a year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of that bloody battle:—See! it was on that side, the army of the enemy advanced; thousands of lances glittered at a distance, with horsemen covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched, and the earth resounded with their horses hoofs. Our little troop was already broke. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side, and the smoke of *Nefels* in flames filled the valley. However at the bottom of this hill where we now are, our Chief had placed himself. He was there where those two pines shoot up from that pointed rock. I think I see him now surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immoveable, and calling around him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the standard that he wayed in the air; it

was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees in vain oppose their course; they bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom of that pool: so we ran to the cry of our General, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around our hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge; but, always forced to retire to the shelter of these hills; we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last reinforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and lays waste the trees that interrupt its course. On every side the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded each other to escape our rage. Grown furious, we trod underfoot the dead and dying to extend vengeance still farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy in his flight rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who fought the nearest to me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on the rock not far distant, and imploring heaven to aid us. Take care, good father of this warrior, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a son of liberty! He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! but many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. I was carefully attended; I was cured; but I could never find the man to whom I owed my life. I have sought him in vain. I have made vows and pilgrimages that some angel would reveal him to me. But alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never in this life shew him my gratitude. The young shepherd having heard the old warrior,

with



with tears in his eyes, said, No, father, in this life you can never shew him your gratitude. The old man, surpris'd, cried, heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou know, my son, who my deliverer was?

*Young Shepherd.* I am much deceived, if it was not my father. Often he has told me the story of that battle, and often I have heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the battle be still alive!

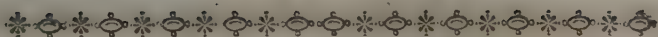
*Old Man.* O God! O angels of heaven! was that generous man thy father!

*Young Shepherd.* He had a scar here (pointing to his left cheek) he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

*Old Man.* His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off, O my child! my son!

*Young Shepherd.* He died two years ago; and, as he was poor, I am forced, for subsistence, to keep these goats. The old man embraced him and said, heaven be praised! I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come my son! come with me, and let some other keep thy goats.

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in lands and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, said he to her, he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united. The young man was an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenious reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third day appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man with tears of joy said to them, My blessing rest upon you my children! This day has made me the most happy of mortals.



## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCLXVI.

[From Miss A. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Witney, Feb. 13, 1772.

Rev. and dear Sir,

**G**LORY be to God! he continues to carry on his work among us, by adding to the witnesses of his utmost power to save.

Since I wrote last, seven have received a clear witness that the blood of Jesus hath cleansed them from all sin: who now rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks. And what heightens our joy, on their account is, that the truth of their profession shines forth in their humble, loving behaviour, and zeal for God's glory.

We had a profitable opportunity in the select Band last Monday night. I believe I may say for each, it was such a time as we never before experienced. Glory be to God! he did fulfil his promise, by pouring out his Spirit upon us. Within these last four days, five have received a clear sense of God's pardoning love; and appear to hold fast whereunto they have attained; and blessed be God, the dead in sin likewise hear his voice, and enquire the way to Zion.

The hearts of our Exhorters are much enlarged; so that they speak the word with boldness, in the absence of the Preachers.

With regard to myself, I am more established in the grace of God, since he has brought others to enjoy like precious faith. When I hear of a soul finding deliverance from sin, it causes my thanksgiving to abound. I find it exceeding profitable to converse with those whose hearts are penetrated  
with

with divine love: it kindles a greater ardour, and causes the pure flame to burn stronger in my own soul.

I have lately had some delightful views of my glorious privilege; and see it necessary, that I should, by vigorous acts of faith, from moment to moment, take deeper root into Jesus. I find I am still called to walk in the way of the cross; and although some tell me it is legal, I experience it to be the way of pleasantness. I think I never more sensibly felt that Christ is my strength, and that without his help I can neither *think*, *act*, nor *speak* agreeable to his will. I long to increase with all the increase of God; to be swallowed up in him. To this end I humbly beg an interest in your prayers, and am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and affectionate Servant,

A. B.

---

## L E T T E R CCCLXVII.

[From Miss H. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Wycombe, Feb. 19, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

**G**LORY be to God! my soul has no clog. I am disengaged and free, and feel myself every moment ready to be offered up. Not that I think the time of my departure is at hand; no, I believe I have much to do before my work is fully done. I find his grace sufficient for this day, and I *believe* for to-morrow. Hence no anxious care arises in my breast.

I feel more power to live to God than ever. I believe he has given me the full assurance of hope; a confidence of receiving all his promises. I trust, nothing shall separate me from his love, either in time or in eternity! Yet I feel the  
need

need of watching unto prayer. I find as much need as ever to use the means of grace; feeling that I want watering every moment, that I may have strength to go forward.

Glory be to God! his work prospers in this place. I believe the Spirit is poured upon us from on high, and that the wilderness will soon become a fruitful field, to the honour and praise of God.

I hope, Rev. Sir, you will always remember in your prayers,  
your most unworthy Friend and Servant,

H. B.

## L E T T E R CCCLXVIII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Graves, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

New London, June 19, 1772.

Rev. and dear Sir,

**A**T last I have met with a favourable opportunity of acknowledging your truly Christian Letter.

We have lost a great and good man;\* a faithful Labourer, and sincere Friend. O for a double portion of his spirit! Zion laments his absence, and finds such Labourers are few.

I have been earnestly pressed to take a tour into Maryland and Virginia, by a rich Presbyterian Minister, who has offered to bear my charges; and have had three Parishes successively offered me in Virginia; but not being able to persuade my brother, I was (entirely against my will) obliged to deny each offer: as I thought it cruel to leave him, who left England, and a Vicarage at my request. However I yet think my Master will send me there. His will be done! I long to be in the Society of true Preachers, and among a willing, loving people. I do little good here, and therefore frequently visit three Parishes, or rather Societies, which I

\* Mr. Whitefield.

have formed; one from seven to twelve miles off, another twenty-four, and a third, thirty. These I attend very often, and in the last, I preach six times in the week I am among them; so that though I am a fixed Missionary, I imitate the dear Lover of souls, by becoming a voluntary Itinerant. I ride above eight or nine hundred miles a year, preaching up Free Grace and Universal Redemption to all the sons of Adam. For all which trouble of body (but the delight of my soul) I receive not the least recompense. But he who sets me to work, and enables me to perform it, will repay me in due time.

I thank you for the large Tract, the Extract and Sermons, which I shall properly dispose of. Your offer put me to the blush, as being conscious of my barrenness and demerit. Alas! alas! I am wholly unfit for this mighty combat: fitter to sit at their feet and learn, than dare to preach or pray before such Masters in Israel.

It is true, I expound the Oracles of God, and preach and pray in distant Societies; sometimes in Meeting-Houses (for I do duty when and wherever I am asked) as I am enabled by the blessed Spirit; but Oh! unclean, unclean! Nevertheless I hope the power of Christ appears in my weakness. Blessed be the Lord, he gives me a will and endues me with power, so that my spirit and strength never fail. I can do duty three times each day: and the more I labour, the stronger I grow: yea my strength increases with my years. I can do all things through Christ strengthening me: hallelujah!

My christian love waits upon your Brother Charles, and the rest of the dear Brethren. Pray tell them I greatly want, and earnestly desire their prayers. You are all interested in those of,

Dear Sir, your very affectionate Brother,

MATTHEW GRAVES.

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

*To SICKNESS; an ELEGY.*

[By Mr. Delap.]

**H**OW blithe the flow'ry graces of the Spring,  
From Nature's wardrobe come! and hark how gay  
Each glittering insect, hovering on the wing,  
Sings its glad welcome to the fields of May!

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er;  
They suck the sweet breath of the blushing Rose;  
Sport in the gale, or sip the rainbow shower;  
Their life's short day no pause of pleasure knows.

Like their's, dread Power, my cheerful morn displayed  
The flattering promise of a golden noon;  
Till each gay cloud, that sportive nature spread,  
Died in the gloom of thy distemper'd frown.

Yes, ere I told my two-and-twentieth year,  
Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;  
Harmless it pass'd 'mid many a blithe compeer,  
And form'd its fated entrance near my heart.

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,  
I saw them rove through Pleasure's flow'ry field:  
I saw Health paint them with her rosy hand;  
Eager to burst my bonds; but forc'd to yield.

Yet, while this mortal cot of mould'ring clay,  
Shakes at the stroke of thy tremendous power;  
Oh! must the transient tenant of a day,  
Bear the rough blast of each tempestuous hour?

Say, shall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,  
 Too rigid Queen! unnerve the soul's bright powers,  
 Till with a joyless smile the eye beholds  
 Art's magic charms, and Nature's fairy bowers?

No, let me follow still, those bowers among,  
 Her flowery footsteps as the goddess goes;  
 Let me, just lifted 'bove the unlettered throng,  
 Read the few books the learned few compose.

And suffer, when thy awful pleasure calls  
 The soul to share her frail companion's smart,  
 Yet suffer me to taste the balm that falls;  
 From Friendship's tongue, so sweet upon the heart.

Then, though each trembling nerve confess thy frown,  
 Even till this anxious being shall become  
 But a brief name upon a little stone,  
 Without one murmur, I embrace my doom.

For many a virtue, sheltered from mankind,  
 Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each desire;  
 And many a feeble frame, whose mighty mind  
 Each Muse has touchèd with her immortal fire.

Even \* He, sole terror of a venal age,  
 The tuneful bard, whose philosophic soul,  
 With each bright radiance glowèd on Virtue's page,  
 Learned many a lesson from thy moral school.

† He too, who "mounts and keeps his distant way,"  
 His daring mind thy humanizing glooms  
 Have temperèd with a melancholy ray,  
 And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs.

\* Mr. Pope.

† Mr. Gray.

Yes, goddess, to thy temple's deep recess  
 I come, and lay for ever at its door  
 The Syren throng of follies numberless,  
 Nor with their flattering songs should soothe me more.

Thy decent garb shall o'er my limbs be spread,  
 Thy hand shall lead me to thy sober train,  
 Who here retired, with pensive pleasure tread  
 The silent windings of thy dark domain.

Hither the cherub Charity shall fly,  
 From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,  
 For misery raise a sympathizing sigh,  
 Pardon for foes, and love for human-kind.

Then, while Ambition's trump from age to age,  
 Its slaughtered millions boasts; while Fame shall rear  
 Her deathless trophies o'er the bard and sage;  
 Be mine the widow's sigh, the orphan's prayer.

On CHANCE and PREDESTINATION.

THREE different schemes Philosophers assign;  
 A *Chance*, a *Fate*, a *Providence* divine.  
 Which to embrace of these three different views,  
 Methinks it is not difficult to chuse.  
 For first, what wisdom, or what sense to cry,  
 Things happen *so and so*, we know not why?  
 Or how are we advanced one jot, to know,  
 When things once *are*, that they *must needs be so*?  
 To see such *order*, and deny all *laws*,  
 Feel such *effects*, and yet confess no *cause*,  
 What can be more extravagant and odd?  
 He only *reasons*, who *believes* a God.

## HYMN to SOLITUDE.

**N**OW genial Spring o'er lawn and grove  
 Extends his vivid power;  
 Now Phœbus shines with milder beams,  
 And wakes each sleeping flower.

Soft breezes fan the smiling mead,  
 Kind dews refresh the plain;  
 While Beauty, Harmony, and Love,  
 Renew their cheerful reign.

Now far from business let me fly,  
 Far from the crowded seat  
 Of Envy, Pageantry, and Power,  
 To some obscure Retreat:

Where Plenty sheds with liberal hand,  
 Her various blessings round;  
 Where laughing Joy delighted roves,  
 And rostrate Health is found.

Give me to climb the mountain's brow,  
 When morn's first blushes rise;  
 And view the fair extensive scene,  
 With Contemplation's eyes.

And while the raptur'd woodland choir  
 Pour forth their love-taught lays;  
 I'll tune the grateful matin song  
 To my Creator's praise.

He bade the solar Orb advance,  
 To cheer the gloomy sky;  
 And at the gentle voice of Spring  
 Made hoary Winter fly.

He dress'd the groves in smiling green,  
Unlocked the ice-bound rill ;  
Bade Flora's pride adorn the vale,  
And Herbage crown the hill.

To that all-gracious Source of light  
Let early incense rise ;  
While on Devotion's wing, the soul  
Ascends her native skies.

And when the rapid car of Day  
Illumes the farthest West,  
When Sleep dissolves the captive's chains,  
And Anguish sinks to rest :

Then let me range the shadowy lawns,  
When Vesper's silver light  
Plays on the trembling streams, and gilds  
The sable veil of night.

When every earthly care's at rest,  
And musing Silence reigns ;  
Then active Fancy takes her flight,  
Wide o'er the æthereal plains.

Soars through the trackless realms of space,  
Sees endless systems roll ;  
Whilst all harmoniously combine  
To form one beautiful whole.

All hail ! sweet Solitude, to thee,  
In thy sequester'd bow'r,  
Let me invoke the pastoral muse,  
And every sylvan power.

Dear pensive nymph, the tender thought,  
And deep research is thine :  
'Tis thine to heal the tortured breast,  
And form the great design.



On thy still bosom let me rest,  
 Far from the clang of war;  
 Where stern Oppression's bloody chains  
 Precede the victor's car:

Here let me hail each rising sun,  
 Here view each day's decline;  
 Be fame and sway my Sovereign's lot;  
 Be peace and freedom mine.

SPRING and AUTUMN.

WHEN Spring displays her various sweets,  
 And opening blossoms cheer the eyes,  
 And fancy every beauty meets,  
 Whence does the pleasing transport rise?

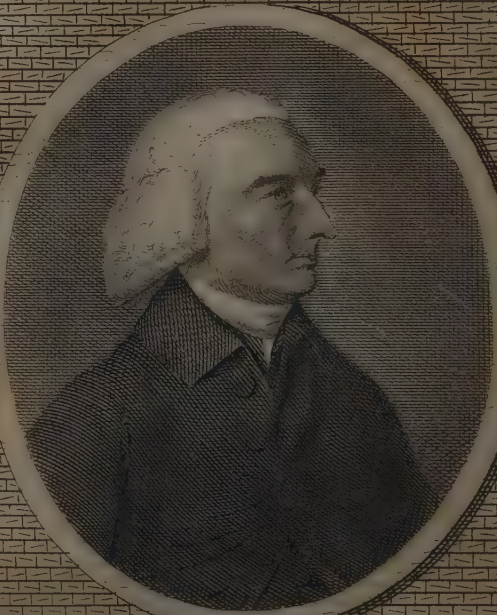
Soon will their transient date expire,  
 They fly and mock the fond pursuit;  
 New pleasures then the thought inspire,  
 And bounteous Autumn yields her fruit.

Where smiling beauties charmed the sight,  
 Whose fragrance blessed the vernal hours,  
 Nectarious fruits the taste invite,  
 And make amends for faded flowers.

Thus when the spring of youth decays,  
 Though decked with blossoms sweet and fair,  
 Autumn a nobler scene displays,  
 If fruits of virtue flourish there.

For this the vernal buds arise;  
 But if no useful virtues grow,  
 Their worthless beauty quickly flies,  
 And blossoms only served for show.





MR BARNABAS THOMAS.

Aged 46.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For J U N E 1785.



*An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY'S Discourses on the  
FIVE POINTS.*

[Continued from page 236.]

## CHAP. III. *Concerning Predestination or Absolute Election.*

1. **T**HIS, with respect to the end, is an absolute decree and purpose of bringing a certain number of persons to eternal life, without respect to their foreseen faith or perseverance.

2dly. As it respects the means, it is an eternal decree and purpose of giving to these men, and these alone, that effectual grace which shall infallibly produce in them faith, sanctification and perseverance to the end.

And here note, That this Election considereth all men in the same condition, alike miserable and damnable; alike impotent, and wanting effectual grace; and alike meet to be the objects of his eternal love: so that, as in two apples of equal

goodness, no reason can be given why I should chuse one, rather than the other; so neither can any reason be assigned why all, or any of these persons are thus elected to salvation, rather than all, or any that are not elected. In opposition to this doctrine, I assert,

1<sup>st</sup>. That the Election mentioned in the holy Scriptures is not that of particular persons; but only of Churches and Nations.

2<sup>dly</sup>. That this election doth import rather their being chosen to the means of grace, than to a certainty of being saved by those means; that it is only that which puts them in a capacity of having all the privileges which God hath promised to his Church and People, rather than under any absolute assurance of their salvation.

3<sup>dly</sup>. That the election to salvation mentioned in the holy Scripture is only through faith, joined with holiness, according to those words of St. Paul, *God hath elected you (Theſſalonians) to salvation, by the sanctification of the spirit, and the belief of the truth.* That it is only a conditional election upon our perseverance in a life of holiness, and is to be made sure unto us *by good works*, according to that exhortation of St. Peter, *give all diligence to make your calling and election sure*, by good works, as both the Fathers, the Syriac, the Vulgar, the Æthiopic, and many ancient copies read, and as the Text requires, the words immediately following being these, *for if you do these things you shall never fall*; plainly declaring, that the making of their calling and election sure, depended on their doing of those works of virtue, godliness, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness and charity.

Now that the whole Church of God are, in the sense of Scripture, the chosen and elect of God; that the election mentioned in the holy Scriptures is not an absolute election of particular persons to salvation; but rather of whole nations to be his Church, and his peculiar people: will be made  
fully



fully evident from an impartial view of those places of the Old and the New Testament, where this phrase occurs. And

2. *1st.* In the Old Testament it is evident, that not the righteous only are stiled the Elect, but the whole nation of the Jews, good and bad, were the elect of God; for in the Books of Moses this phrase is still applied to the whole nation of the Jews, as in these words, *because he loved the Fathers, therefore* ἐξελέξατο τὸ πνεῦμα ἁγίων, *He chose their seed after them, and brought them out of Egypt by his mighty power,* where it is evident that the whole seed of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, even *all that came out of Egypt*, are the elect. Again, *Jehovah thy God hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people to himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth. The Lord did not set his love upon you, and chuse you, because you were more in number than any people. But because the Lord loved you, and because he would keep the oath which he had sworn to your fathers, hath he brought you out with a mighty hand, and redeemed you out of the house of bond-men, from the hand of Pharaoh King of Egypt.* Where it is evident, *1st.* That their being chosen before other nations to be God's peculiar people, is their election, *2dly.* That all who were brought out of Egypt, were thus beloved and elected. *3dly.* That to his beloved and elected people he only promiseth to keep covenant and mercy, provided they would love him, and obey his precepts; and that he threateneth to destroy them, and to repay them to their face, if they neglected so to do. In the 10th chapter he speaks thus, *The Lord had a delight in thy fathers to love them, καὶ ἐξελέξατο, and he elected you their seed after them above all people; circumcise therefore the foreskin of your hearts, and be no more stiff-necked.* Where it is again evident that the whole seed of Abraham by Isaac, even the stiff-necked of them, were the elect of God. Chap. 14, he saith to all to whom the following precepts did belong, and therefore doubtless to all Israel, *thou art a holy people*

to the Lord thy God, καὶ σὺ ἐξελέξατο ὁ κύριος, and the Lord hath chosen thee out to be a peculiar people to himself above all nations.

And with this notion of the words, accords the constant use of the same phrase in all the writers of the Old Testament. Thus Solomon, *Thy servant is in the midst of thy people*, οὐ ἐξελέγω, which thou hast elected, a great people that cannot be numbered, nor counted for multitude. Thus in the Book of Psalms the Jews in general are stiled the seed of Israel his servant, the children of Jacob, ἐκλεκτοὶ αὐτοῦ, his elect; there it is said, τὸν Ιακώβ ἐαυτῷ ἐξελέξατο, the Lord hath chosen Jacob for himself, and Israel for his inheritance; that the Lord brought forth his people with joy, καὶ τὰς ἐκλεκτὰς αὐτοῦ, and his elect with gladness; there he desires God to see the good of his elect, and to rejoice in the gladness of his nation, and with his inheritance: so that through the Book of Psalms God's people, his servants, his nation, his inheritance, and his elect are the same persons.

In the evangelical Prophet we find God speaking of Jacob, οὐ ἐξελέξαμην, whom I have chosen, and Israel whom I have loved, and to whom he speaks thus, *Thou art my child whom I have chosen*; there God declares he will make waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my chosen generation, my people whom I have chosen to shew forth my praise; there we read of Jacob my servant, and Israel mine elect, and of a mountain which his elect shall inherit, and in which his servants shall dwell.

In the prophet Jeremy we find God is displeased with them who said, *The two families whom the Lord hath chosen he hath even cast them off*. The prophet Ezekiel speaks of the day when the Lord chose Israel, and lifted up his hand to the seed of the house of Jacob, or engaged himself by covenant to be their God. The prophet Zechariah stiles God, *The Lord who hath chosen Jerusalem*, and speaketh of a time when he shall yet comfort Zion, and shall yet chuse Jerusalem; and Daniel of a

time,

time, when *his elect shall not be able to stand before their enemies.*

And to carry on this phrase through the times of the Old Testament, in the Book of Esther we are told of a time in which τὸ γένος ἐκλεκτὸν, *the chosen generation* should have perished, i. e. in which the wicked Haman designed to cut off the Jews. And in the Book of Ecclesiasticus we are informed that *Joshua was made great, for saving the elect of God, that he might set Israel in their inheritance.*

Thus have I traced this phrase through the Old Testament, and shewed that it belongs not to particular persons, but to the whole Jewish nation, to the bad, as well as the good among them; to them to whom he threateneth the worst of evils, as well as them to whom he promises the greatest blessings.

[*To be continued.*]

## S E R M O N XXVII.

On HEBREWS xiii. 17.

[*Concluded from page 241.*]

III. 1. **B**UT what is the meaning of this direction? This remains to be considered. In what sense, and how far does the Apostle direct them, to *obey and submit to their Spiritual Guides?*

If we attend to the proper sense of the two words here used by the Apostle, we may observe that the former of them (πειθεσθε from πείθω to persuade) refers to the Understanding, the latter, υπακούετε to the Will and outward Behaviour. To begin with the former. What influence ought our Spiritual Guides to have over our Understanding? We dare no more call our spiritual fathers Rabbi, than the *fathers of our flesh.* We dare no more yield implicit faith to the former than to the latter.

latter. In this sense *one is our Master* (or rather *Teacher*) *who is in heaven*. But whatever submission, of even our Understanding short of this, we may, nay we ought to yield to them.

2. To explain this a little farther. St. *James* uses a word which is nearly allied to the former of these. *The wisdom which is from above is ἐπιεικής easy to be convinced, or to be persuaded*. Now if we ought to have and to shew this wisdom toward all men; we ought to have it in a more eminent degree, and to shew it upon every occasion, toward those that *watch over our souls*. With regard to these, above all other men, we should be *easy to be intreated*: easily convinced of any truth, and easily persuaded to any thing that is not sinful.

3. A word of nearly the same import with this, is frequently used by St. *Paul*; namely, ἐπιεικής. In our translation, it is more than once rendered *gentle*. But perhaps it might be more properly rendered, (if the word may be allowed) *yielding*; ready to *yield*, to give up our own will, in every thing that is not a point of duty. This amiable temper every real Christian enjoys, and shews in his intercourse with all men. But he shews it in a peculiar manner, toward those that watch over his soul. He is not only willing to receive any instruction from them, to be convinced of any thing which he did not know before; to lie open to their advice, and glad to receive admonition, or reproof: but is ready to give up his own Will, whenever he can do it with a clear conscience. Whatever they desire him to do, he does; if it be not forbidden in the word of God. Whatever they desire him to refrain from, he does so; if it be not enjoined in the word of God. This is plainly implied in those words of the Apostle, *Submit yourselves to them; yield to them*: give up your own will. This is meet, and right, and your bounden duty, if they do indeed watch over your souls, as they that shall give account. If you do thus *obey and submit yourselves to them*, they will give an account of you *with joy; not with groaning*.



groaning, as they must otherwise do: for although they should be clear of your blood, yet *that would be unprofitable to you: yea, a prelude of eternal damnation.*

4. How acceptable to God was an instance of obedience, somewhat similar to this! You have a large and particular account of it, in the thirty-fifth chapter of *Jeremiah*. *The word of the Lord came to Jeremiah saying, Go unto the house of the Rechabites, and give them wine to drink. Then I took the whole house of the Rechabites (all the heads of their families) and set before them pots full of wine, and said unto them, Drink ye wine: but they said, We will drink no wine: for Jonadab, a great man in the reign of Jehu, the son of Rechab, from whom we are named, being the father of our family, commanded us, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons for ever. And we have obeyed the voice of Jonadab our father, in all that he charged us.* We do not know any particular reason why *Jonadab* gave this charge to his posterity. But as it was not sinful, they gave this strong instance of gratitude to their great benefactor. And how pleasing this was to the Father of their spirits, we learn from the words that follow. *And Jeremiah said unto the Rechabites, Because ye have obeyed the voice of Jonadab, your father, therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, Jonadab shall not want a man, to stand before my face for ever.*

5. Now it is certain, Christians owe full as much gratitude and obedience, to those that watch over their souls, as ever the house of the *Rechabites* owed to *Jonadab* the son of *Rechab*. And we cannot doubt, but he is as well pleased with our obedience to these, as ever he was with their obedience to *Jonadab*. If he was so well-pleased with the gratitude and obedience of this people to their temporal benefactor, have we not all reason to believe, He is full as well-pleased with the gratitude and obedience of Christians, to those who derive far greater blessings to them, than ever *Jonadab* conveyed to his posterity?



6. It may be of use, yet again to consider, In what instances is it the duty of Christians to obey and submit themselves to those that watch over their souls. Now the things which they enjoin, must be either enjoined of God, or forbidden by him, or indifferent. In things forbidden of God we dare not obey them; for we are to obey God rather than man. In things enjoined of God, we do not properly obey Them, but our common Father. Therefore if we are to obey them at all, it must be in things indifferent. The sum is, It is the duty of every private Christian, to obey his spiritual Pastor, by either doing or leaving undone any thing of an indifferent nature; any thing that is in no way determined in the word of God.

7. But how little is this understood in the *Protestant* world? At least, in *England* and *Ireland*? Who is there, even among those, that are supposed to be good Christians, who dreams there is such a Duty as this? And yet there is not a more express command, either in the Old or the New Testament. No words can be more clear and plain: no command more direct and positive. Therefore certainly none who receive the scripture as the word of God, can live in the habitual breach of this, and yet plead innocence. Such an instance of wilful, or at least careless disobedience, must grieve the Holy Spirit of God. It cannot but hinder the grace of God from having its full effect upon the heart. It is not improbable, that this very disobedience may be one cause of the deadness of many souls: one reason of their not receiving those blessings, which they seek with some degree of sincerity.

8. It remains only, to make a short Application of what has now been delivered.

You that read this, do you apply it to yourself? Do you examine yourself thereby? Do not you stop your own growth in grace, if not by wilful disobedience to this command; yet by a careless inattention to it, by not considering it, as the importance of it deserves? If so, you defraud  
yourself

yourself of many blessings, which you might enjoy. Or, are you of a better mind, of a more excellent spirit? Is it your fixt resolution and your constant endeavour, *to obey them that have the rule over you in the Lord?* To submit yourselves as cheerfully to your spiritual, as to your natural parents? Do you ask, "Wherein should I submit to them?" The answer has been given already: not in things enjoined of God: not in things forbidden by him; but in things indifferent: in all that are not determined one way or the other, by the oracles of God. It is true, this cannot be done in some instances, without a considerable degree of self-denial, when they advise you to refrain from something that is agreeable to flesh and blood. And it cannot be obeyed in other instances, without taking up your cross: without suffering some pain or inconvenience, that is not agreeable to flesh and blood. For that solemn declaration of our Lord has place here, as well as on a thousand other occasions, *Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross daily, he cannot be my disciple.* But this will not affright you, if you resolve to be, not only almost, but altogether a Christian: if you determine to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life.

9. I would now apply myself in a more particular manner to you, who desire me to watch over your souls. Do you make it a point of conscience, to obey me, for my Master's sake? To submit yourselves to me in things indifferent; things not determined in the word of God? In all things that are not enjoined, nor yet forbidden in Scripture. Are you *easy to be intreated*, as by men in general, so by me in particular? Easy to be convinced of any truth, however contrary to your former prejudices? And easy to be persuaded to do or forbear any indifferent thing at my desire? You cannot but see, that all this is clearly contained in the very words of the text. And you cannot but acknowledge, that it is highly reasonable for you so to do, if I do employ all my time, all my substance, all my strength both of body and soul, not in seeking my own

honour, or pleasure; but in promoting your present and eternal salvation: if I do indeed *watch over your souls as one that must give account.*

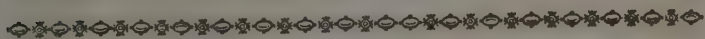
10. Do you then take my advice (I ask in the presence of God and all the world) with regard to *Dress*? I published that advice above thirty years ago: I have repeated it a thousand times since. I have advised you not to be conformable to the world herein: to lay aside all needless ornaments; to avoid all needless expence; to be patterns of plainness to all that are round about you: Have you taken this advice? Have you all, men and women, young and old, rich and poor, laid aside all those needless ornaments, which I particularly objected to? Are you all exemplarily plain in your apparel? As plain as Quakers (so called) or Moravians! If not, if you are still dressed like the generality of people of your own rank and fortune, you declare hereby to all the world, that you will not obey them that are over you in the Lord. You declare, in open defiance of God and man, that you will not *submit yourselves* to them. Many of you carry your sins on your forehead, openly and in the face of the sun. You harden your hearts against instruction and against conviction: you harden one another: especially those of you that were once convinced, and have now stifled your convictions. You encourage one another, to stop your ears against the truth, and shut your eyes against the light, lest haply you should see, that you are fighting against God, and against your own souls. If I were now called to give an account of you, it would be *with groans, and not with joy*. And sure that would be *unprofitable for you*: the loss would fall upon your own head.

11. I speak all this on supposition (though that is a supposition not to be made) that the Bible was silent on this head: that the Scripture said nothing concerning *Dress*, and left it to every one's own discretion. But if all other texts were silent, this is enough, *Submit yourselves to them that are*  
over

*over you in the Lord.* I bind this upon your consciences, in the sight of God. Were it only in obedience to this direction, you cannot be clear before God, unless you throw aside all needless ornaments, in utter defiance of that tyrant of fools, Fashion; unless you seek only to be adorned with good works, as men and women professing Godliness.

12. Perhaps you will say, "This is only a little thing: it is a mere trifle." I answer, If it be, you are the more inexcusable before God and man. What! Will you disobey a plain commandment of God for *a mere trifle*? God forbid! Is it a trifle, to sin against God? To set his authority at nought? Is this a little thing? Nay, remember, There can be no little sin, till we can find a little god! Mean time be assured of one thing: the more conscientiously you obey your spiritual Guides, the more powerfully will God apply the word, which they speak in his name to your heart! The more plentifully will he water what is spoken, with the dew of his blessing: and the more proofs will you have, it is not only they that speak, but the Spirit of your Father who speaketh in them.

*Bristol, March 18, 1785.*



*A Short Account of the EXPERIENCE of the Rev. JAMES  
CREIGHTON, B. A.*

[Written by Himself.]

[Continued from page 244.]

I Was not at this time acquainted with the writings of the People called Methodists; nor did I chuse to read them, except just glancing my eye over some few that fell in my way. Because I heard they spoke much of *faith*, I thought they held Antinomian Principles; but when I came to

enquire candidly into the matter, I found it was quite the reverse; and that no People insist upon holiness as consequent on faith, and a life devoted to God, more than they do. In my youth I had heard some of them preach at a friend's house. I had no particular aversion to them, but was indifferent about them. After my entering into Orders, my aversion to them increased; which was partly occasioned by an advice given me by my Bishop, who was a great enemy to them; for, on my commencing Curate immediately under him in the Cathedral, he gave me this caution: "Say nothing at all about *faith* in your Sermons." This coming from one whom I looked upon as a Father in the Church, had great weight with me. So that after this I was rather an opposer; though not a persecutor of the people called Methodists.

In the year 1772, when Mr. *Wesley* was expected to preach at *Swadlingbar*, where I was then Curate, I was meditating a Sermon to preach against him; but this I postponed, and wrote down some Queries to send him. I was, I know not how, prevented from sending them at *that* time; but when he came to *Swadlingbar* the following year, I sent them to him privately, though I did not subscribe my name. However he guessed from whom they came, and returned a concise answer, and with it sent his Appeals. I was pretty well satisfied with his answer, and had a more favourable opinion of him afterwards; though I still retained an aversion to Lay-Preachers. His Appeals I did not then read; but laid them by till a more *convenient season*. I read them carefully in the following Winter: some parts of them I did not understand; particularly what he said of *faith*: other parts I did comprehend, and approved of, and in his last Appeal, in reasoning with the Bishop of *London*, I saw clearly that he had the advantage of his Lordship in the argument. However, I threw by the Pamphlet again, and took little notice of it till three years afterwards. In the end of the year 1775,  
I read



I read Mr. *Fletcher's* Appeal; but without any great effect. I liked his stile and the perspicuity of his Arguments; and I was in a kind of rapture in reading his Address and the Appendix. Yet still I did not bring the question home to my own heart, Whether *I* was in that fallen state he so clearly described? I looked upon myself as *some* kind of a Christian, from the time I had been baptized. But whoever is fully acquainted with his own heart, will readily acknowledge that the picture of man, in his fallen state, cannot be drawn in too black colours. His heart is *desperately wicked*; yea, *every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is evil*, and that *continually*.

I had two old Latin books, one a Comment on our Articles, the other a Summary of the Heads of Divinity; both written in the last century by Presbyters of the Church of England. These I sometimes perused, and they had a considerable weight with me. I had often before this applied in private to the *Father of light*, if I was in error, to let me know it. This prayer was at length answered; for, reading a passage in one of these books, concerning Justification and Sanctification, I was struck with this thought: "This is not a *new* doctrine." I then had recourse again to Mr. *Wesley's* Appeals, together with the Bible. Having read these with fervent prayer, my eyes were thoroughly opened; and I gained more spiritual knowledge in six days, than I had before in six and twenty years.

I now clearly saw the plan of salvation, and perceived my own soul in its true colours. Wherever I was, either riding, sitting, or walking, the words of the heathen Emperor, "My friends, I have lost a day," went like a dagger to my heart. "Will not this heathen, said I, rise in judgment and condemn *me*, who have lost the whole of my time?" And the reflection of having done no good distressed me more than even the burthen of my sins. Every prop being now removed, I saw I must be saved by *faith only*, or perish everlastingly.

everlastingly. When I had sought mercy for a fortnight, without success, I thought I must repent more. This set me back for some time; for I had none to converse with who knew the way of salvation. But God himself gave me encouragement by dreams; and I had firm hopes which supported me under my heavy burthen. When I had been about six weeks under conviction, on reading the first chapter of *Isaiah* in the Church, being the first lesson appointed for the day, I was much affected by it, thinking it very applicable to our times, and to the then state of the British Empire: the American rebellion having now advanced to a considerable height. After my return home I read over the chapter again, and determined to write a Discourse from some text in it for the following Sabbath; which I accordingly did, taking the second verse for my text. On the Sabbath when I was to preach it, about the middle of the service, a man came into the Church and handed me a Form of Prayer and a Proclamation, for observing a general Fast on the Friday following. I had but two or three minutes till I was to read the Proclamation. Soon after, I went into the pulpit, where I delivered the said Discourse with more than ordinary energy. I was so affected with a sense of what had occurred, and of my own unworthiness, that towards the conclusion of my Discourse I burst into tears; the whole tenor of my Sermon being calculated for the Fast-Day, as if I had been previously apprized of it; whereas I knew nothing of the matter till the moment when the packets were handed to me into the Reading-Desk. It was the thought of this, and the tenor of my discourse, which, besides the burthen of my sins, served to sink me to the dust; and the language of my heart then was, "Lord, what am I? What have I to merit thy favour? I am the vilest of the vile; yea, worse than nothing!" But how did my poor neighbours account for my tears and distress? Why, by spreading a report that the packets I received contained press-warrants, on account of a threatened  
invasion,

invader; and that I was weeping through fear of the impending dangers of a war in *Ireland*.

I was in deep distress the remainder of that day and night, and did not sleep till about one o'clock: whether sleeping or waking I am not certain, I felt a kind of impression which is not easily described. On the night following, about the same hour, being, I believe, asleep, I felt another impulse somewhat similar to it, which seemed to be accompanied with a dawn of light. On the third night, having sat up till two o'clock in the morning writing, I went to bed, but did not sleep for a considerable time. I then slept about two hours; and awoke out of a remarkable dream. Whilst I was meditating a few minutes upon it, I felt a third impulse, which shook my whole frame; even every nerve and fibre in my body. It was as quick as lightning, so that I can compare it to nothing but the shock of Electric fire: and it left me very weak for some hours. What seemed to me most remarkable in these impulses was, that though they varied a little, yet they all were somewhat similar to a sensation which I felt about eighteen years before, in the night, after I had been hearing *John Manners* preach. I do not recollect that I was any way affected by his preaching or conversation; but I have sometimes thought since, that perhaps that good man's prayers were heard for me; for, I doubt not but he prayed for me *particularly* in private; knowing that I was then about to enter the College. This impulse (I mean the thoughts of it) often impressed my mind, though I never discovered it to any one, fearing lest it should be only the effect of imagination. Though I believe now that God was reconciled to me at the time when I felt the last of those three impulses; yet I could not then believe it, nor for a month or six weeks after. When I was enabled *fully* to believe that God was at peace with me, I was so collected, and my ideas so clear, that I think I could have written a Sermon, and conversed with five or six different persons

persons at the same time ; so that what is related of *Julius Cæsar* did not seem to me incredible. But this did not continue more than a month or six weeks ; which, I believe, I might have retained, had I not been unfaithful to the grace given, and grieved the Spirit of God by doubting of my Call to preach the Gospel.

[*To be continued.*]



*A short Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.*

Written by Mr. J. ROGERS.

[*Continued from page 247.*]

JANUARY 27, her cough was so violent all the night that she got no rest ; but towards day-break the Lord abated it, and gave his beloved sleep. On waking from a gentle slumber, being asked how she felt her mind ? she replied, " My trust is in the Lord ; he is near to me at all times." Soon after this she said, " Do, kneel down and pray ; and if you please, ask the Lord to release me. O, how I want to be with my dear Lord !"

Mrs *Simpson* calling to see her, asked how she felt ? She said, " Weaker and weaker ; but quite resigned. I have cause to be thankful that the Lord supports me ; and I believe he will support me to the end."

The night after, she had much sickness, and no sleep at all. In the morning she turned her languid face towards Miss *R.* and with a smile said, " Well, my dear, I think my Lord will not tarry long now. O, He is a sweet Saviour !" Miss *R.* said, I believe, He will not tarry long ; but you must remember, every moment you suffer here is adding to the brightness of your crown in glory. She said, " Well, that is a blessed thought indeed !"

While

While Miss R. repeated the following verses, she rejoiced exceedingly.

He looks from the skies,  
He shews us the prize,  
And gives us a sign  
That we shall o'ercome by the mercy divine.

The Saviour of all,  
For us he shall call,  
Shall shortly appear;  
Our day of eternal salvation is near.

For us is prepar'd,  
The angelical guard,  
The convoy attends;  
A ministering host of invisible friends.

Ready wing'd for their flight,  
To the regions of light,  
The horses are come,  
The chariots of Israel to carry us home.

For several days, being exceeding weak, we could scarcely hear her speak, only by short intervals. On perceiving her whisper, we attended, and her words were, "O, my precious, precious Lord! thou wilt not tarry long! I shall soon be with thee! What a day will that be! I shall praise thee for ever!"

At another time, after Miss R. and I had both been at prayer for her, she looked at us and said, "I am obliged to you both, and thank the Lord for you. What a mercy is it that you can pray for me thus! It has done me good. I heard you say the other day, the Lord had given you the spirit of prayer, and I am sure I have proved it true; for I never heard either of you pray as you have done lately. I thank my Lord for it all. I am sure God is with you." She added, "O what sweetness! what happiness I feel! I am quite resigned: for all the Lord does is well done indeed!"



indeed! I am *glad* it is just as it is. All is right. Do you pray for me, and I will pray for you. God *will* bless you: I shall meet you both again, after a little while. We shall all get to heaven: I have not a doubt but we shall."

February 6, she had a violent fit of coughing, and got up some blood. On hearing us mention this, she said, "Well, it is all right! My Deliverer is drawing nearer and nearer. He will not tarry long. O, my gracious Lord, thou wilt come and set me at liberty! Come Lord Jesus!"

February 8. Conversing with her as she could bear it; I was saying, how many profitable moments we had spent together! She replied, "Well, my love, they will be renewed again!" Seeing me affected and in tears, she said, "What is the matter? My dear, do not grieve. A moment cannot *always* last! You and I are sure to meet again on Mount Sion! And it will not be long! Be of good comfort."

At another time, being called suddenly up stairs, I found her in a severe agony, occasioned by the stoppage of the phlegm. As soon as she could speak, she cried out, with uncommon fervency, "Come Lord Jesus! O, come quickly! O, come my dear Jesus! O, come and help me! Thou wilt come soon! I shall soon be with thee!"

The day before her death she was more cheerful and conversable than for a fortnight before. Having long expected her dissolution every hour, we did not inform her of the death of her child; for we feared the surprise might interrupt her. She now however enquired particularly about him, and we told her the whole. Then lifting her eyes to heaven, with a sweetness inexpressible, she cried, "My dear *Jemmy*! My precious! My darling! Has my sweet babe indeed got to heaven before me! Well, though he has a little the start of me, it is not much. I am going quickly. Yes, I shall soon see him again. O, how good is the Lord!"

[To be concluded in our next.]

*A Short*

*A Short Account of ANN ROYLANDS.*

*[Concluded from page 249.]*

**T**HE week before she died she was violently tempted by the powers of darkness; but in every temptation the Lord made a way for her escape. She had many consolations mingled with her trials both of body and mind.

She would cry out, in the midst of all, "Come Lord Jesus! Let me love thee with all my heart! I am but a young, ignorant creature; but O, let me love my God and die!" Some thieves having broke into the house, and stole several things, and among the rest a cloak of hers; she said, "I shall soon be clothed with a white robe, white as snow, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Sometimes she would say, "I am in great pain; but I scarce feel it: I am so happy in my Redeemer. I am weak; but he is my Might: he is my Love; my God; my All!"

As her time drew near to a period, how did she wrestle with God in prayer for faith and patience, to hold out unto the end! Some of her words were, "Come Lord Jesus! Come quickly, and take me to thine everlasting arms! I love my Jesus! Thou wilt not leave me, sweet Jesus! Only give me patience, and make me like thyself, and then take me to glory!"

The day before she died, Satan was permitted to make his last attack upon her. For sometime she was in an agony. But prayer was made to God for her, and it pleased the Lord to still the Avenger. After lying awhile, when the conflict was over, she broke out in an extasy of love and joy, and cried aloud, "Come Lord Jesus! Take me to thyself! Dear Jesus, how I love thee! O, I love my Jesus! I love my father! I love my mother! I love you all! and I love all the

world; but I love my Jesus a thousand times better. I shall soon be with him! I shall soon be in his arms! Do not leave me: stay and see me die. Before the morning, Jesus will take me to himself! I shall be in his arms for ever and ever! I shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb for ever and ever! Hallelujah! Come sweet Jesus! why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming? and why tarry the wheels of thy chariot? O, come quickly, and let me be thine for ever!"

She then lifted up her feeble voice and sung,

" For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come !

Ah! my dear Jesus, I shall soon be with thee! I shall soon be happy in thine embrace! I shall soon be with him whom my soul loveth! I shall join the hundred and forty, and four thousand, with the innumerable company, which no man can number; and there a heavenly harper stand, and sing the song of love to all eternity!"

In this solemn triumph of faith, she continued for an hour and half; and her words were like those of a spirit sent from paradise. After lying sometime composed, she was seized with convulsions, and cried out, " Father, I am struck with death!" She continued for some hours, with her eyes and hands lifted up to heaven; and with smiles of love and joy on her countenance. Her father said, My dear, you are not afraid to die. She hastily replied, " O! no, no! I am not afraid to die!"

After continuing for some hours in a transport of love and joy, she quietly fell asleep, on May the 25th, in the nineteenth year of her age.

*Some Account of Mrs. HANNAH WOOD.*

[Written by her Son.]

**M**Y dear and honoured parent was born at *Richmond* in *Surry*, on the 19th of April, 1736. In 1759 she was married to Mr. *Basil Wood*, who also was born at *Richmond*, in 1730, with whom she had been acquainted from her infancy.

Such an union, cemented by long endearment, and similarity of disposition, promised a scene of much temporal felicity; but a mysterious Providence intended other events. The January following, my father, being then from home on a visit, was seized with a violent fever, and died on the 12th of that month. So great a shock, to a mind of her sensibility, could leave no faint impression; but it pleased God to support her in this keen trial, and on the 5th of August following she was delivered of a son. Providence wonderfully interposed in our favour, and both root and branch, though then apparently withering, were preserved together, just as many years longer as she had then lived.

The afflicting circumstance of my father's death, nevertheless proved an eventual blessing. By one stroke her mind was severed from worldly prospects; and being rent from the love of the creature, she now began more anxiously to seek the knowledge and love of the Creator.

In the year 1779, it pleased God to lay the foundation of the disorder, which at length occasioned her death. A severe fit of illness confined her to her room six or seven months. From that time she was much afflicted with a weakness and swelling in her joints; various means were used, but the remedy remained unknown,

This

This last year she was unable to rise from her seat without assistance, and was almost in a state of helplessness. The disorder got into her stomach. An entire loss of appetite took place, and a perpetual sickness.

God now visited her soul with more peculiar manifestations of his love. She believed her end to be approaching, and was more filled with joy as the day drew nigh, which for ever would terminate all her sorrow.

Since her decease, upon looking over a kind of diary, which her humility charged me never to open in her lifetime, I have met with the following meditation on the last birth-day she spent on earth.

April 19, 1784.

“ This is the day of my birth. O, my gracious Lord, make me sensible of thy mercies!—I would be all praise and thanksgiving.—I would praise thee for my birth; for there thy mercies began; and they have followed me all my days.—Dearest Lord, I cannot express my thanks; but thou seest my heart, and I trust thou seest me longing to be thankful! O, that I could render praise and gratitude to thee, who, I humbly trust, hast created my soul anew! This, this alone makes the day of *natural* birth to be looked back to with comfort. O, for a grateful heart!—Help me, gracious Lord, to praise thee for all that is past! My heart is full.—I want words.—O, help me to look forward!—I have lived here a long time. Help me to look beyond the grave; to look to thy right-hand.—Increase my faith; help me to believe that thou hast indeed called me by thy grace; begun the good work: and that thou wilt carry it on and keep me, that where thou, my blessed Jesus art, there thy poor unworthy servant shall be also!—O, glory be to thy name, the work is thine own, and my trust is in thee! O, keep me and save me, blessed Lord! I give myself to thee.—O, bring me to those blessed mansions of peace, where I shall be able to praise thee; where  
I shall



I shall be delivered from the painful clog of this body, which weighs down my soul!—Prepare me for thy coming!—O, make me watchful, and ready to meet thee, when thou shalt please to send thy messenger, Death, for me!—O, make the pain I continually feel of use to me.—Sure I cannot be long here!—O, quicken my soul! Fix my affections on heavenly things.—O, give me clearer views! O, give me a sense of pardoned sin!—Wash me in thy precious blood.—Clothe me with thy perfect righteousness.—Conform me more to thy divine image; and help me to meet death, as a kind friend, come to fetch me home to thee!—Amen, Amen, thou dearest Lord!"——

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

---

*Some Account of ROBERT DENNIS: in a Letter to the  
Rev. J. WESLEY.*

Rev. Sir,

Sheffield, Dec. 24, 1785.

**A**MONG many instances of happy deaths, which occurred during the two last years I was at *Halifax*, perhaps an account of the following, which happened in July last, may not be unworthy of a place in your Magazine.

*Robert Dennis* was from a child, often concerned for the salvation of his soul. He was remarkable for obedience to his parents, and was of so tender and loving a spirit, that he entered into all their joys and sorrows; and seemed quite unhappy if he thought any thing troubled them. He was so diligent in his employment, that his parents never had need to urge him to it; being always forward, according to his ability. His behaviour was so good that he was never heard to utter an oath, or to use any foul or wicked language. So far from this, that when a younger brother once happened to take the name of God in vain, he seemed deeply concerned;  
and

and took the first opportunity of desiring his mother to speak to him.

About six years ago (when he was about thirteen years of age) he had, in a dream, an awful view of the day of judgment; and was exceedingly alarmed to find himself destitute of that religion without which he could not be admitted to glory. This he told his mother, and seemed to be much affected with it.

He had regularly gone with his parents to hear the word, and had joined with them in family-worship; but did not appear to be benefited any further than that he was preserved from outward sin, and felt frequently good desires. And indeed as his disposition was rather close, this was in a great measure hid from his parents till a little before his death; nor were they apprized of the concern he had, during the greatest part of his long and painful illness.

This begun about two years ago; and he seems to have been under very deep impressions most of the time: but kept it chiefly to himself. At length, about eight weeks before he died, he was constrained to reveal his inward trouble to such as talked to him about eternal things. He was deeply sensible of his want of faith, and very desirous that the people of God should both pray for him and advise him. He attended the means of grace, both public and private, longer than he was well able. But still he did not find rest to his soul.

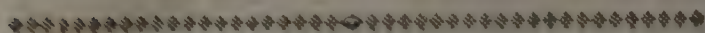
At length, about three weeks before he died, having been at the preaching with his father, after they returned home, he attended seriously while his father read to him the 8th chapter to the Romans, out of which the text was taken. When they came to the passage that speaks of the glorious privileges of the children of God, his father said, Well Robert, and dost thou think that thou hast any part in these matters? "Yes father, said he, I hope I have." His mother said, Robert, thou must endeavour to resign thyself up to the Lord,

Lord, body and soul, and thou wilt find peace." He answered, "Mother, I have done that long since." Well then, said she, dost thou not find peace? He said, "Yes I do." His father then read forward, and the young man seemed quite thoughtful, till at length he broke out in a kind of rapture, and said, "O, praise the Lord! praise the Lord! He has given me glory!" with many other expressions to the same purport. His countenance, which shone with visible brightness, bore testimony to the truth of what he uttered. A serious friend happening to come in, they all kneeled down, and solemnly returned the Lord thanks for this display of his goodness. He continued unspeakably happy all night; and next morning spoke of the goodness of God to all that came in. The comfort wherewith the Lord refreshed his soul, had an effect even upon his body; so that he seemed to himself to have no pain or sickness. In the afternoon he walked out into the garden of a friend, with the Christian Pattern in his pocket, and stayed there reading and meditating sometime. As he returned home he met with a serious friend, who enquired into the state of his soul? when he answered, according to his former expression, "The Lord has given me glory;" she was struck with the unusual phrase, and knew and felt that it was glory indeed.

The day following he said many blessed things, to one that called to see him. Among the rest, he signified, What cause he had to be thankful for this affliction: which he believed would be the means of saving his soul: and seemed joyful at the thoughts of his approaching dissolution. An aunt being present, and hearing this conversation, was much struck, and shed many tears; having rarely, if ever, heard a dying person, especially one so young, speaking of death with such cheerfulness. Now friends came to see him every day; and he spoke to all, as his strength would permit, of the loving-kindness of the Lord: and seemed wonderfully

directed to speak to all as their state required. To a backslider he said, "Robert, I am sorry for you. O, return to the Lord, and he will return to you!" and it seemed to be a word in season. To another who was under some trials, he said, "George, your troubles are many; but look to the Lord and he will be your refuge."

[To be concluded in our next.]



An Extract from a SERMON, on GOD is LOVE.

[Continued from page 258.]

**T**o illustrate this subject consider farther, 3. "That criminals are incompetent judges of vindictive justice." It is natural for them to flatter themselves that their crimes are small; that their judge still ought to suffer them to escape with impunity, or with a gentle punishment; and that if he should do otherwise he would be unjust and cruel. The excess of self-love suggests to them a thousand excuses and extenuations of their guilt, and flatters them with a thousand favourable presumptions. An impenitent criminal is always an ungenerous, mean spirited, selfish creature, and has nothing of that noble disinterested self-denial and impartiality which would cause him to condemn himself, and approve of that sentence by which he dies. A little acquaintance with the conduct of mankind will soon make us sensible of their partiality; and particularly how unfit they are to form an estimate of justice when themselves stand as criminals at its bar. Now this is the case of all mankind in the affair now under consideration. They are criminals at the bar of divine justice; they are the parties to be tried: it is natural to them

19

to palliate their own crimes, and to form flattering expectations from the clemency of their judge. And are they fit persons to prescribe to their judge how he should deal with them, or what measure of punishment he ought to inflict upon them? Sinners! dare you usurp this high province? Dare you,

“ Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
Rejudge his justice, be the god of God?”

Rather stand at the bar, ye criminals! That is your place. Do not dare to ascend the throne. That is the place of your judge. Stand silent, and await his righteous sentence, which is always just; always best: or, if creatures must judge of the justice of their sovereign, I appeal to the saints; I appeal to the angels, those competent, disinterested judges; I appeal to every upright, impartial being in the universe. They approve, they celebrate, they admire, and love all the displays of punitive justice as necessary to the public good; and their judgment may be depended on: it is not misled by ignorance, nor perverted by self-interest. To whom would you appeal as judges of the proceedings of courts of justice among men? To malefactors in a dungeon, who have made justice their enemy, and who are therefore enemies to it? No; but you would appeal to obedient subjects, who are not obnoxious to justice themselves, and are sensible of its beauty and public utility? They all approve of it with one voice, and would look upon a supreme magistrate without it as a very contemptible character, and essentially deficient in goodness. Hence it follows that even the punitive justice of God not only *is* in reality, but to all impartial judges *appears* to be a most amiable, and beneficent perfection; majestic indeed, but not forbidding; awful, but not hateful; terrible, but only to criminals; and destructive only to what destroys the public



good. I have so far anticipated myself that I need hardly add,

4. "That proceedings similar to those of the divine government are not only approved of as just in all human governments; but also loved and admired as amiable, and essential to the *goodness and benevolence* of a ruler."

Does the supreme lawgiver annex severe penalties to his laws which render the disobedient miserable for ever? So do human governments with the unanimous approbation of their subjects; they inflict punishments that affect life, and cut off the offender from civil society *for ever*; and this is the only kind of *everlasting* punishment that can be executed by mortals. Does Jehovah maintain good order in his immense empire; protect his subjects, and deter them from offending by making examples of the guilty? And does he secure and advance the good of the whole by the conspicuous punishment of obnoxious individuals? This is done every day for the same ends in human governments, and that with universal approbation. Does he inflict punishments that are not intended for the reformation and advantage of the guilty sufferer, but only for the admonition and benefit of others? This is always the case in human governments when the punishment reaches to the life; for then the offender himself is put out of all capacity of personal advantage by it, but he suffers entirely for the good of others. Even criminals must be made useful to society; and this is the only use they are fit to answer. Would it be greatly injurious for a magistrate, in his public character, to forgive crimes and suffer criminals to escape, though to do so in a private character might be a virtue? Just so God, who is the supreme *Magistrate* of the universe, and not to be considered in this case as a *private* person acting only in a private character; the great God I say, is obliged by his regard for his own honour and the benefit of his subjects, to inflict proper punishments, and distribute his  

pardoning

pardoning mercy to individuals consistently with the general good. What would be *revenge* in a *private* person, which is the ruling passion of devils, is justice, and benevolence itself in the supreme Ruler of the world: and a failure in this would render him not only less glorious; but less amiable, less beneficent to his creatures.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



## OF HUMAN LIBERTY.

Extracted from a late Author.

[*Concluded from page 260.*]

WHETHER then we consider the nature of intelligent beings upon which freedom is founded; or the fatal consequences of denying liberty; all conspires to prove that finite spirits are endued with this property. It is the noblest faculty God could grant them. By it they will be for ever happy; but happy by love, and by free love, which is the supreme felicity. Thus they will for ever contribute to their own perfection and happiness. This is the nearest and highest imitation of the divine independency. They will remain for ever unconstrained in their choice, preference and love. Nothing can ever force, or do violence to their moral determinations. This is the eternal, immutable, and universal law, established through the whole regions of immensity. God will always act upon intelligent natures in proportion to their free correspondence. Such is the nature of his intelligent images, that he cannot make them happy without their own concurrence; and upon this great principle depends all the beautiful œconomy of Providence with regard to spirits fallen or unfallen. As he loves essentially all his creatures,

as he made them only to be happy ; as he can never cease to furnish them with the means necessary to come to this end ; he never acts upon them by omnipotent, irresistible wills, otherwise they could never be wicked or miserable for one moment. He would convert them all, and beatify them all by one instantaneous act ; and therefore if they be not all good and happy, they must have in themselves a real power to resist his divine operations, and so retard the design he had in creating them. We shall now examine the objections made against liberty.

1. Rational agents act still for some reason that determines them. This reason appears to them at the time always the best, otherwise they would be capable of preferring what appears to them a lesser good to a greater, what appears a greater evil to a less, and consequently of willing evil as evil, which is impossible. Now the soul wills, desires, and loves necessarily what appears to it best, and therefore freedom is a contradiction.

I grant that all rational beings are determined by some reason, and that they always chuse what at that time appears to them best ; but I maintain, that before they are thus determined, they have always a power to examine whether what appears to them the best, be really so, or not ; a *true* or only an *apparent* good : and this is the first source of liberty. All particular good may draw or move them because it is good ; but it does not determine them necessarily, because it is not *all* good. They have, by virtue of their natural activity, or supernatural aid, a power to suspend the last decision of the understanding and will, till they have examined.

2. It may be urged that when men doubt, or suspend thus their judgment, they have always a reason for this suspension, which makes it appear to them the best and the safest, and consequently it is necessary.

I answer

I answer that we have always a reason of suspension when we doubt, because we are fallible; but we have also always a reason of not suspending, because we love pleasure. The fear of error may restrain us on the one hand, and the desire of pleasure excite us on the other. We may yield to either; and so have still a reason for acting; but not a *necessary* reason, since either *may* determine us. If by a false precipitated judgment we think unlawful pleasure best, then we sin. If by a just diffidence of ourselves, we examine, and then renounce this pleasure, we are virtuous. All those who are criminal, think at the instant of commission, all things considered, sin a lesser evil, than the pain they would suffer, and the dangers they would incur, by not sinning; that is, they think by a precipitate judgment that *sin* is *better* than *suffering*; and hence it is that all moral evil was derived at first from *error*. But before they followed this judgment, and let themselves be blinded and hurried on by passion, they had a *real power to examine*.

3. Some will say that lapsed beings are not capable at all times of comparing, examining, and judging; because their understanding may be so darkened, their will so precipitated, and the capacity of the mind so filled with the present object, that they cannot stop their bent to pleasure, nor see objects in their true light. This we grant; the *original corruption* of our nature has very much diminished freedom, but it has not entirely *destroyed it*. We are born enslaved to sensuality, and captivated by false self-love; but what is wanting to nature may be supplied by a constant application to the divine source of life, light and love. This superior, supernatural force is refused to none. Universal grace "enlightens every man that comes into the world." Its diffusive rays, like those of the sun, may be seen by all those that do not shut their eyes, or hide themselves in a cavern, immersed in sense, or are so habituated to all the impressions of vice and passion,

passion, that they never turn their intellectual views and desires to this divine light, nor implore its succours. Thus they contract inveterate habits of evil, and then by cowardice they call impossible, what is only very difficult; and deny that they can vanquish their passions, because they will not be at the pains to combat them.

---

*A Relation of Witchcraft discovered in the Village of Mohra,  
in Sweden.*

THE news of this Witchcraft coming to the King's ear, his Majesty was pleased to appoint Commissioners, some of the Clergy and some of the Laity, to make a journey to the town aforesaid, and to examine the whole business; and accordingly, the examination was ordered to be on the thirteenth of August; and the Commissioners met on the twelfth instant, in the said village, at the Parson's house; to whom, both the Minister, and several people of fashion, complained, with tears in their eyes, of the miserable condition they were in; and therefore begged of them to think of some way whereby they might be delivered from that calamity. The inhabitants of the village added, with great lamentations, That though their children had told all, and themselves sought God very earnestly by prayer, yet they were carried away. And therefore begged of the Lords Commissioners, to root out this hellish crew, that they might regain their former rest and quietness.

That day, that is, the thirteenth of August, being the last humiliation-day instituted by authority, for the removing of this judgment, the Commissioners went to Church; where there appeared a considerable assembly both of young and old. There were two sermons preached, in which the miserable



miserable case of those people, that suffered themselves to be deluded by the devil, was laid open.

The public worship being over, all the people of the town were called together, near three thousand of them. Silence being commanded, the King's commission was read in the hearing of them all; and they were charged, under very great penalties, to conceal nothing of what they knew, and to say nothing but the truth. They all promised obedience; the guilty feignedly; but the guiltless weeping and crying bitterly.

On the 14th of August, the Commissioners met again. Examination being made, there were no less than threescore and ten in the village, three and twenty of which, confessing their crimes, were condemned to die; one pretending she was with child, and the rest denying and pleading not guilty, were sent to *Fahluna*, where most of them were afterwards executed.

Fifteen children likewise confessing, that they were engaged in this witchery, died as the rest; and thirty-six of them, between nine and sixteen years of age, who had been less guilty, were forced to run the gantlet. The whole number of the seduced children were three hundred.

The children being asked, Whether they were sure that they were carried away by the devil? They all declared they were; begging of the Commissioners, that they might be freed from that intolerable slavery.

Hereupon the witches themselves were asked, Whether the confessions of these children were true? And admonished to confess the truth, that they might turn away from the devil, unto the living God. At first, most of them very stiffly denied it. After this the children were examined, every one by himself, to see if their confessions did agree; and the Commissioners found, that all of them, except some very little ones, punctually agreed.

The confession which the witches made in *Elfdale*, to the Judges, agreed with the confession they made at *Mohra*; and the chief things they confessed, consisted in these three points: First, Whither they used to go? Secondly, What kind of a place it was they went to, called by them *Blockula*; where the witches and the devil used to meet? Thirdly, What mischief they had either done, or designed there?

First, Of their journey to *Blockula*. The contents of their confession were as follows:

We, of the province of *Elfdale*, do confess, that we used to go to a gravel-pit, which lies hard by a cross way, and there we put on a vest over our heads, and then danced round; and after this ran to the cross-way, and called the devil thrice, first with a still voice, the second time somewhat louder, and the third time very loud. Whereupon, immediately he used to appear, but in different habits; but, for the most part, we saw him in a grey coat, and red and blue stockings.

Then he asked us, If we would serve him with soul and body? If we were content to do so, he set us on a beast, and carried us to a green meadow where *Blockula* lies.

Those that were of the town of *Mohra*, made, in a manner, the same declaration. Being asked, Whether they were sure of a real personal transportation? and whether they were awake when it was done? they all answered in the affirmative.

Being asked, how they could go through chimnies, and broken panes of glass? They said, the devil first removed all that hindered them in their flight.

Others were asked, how they were able to carry so many children with them? They answered, That when the children were asleep, they came into the chamber, and laid hold of them, and asked, if they would go to a feast with them? To which some answered, Yes; others No; yet they were all forced to go. They only gave the children a shirt, a  
coat,

coat, and doublet, which was either red or blue; and so they set them upon a beast of the devil's providing, and then they rode away.

What the manner of their journey was, God alone knows: this much was made out, that if the children did, at any time, name the names of those, either men or women, that had been with them that had carried them away, they were again carried by force, either to *Blockula* or the cross-way, and there beaten, insomuch, that some of them died of it.

A little girl of *Elfdale* confessed, that, naming the name of Jesus, as she was carried away, she fell suddenly upon the ground, and got a great hole in her side; which the devil presently healed up again, and away he carried her: and to this day, the girl confesses, she had exceeding great pain in her side. Another boy confessed too, that one day he was carried away with his mistress; and to perform the journey, he took his father's horse out of the meadow, where it was feeding, and upon his return, his mistress let the horse go into her own ground.

[*To be continued.*]

---

*Of Judge JEFFERIES, on the Trial of Mr. RICHARD BAXTER, in the Court of King's-Bench.*

**I**N the beginning of the year 1685, Mr. Baxter was committed to the King's-Bench prison, by a warrant from the Lord Chief Justice Jefferies, for his Paraphrase on the New Testament.

On the 6th of May, he appeared in the Court of King's-Bench. On the 14th, he pleaded, Not guilty; and on the 18th, Mr. Baxter being much indisposed, and desiring farther time, the Chief Justice answered, "I will not give him a minute's time more to save his life."—"We have had, says

he, to do with other sorts of persons, but now we have a saint to deal with; and I know how to deal with saints as well as sinners.—Yonder stands Oats in the pillory, and he says, he suffers for the Truth, and so does Baxter. But did Baxter but stand on the other side of the pillory with him, I would say, two of the greatest rogues and rascals in the kingdom stood there.”

On the 30th of May, in the afternoon, Baxter was brought to his trial before the Lord Chief Justice at Guildhall. As soon as his Lordship was seated, a short cause was called and tried; after which, the Clerk beginning to read the title of another, “You blockhead, says Jefferies, the next cause is between Richard Baxter and the King.” Upon this, Baxter’s cause was called. The main charge was, that in some passages, he reflected on the Prelates of the Church of England, and so was guilty of sedition. The King’s Counsel opened the information at large, with its aggravations. Messrs. Wallop, Williams, Rotherham, Atwood, and Phipps, were Counsel for Mr. Baxter. Mr. Wallop said, “That he conceived the matter depending, being a point of doctrine, it ought to be referred to the Bishop; but if not, he humbly conceived the doctrine was innocent and justifiable; setting aside the inuendoes, for which there was no colour. “Mr. Wallop, replied his Lordship, I observe you are in all these dirty causes; and were it not for you Gentlemen of the long robe, who should have more wit and honesty, than to support and hold up these factious knaves by the chin, we should not be at the pass we are.”—“My Lord, added Mr. Wallop, I humbly conceive, that the passages accused are natural deductions from the text.”—“You humbly conceive! interrupted the Judge, and I humbly conceive—swear him, swear him!”—“My Lord, answered Mr. Wallop, under favour, I am Counsel for the defendant; and, if I understand either Latin or English, the information now brought against Mr. Baxter, upon such a slight ground, is a greater reflection upon

upon the Church of England, than any thing contained in the book he is accused for."—To this his Lordship replied, "Sometimes you humbly conceive, and sometimes you are very positive. You talk of your skill in church history, and of your understanding Latin and English. I think I understand something of them, as well as you; but, in short, must tell you, that if you do not understand your duty better, I shall teach it you."—Upon this Mr. Wallop sat down.—Mr. Rotherham argued, "That the sharp reflections were intended only against the Prelates of the Church of Rome."—The Lord Chief Justice replied, "That Baxter was an enemy to the name and thing; the office and person of the Bishops."—Rotherham added, "that Baxter frequently attended divine service; went to the sacrament, and persuaded others to do so too: and had, in the very book so charged, spoken very moderately and honourably of the Bishops of the Church of England." Mr. Baxter added, "My Lord, I have been so moderate with respect to the Church of England, that I have incurred the censure of many of the Dissenters upon that account."—"Baxter for Bishops! says Jefferies; that is a merry conceit indeed! Turn to it! Turn to it!"—Upon this, Rotherham turned to a place, where it is said, "That great respect is due to those truly called to be Bishops among us." "Aye, said Jefferies, this is your Presbyterian cant—truly called to be Bishops; that is himself, and such rascals, called to be Bishops of Kidderminster, and other such places. Bishops set apart by such factious, sniveling Presbyterians as himself. A Kidderminster Bishop he means; according to the saying of a late learned author,—and every parish shall maintain,—a tithe-pig metropolitan."—Mr. Baxter beginning to speak again, Jefferies says to him, "Richard! Richard! dost thou think we will hear thee poison the Court? Richard! thou art an old fellow, an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition (I might say, treason) as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou



thou been whipped out of thy writing-trade forty years ago, it had been happy. Thou pretendest to be a Preacher of the Gospel of Peace, and thou hast one foot in the grave: it is time for thee to begin to think what account thou intendest to give. But leave thee to thyself, and I see, thou wilt go on as thou hast begun: but by the grace of God, I will look after thee. I see a great many of the brotherhood, in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty don; and a doctor of the party [Dr. Bates] at your elbow; but, by the grace of the Almighty God, I will crush you all.” —Mr. Rotherham sitting down, Mr. Atwood endeavoured to shew, “that not one of the passages, mentioned in the information, ought to be strained to that sense, which was put upon them by the inuendoes; they being more natural, when taken in a milder sense: nor could any of them be applied to the Prelates of the Church of England, without a very forced construction.” To evidence this, he would read some of the text; but Jefferies cried out, “You shall not draw me into a conventicle with your annotations, nor your sniveling Parson neither.” “My Lord, rejoins Atwood, I conceive this to be expressly within Roswell’s case, lately before your Lordship.” “You conceive? says Jefferies, you conceive amiss: it is not.” “My Lord, replied Atwood, that I may use the best authority, permit me to repeat your Lordship’s own words in that case.” “No, you shall not, answered his Lordship. You need not speak, for you are an author already; though you speak and write impertinently.” Says Atwood, “I cannot help that my Lord, if my talent be no better; but it is my duty to do my best for my client.” After this, Jefferies commanded him to sit down several times, but he still continued speaking. “My Lord, said he, I have matter of law to offer;” and he proceeded to cite several cases, wherein it had been adjudged, “that words ought to be taken in the milder sense, and not to be strained by inuendoes.” “Well, says Jefferies, when Atwood had done speaking, You have had

had your say.”—Mr. Williams and Mr. Phipps said nothing; for they saw it would be to no purpose. At last Mr. Baxter himself addressed his Lordship to this effect: “My Lord, I think I can clearly answer all that is laid to my charge; and I shall do it briefly. The sum is contained in these few papers; to which I shall add a little by testimony.” But the Judge would not hear him. After some time, the Chief Justice summed up the whole, in a long harangue, to this purport: “It is notoriously known, there has been a design to ruin the King, and the Nation. The old game has been renewed, and this has been the main incendiary. He is as modest now, as he can be; but the time was, when no man was so ready at—bind your kings in chains, and your nobles in fetters of iron—and—to your tents O, Israel. Gentlemen, for God’s sake, do not let us be gulled twice in an age.” In the conclusion of his speech, he told the Jury, “that if they, in their consciences, believed he [Baxter] meant the Bishops and Clergy of the Church of England, in the passages which the information referred to, they must find him Guilty, and he could mean no men else. If not, they must find him Not guilty.” When the Chief Justice had ended his speech, Mr. Baxter said, “Does your Lordship think any Jury will pretend to pass a verdict upon such a trial?”—“I’ll warrant you, Mr. Baxter, replied his Lordship; don’t you trouble yourself about that.” And the Jury immediately, without going from the bar, found him Guilty!—



*A Letter from the late President MONTESQUIEU, to the Author of the View of Lord BOLINGBROKE's Philosophy.*

I Am exceedingly obliged to you, Sir, for the magnificent present you have been pleased to make me of your books, and for the letter you did me the honour to write me on Lord Bolingbroke's

*Bolingbroke's* posthumous Works. As that letter seems to be rather more my own than the books which accompany it, every reasonable creature being interested therein, as well as myself, I enjoy it with particular delight. I have dipped into some of my Lord *Bolingbroke's* discourses; and if I may be allowed to say in what manner they affected me, I must own that he writes with a good deal of warmth: but methinks he generally employs it against things; whereas it ought to be employed in painting them. Now it appears to me that, in the posthumous work of which you have given me an account, he hath prepared for you, Sir, continual matter of triumph. He who attacks revealed religion, attacks revealed religion only; but he who attacks natural religion, attacks all religions in the world. Though men should be taught to disbelieve the obligations of revealed religion, they may still think themselves bound by some other; but it is most pernicious to endeavour to persuade them that they are bound by none at all. It is not impossible to attack a revealed religion, seeing it depends on particular facts; and facts are, in their own nature, liable to be controverted; but that is not the case with natural religion: for it is drawn from the nature of man, which cannot be disputed, and from the internal sentiments of mankind, which are equally indisputable. Besides, what motive can there be for attacking revealed religion in *England*? In that country it is so purged of all destructive prejudices, that it can do no harm, but on the contrary, is capable of producing numberless good effects. I am sensible in *Spain* or *Portugal*, a man who is going to be burnt, or afraid of being burnt, because he does not believe certain articles, whether depending, or not depending on revealed religion, hath very good reason to attack it, because he may thereby hope to provide for his natural defence. But the case is very different in *England*, where a man that attacks revealed religion, does it without the least personal motive;

motive; and where this champion, if he should succeed, nay should he be in the right too, would only deprive his country of numberless real benefits, for the sake of establishing a mere speculative truth.



*A REMEDY for the PALSY.*

**M**R. WILLIAM MORRIS, of *New-Street*, in *Cloth-Fair*, *London*, aged sixty-one years, a Barber by trade, and the Watchman in *Bartholomew-Cloſe*, was taken, on Friday, June 13, 1760, with the palsy in his right-hand, so far as his wrist.

He had neither pain nor feeling in his hand or fingers, which of course became useless.

He was three weeks an out-patient at *St. Bartholomew's Hospital*, and used a variety of medicines without benefit.

July the 5th, he read in the *Westminster Journal*, *Dr. Lobb's* account of a boy cured of lameness, by the outward application of a liquor made with the yolk of a new-laid egg and water.

In two or three days after, he began the use of the egg-liquor; his wife rubbing his hand and fingers with it three or four times a day, for about a quarter of an hour, and in a week's time he recovered the use of his hand, and became able to shave again.



*METHOD of curing a violent SPRAIN.*

**S**UPPOSE it be in the Ankle. 1. Let it be fomented with vinegar, a little warm, four or five minutes at a time, once every four hours: this will render the circulation

of the fluids in the parts affected more easy, and either prevent a swelling, or promote its subsiding.

2. Let the person stand three or four minutes at a time on both his feet, in their natural posture, and sometimes move the sprained foot; and sometimes, when sitting with his foot on a low stool, let him move it, this way and that, as he can bear it: this will contribute much to contract the over-stretched vessels, and to recover a due circulation of their fluids through them.

3. Let a gentle, dry friction, with a warm hand, be sometimes used to the parts affected, which will conduce much to the same ends.

4. Two hours after every application of the vinegar, let the part be just wet with the rectified spirits of wine, and then gently rubbed.

By these means persons have recovered from the effects of very violent sprains in as few days, as some others have been weeks in recovering by different ways of management; such as a continual resting of the strained foot, and disuse of its motions.

*A SINGULAR CASE, related by Thunanus, in his History of the Civil Wars of France.*

**I**N the civil wars of *France*, when the Catholics besieged *Rouen* in 1562, *Francis Civile*, one of the most intrepid Gentlemen of the Protestant-party, received a wound, which made him fall senseless from the rampart into the town. Some soldiers, who supposed him dead, stripped and buried him, with many others. A trusty and affectionate servant, desirous of procuring for his Master a more honourable burial, went to seek his body. But his search was fruitless amongst



amongst so many dead bodies. So he covered them again with earth; only the hand of one of them remained uncovered. As he was returning he looked behind him, and perceived that hand; and fearing that such an object might excite the dogs to tear the dead body, he went back in order to cover it. The moment he was going to do this, a gleam of light from the moon, coming from under a cloud, made him perceive a diamond ring which *Civile* wore on his finger. Immediately he took up his Master, who had still breath in him, and carried him to the hospital of the wounded; but the Surgeons who were quite fatigued, and considered him as a dead man, would take no trouble about him. The servant was then obliged to carry him to his own inn, where he languished four days. At the end of this time, two Physicians deigned to visit him; cleansed his wound, and put him in a way to live. But the town being taken by assault, the conquerors were so barbarous as to throw him out of the window. He fell on a heap of dung, where being abandoned by every one, he lay three days. Then one of his relations had him privately in the night, to a house in the country, where he perfectly



Being come to the side of the Duan, you slip off your shoes, and stepping up take your place; which you must do first at some distance, and upon your knees, laying your hands very formally before you. Thus you must remain, till the man of quality invites you to draw nearer, and to put yourself in an easier posture, leaning upon the bolster. Being thus fixed, he discourses with you as the occasion offers; the servants standing round all the while in a great number, and with the profoundest silence. When you have talked over your business, or whatever other concern brought you thither, he makes a sign to have things served in for the entertainment; which is generally a little sweetmeat, a dish of sherbet, and another of coffee: all which are immediately brought in by the servants, and tendered to all the guests in order, with the greatest care and awfulness imaginable. And they have reason to look well to it; for should any servant make but the least slip or mistake, either in delivering or receiving his dish, it might cost him fifty, perhaps one hundred drubs on his bare feet. At last comes the finishing part of the entertainment, which is perfuming the beards of the company; a ceremony, which is performed in this manner. They have for this purpose a small silver chaffing-dish, covered with a lid full of holes, and fixed upon a handsome plate. In this they put some fresh coals, and upon this a piece of *lignum aloes*, and then shutting it up, the smoke immediately ascends with a grateful odour through the holes of the cover. This smoke is held under every ones chin, and offered, as it were, a sacrifice to his beard. The bristly idol soon perceives the reverence done to it, and so greedily takes in the gummy steam, that it retains the flavour of it, and may serve for a nosegay a good while after.

This ceremony may perhaps seem ridiculous at first hearing: but it passes among the Turks for a high gratification. And I will say this in its vindication, that its design is very wise and useful. For it is understood to give a civil dismissal

to the visitants; intimating to them, that the Master of the house permits them to go away as soon as they please; and the sooner after this ceremony the better. By this means you may, at any time, without offence, deliver yourself from being detained by tedious visits; and from being constrained to use that piece of hypocrisy, so common in the world, of pressing those to stay longer with you, whom perhaps in your heart you wish a great way off.

Having discharged our visit to *Ostan Bassa*, we rode out to view the marine. It is about half an hour distant from the city. The port is an open sea, rather than an enclosed harbour: however it is in part defended from the force of the waves, by two small islands about two leagues out from the shore; one of which is called the *Bird*, the other the *Coney-Island*.

In the fields near the shore, appeared many heaps of ruins, and the pillars of granite, and several other indications, that here must have been anciently some considerable buildings. Which agrees very well with what *Casaubon*, in his notes upon *Strabo* (page 213.) quotes out of *Diodorus*, viz. That the place called *Tripoli*, was anciently a cluster of three cities standing at a furlong's distance from each other; of which the first was a seat of the *Aradii*, the second of the *Sidonians*, the third of the *Tyrians*. And from hence it is probable that *Tripoli* was a name given at first to three distinct, but adjacent places, and not to one city; built (as is usually said) by the mingled interest of *Tyre*, *Sidon*, and *Aradus*.

Sunday, March 14. We continued still in *Tripoli*.

Monday, March 15. We parted from *Tripoli* at three o'clock in the afternoon; and took up our quarters under some olive trees, having come in all about five hours.

Tuesday, March 16. We came to *Gibyle*, called by the Greeks *Byblus*, a place once famous for the birth and temple of *Adonis*. It is pleasantly situated by the sea-side. At present

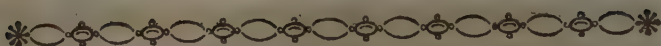
present it contains but a little extent of ground, but yet more than enough for the small number of its inhabitants. It is compassed with a dry ditch, and a wall, with square towers in it at about every forty yards distance. On its South-side, it has an old castle; within it is a Church, exactly of the same figure with that at *Tortosa*, only not so entire as that. Besides this, it has nothing remarkable, though anciently it was a place of no mean extent, as well as beauty; as may appear from the many heaps of ruins, and the fine pillars that are scattered up and down in the gardens near the town.

*Gibyle* is probably the country of the *Giblites*, mentioned *Joshua* xiii. 5. King *Hiram* made use of the people of this place in preparing materials for *Solomon's* Temple; as may be collected from the first of *Kings* v. 18, where the word, which our Translators hath rendered *stone-squarers*, in the Hebrew is גִּבְלִים *Giblim* or *Giblites*, and in the LXXII Interpreters Βίβλιοι, that is, the men of *Byblus*: the former using the Hebrew, the latter the Greek name of this place. The same difference may be observed likewise *Ezekiel* xxvii. 9; where this place is again mentioned. The *Ancients of Gebal*, says our translation, following the Hebrew; instead of which, you read in the LXXII again οἱ πρεσβύτεροι Βυβλίων, the Elders of *Bybli*. or *Byblus*.

Leaving *Gibyle*, we came in one hour to a fair, large river, with a stone bridge over it, of only one arch; but that exceeding wide and lofty. This river is doubtless the ancient river *Adonis*, so famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in the lamentation of *Adonis*. Upon the bank of this stream we took up our quarters for the following night, having come this day about six hours.

[To be continued.]





## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCLXIX.

[From Mr. George Williams, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Pembroke, July 23, 1772.

Rev. and dear Sir,

**I** Congratulate you on your recovery; and most sincerely thank God that he hath been graciously pleased to snatch you from the very edge of the grave. I would willingly hope that e'er now your health is thoroughly established, and that the Lord will enable you to visit your little Societies in Pembrokeshire. I must beg, yea, insist on your taking up your lodging with me, during your stay in Pembroke; where you may be assured of finding a hearty welcome.

I am desired to inform you of a Gentleman in the upper part of this county, who has expressed an earnest desire of seeing you at his house, and having you to preach in the neighbourhood; and, indeed, it is much to be wished that you could comply with his request. He is a man of large property, and resides within a few miles of the town of Cardigan. Our brother E— spent a week with him, and met with great civility from the family. The Gentleman, whose name is Bowen, contributed handsomely to the Building at Haverfordwest.

That the Work of God may yet greatly prosper in your hands, and that you may daily see of the travail of your Saviour's soul and be satisfied, is the earnest prayer of, dear Sir, your unworthy Brother, and obedient, humble Servant,

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCLXX.

[From Miss J. S. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Weardale, July 24, 1772.

Dear Sir,

I Received your kind Letter which was a great blessing to me. As you desire to know the dealings of God with my soul, I will relate the naked truth to you. In the year 1767, I was awakened, and was in great distress till March 15, when these words were applied to my soul, Thy sins are forgiven thee: go in peace; thy faith hath made thee whole. On this I was filled with the love of God, and rejoiced day and night for about six weeks. About this time I found pride and anger, and many other evil tempers; yet God gave me many tokens of his love.

In June I heard Mr. Rowel preach, and was convinced of my need of purity of heart. My soul was in great distress till August 5, when these words were applied to my soul, I will, be thou clean. O, the heaven that was then opened in my heart for some months, till I read Mr. Hervey's books! Then I lost that measure of love which I had enjoyed. I then read your Farther Thoughts on Christian Perfection, and saw what I had lost; and had no rest till the Lord restored me: which was in March, 1770.

Since that time I have found constant peace, and am enabled to rejoice evermore. Notwithstanding this, I have the clearest sense of my own weakness, and see that without Christ I can do nothing. I am with all respect, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant in Christ,

J. S.

## LETTER CCCLXXI.

[From Mr. C. Winter, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Brecon, August 10, 1772.

Rev. and dear Sir,

**I**N our last interview, as you desired to hear from me, I am unwilling that dear Mr. Wesley's request should be treated with the least neglect.

Do you ask, what I have been about? I answer, Preaching Christ, wherever a door hath been opened to me. And my labours have met with a kind reception in general, about England and Wales: and I trust the devil's kingdom hath been weakened; while the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ, hath received some little addition.

Sometimes I have cast a handful of seed in your ground; and should it ever come to a harvest you are welcome to it: it will become Jesus's property at last. What melancholy consequences from late productions! They forbid me to be any longer an idle hearer, or a careless reader. I have been obliged, from conscience, to make a stand against dear Mr. Fletcher's groundless arguments, and most bitter invectives;\* yet with that tenderness which I hope will bear me up when my motive comes to be tried. Many things he hath said are a proper antidote applied wrong, and to improper objects, and thereby become poison, whereas they might have been a healing medicine. But I must say no more upon the subject: I am writing to one who will give it little attention.

Doctor Owen's Death of Death hath been my favourite study of late; and in consequence of embracing the doctrine therein contained I must agree to disagree with Mr. Fletcher's

\* Let the unbiassed Reader judge, whether Mr. Fletcher has made use of groundless Arguments, or bitter Invectives!

thoughts, and dear Mr. Wesley's friendly pen. Excuse my open and frank acknowledgements; and give me leave to differ and love. God bless you to your latest period, and make your last days your best! So prays, Rev. and dear Sir, your's most respectfully and affectionately in our dear Lord Jesus,

CORNELIUS WINTER.

P. S. A line directed to me at Mr. Cam's, Wottenunder-edge, or to the Tabernacle-House, London, will always be esteemed a favour from dear Mr. Wesley.



P O E T R Y.

Lord GUILFORD DUDLEY, to Lady JANE GRAY: both  
under sentence of death for high-treason.

MAY ev'ry watchful angel guard thy life!  
My lovely *Princess*, and my charming *Wife*!  
For thee I importune the skies with prayers,  
And waste the tedious hours in gloomy cares.  
Were I from all the world but thee confin'd,  
I'd call my stars propitious still, and kind;  
These prison walls would prove a safe retreat,  
From all the restless factions of the great.  
Sink, curst Ambition to thy native hell,  
And with thy kindred fiends for ever dwell!  
Were I, my fair, again possess'd of thee,  
What toys were kingdoms and their crowns to me!  
Inglorious in some blissful shades I'd prove,  
The silent joys of unmolested love.

Why was thy birth derived from ancient kings?  
Our misery from this fatal greatness springs:

T t 2

Indulgent

Indulgent love a gentler lot design'd,  
 Not form'd for public cares thy guiltless mind ;  
 Thy thoughts were all employ'd in softer themes,  
 Tender and innocent as infant dreams :  
 And yet,—but heav'n the title disallows,  
 A crown, me thought, look'd glorious on thy brows.  
 In ev'ry look, in all thy graceful mien,  
 The brightest rays of majesty were seen :  
 Imperial beauty sparkled in thy eyes,  
 I gaz'd with extasy, and new surprize ;  
 A thousand times I caught thy lovely hand,  
 And cried, *'Twas form'd a sceptre to command.*  
 But these gay scenes for ever take their flight,  
 Like some fantastic vision of the night.  
 Oh, could my death the angry Queen appease !  
 Could that alone a raging faction please !  
 Unterrified I'd meet the public storm,  
 And challenge death in ev'ry dreadful form.  
 But, Oh, what horrors rise !—thy tender life !  
 What would I speak ! My lov'd, my beautiful wife !  
 What counsel can thy wretched husband give ?  
 On any terms I fain would have thee live.  
 Forgive my staggering faith, my coward heart ;  
 My better thoughts disclaim this shameful part.  
 What cause can my distracting passions take,  
 When thou, when truth, when heav'n itself's at stake ?  
 To endless darkness would I drag thee down,  
 And poorly rob thee of a martyr's crown ?  
 May heav'n forbid ! I'll be thy joyful guide,  
 Nor shall the fatal stroke our souls divide.

O Death ! where is thy boasted conquest now ?  
 Where are the frowns, and terror of thy brow ?  
 Thou hast an angel's heavenly form and air,  
 Pleasures and graces in thy train appear :



Ten thousand kind transporting scenes arise ;  
 O, come, my fair, they call us to the skies !  
 Beauties, like thee, in nature's early pride,  
 Undaunted for their sacred faith have died ;  
 With theirs, with all the illustrious names of old,  
 The *British* glory, thine shall be enrolled.

---

*A Summer Landskip of DUNSTAR CASTLE.*

**B**AIÆ, the theme of every tongue,  
 That *Rome's* eternal glories sung,  
 Still crown'd with vivid laurels shines,  
 In Horace's, and Virgil's lines :  
 Though now her sky-embracing towers,  
 Her wondrous ponds, imperial bowers,  
 No longer can all *Rome* invite,  
 To taste the Fresco of the night :  
 Villas where Cesar, Pompey shone,  
 Have hardly now their ruins known.

O, could I share an equal flame !  
 Dunstar should rival *Baiæ's* fame ;  
 Whose amphitheatre of hills,  
 With transport each spectator fills ;  
 Whilst all around the enamell'd scene,  
 Of painted lawns, and vistas green ;  
 (With woodland's venerable shade,  
 In future wars *Britannia's* aid)  
 All in one various prospect rise,  
 And with a thousand charms surprise.

So nobly does the Castle stand,  
 As if it rul'd both sea and land :  
 Here the rough foaming Severn roars,  
 And frets with eating wayes the shores ;

O'er which appear, in distant view,  
 Cambria's fair vales and mountains blue,  
 Whose cloud-wrapt tops so high ascend,  
 In the cærulean sky they end.

There *Somerſet's* rich paſtures bloom,  
 And bluſhing *Flora* breathes perfume;  
*Ceres* adorns the fruitful ground,  
 And golden plenty ſmiles around.  
 In yonder dale, where th' orchard ſtands,  
 Of late retir'd the choſen bands  
 Of *British* worthies who refin'd,  
 With every grace the human mind:  
 There *Wyndham* crown'd the ſocial night,  
 His country's joy, mankind's delight!  
 But now the melancholy glade,  
 Laments his dear departed ſhade;  
 And where he tun'd the *Doric* reed,  
 Their nibbling flocks the ſhepherds feed;  
 With whom all day the feather'd choir,  
 Mourn him from each grief-echoing brier.

Fain would my panting muſe purſue,  
 And deck each hill with garlands new:  
 But every object ſtrikes my ſight,  
 With each profuſion of delight,  
 That like ſome raviſh'd traveller toſt  
 From ſcene to charming ſcene, I'm loſt:  
 Even *Pope* himſelf muſt quit the field,  
 And *Windſor* groves to *Dunſtar* yield.

Bleſt pair! whom Providence ordains,  
 To grace theſe green ſequeſter'd plains;  
 Long may you all the pleaſures know,  
 Virtue can taſte, or Heaven beſtow,

*A SHIP in a Storm: by a Sailor.*

WITH flowing pomp, and beautiful pride,  
 The floating pile in harbour rode;  
 Proud of her freight, the swelling tide  
 Reluctant left the vessel's side,  
 And kissed it as she flowed.

The seas with eastern breezes curled,  
 And silvered half the liquid plain,  
 Her anchors weighed, her sails unfurled,  
 Serenely moved the wooden world,  
 And stretched along the main.

The native wonders of the deep,  
 Press to admire the vast machine,  
 In sportive gambols round her leap,  
 Or else at awful distance keep,  
 In homage of their queen.

In vain we flee approaching ill,  
 Danger can multiply its form;  
 Exposed, we fly like Jonah still,  
 And heaven, when it is Heaven's will,  
 O'ertakes us in a storm.

The distant surge all foaming white,  
 Foretels the furious blast;  
 Dreadful, though distant was the sight,  
 Confederate winds, and waves unite,  
 And menace every mast.

Winds whistling through the shrouds proclaim,  
 A fatal harvest on the deck,  
 Quick in pursuit, as active flame,  
 Too soon the rolling ruin came,  
 And ratified the wreck.

Thus Adam shone with new-born grace,  
 Informed by an Almighty breath,

Thus

Thus the same breath sweeps off his race,  
Disorders Nature's beauteous face,  
And blasts with instant death.

Strippèd of her pride the vessel rolls,  
As if by sympathy she knew,  
The secret anguish of our souls,  
With inward, deeper groans condole,  
The danger of her crew.

The faithless flood forsook her keel,  
And downward launchèd the labouring hull;  
Stunnèd, she forgot awhile to reel,  
And felt, or almost seemèd to feel  
A momentary lull.

Now what availèd it to be brave,  
On liquid precipices hung,  
Suspended on a breaking wave,  
Beneath us yawnèd a sea-green grave,  
Which silencèd every tongue.

Thus in the jaws of death we lay,  
Nor light nor comfort found we there;  
Lost in the gulph, to floods a prey,  
No sun to cheer us, or a ray  
Of hope, but in despair.

The seas encouragèd this despair,  
While certain ruin waits on land,  
Should we direct our wishes there,  
Soon we recal the fatal prayer,  
And wish to shun the strand.

At length a Being whose behest,  
Reducèd a chaos into form,  
His goodness, and his power confess,  
He spoke—and like a God suppress,  
Our troubles, and the storm.







MR. SAM<sup>L</sup>. HODGSON  
Ætatis 25.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For J U L Y 1785.



An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY'S *Discourses on the*  
FIVE POINTS.

[Continued from page 291.]

CHAP. III. *Concerning Predestination or Absolute Election.*

3. **W**HEN in the New Testament this is applied to Christians, it plainly doth include as many as were converted to the Christian Faith. For,

1. When it is applied to the Jewish converts it plainly signifies all that had been converted to the Christian Faith; thus when St. Peter writes to those of the Dispersion (who had obtained *like precious faith with them*) living in Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, (minor) and Bithynia: he saith to them all, *Ye are γεννηθέντες ἐκλεκτοί, an elect generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye might shew forth the praises of him that hath called you out of darkness into his*

VOL. VIII.

U u

marvellous

*marvellous light*; all which are the very titles given to the whole Jewish nation in the Old Testament. Now since St. Peter could not affirm of all these Christians, without a revelation, that they were Elect, according to that sense of the word, which makes it to import, men absolutely designed for eternal happiness, he only must affirm this of them all because they all professed Christianity; and so were visible members of the church of Christ, as will be farther evident if we consider the following particulars:

1. That he exhorteth these Elect *not to fashion themselves according to the lusts of their former ignorances; to lay aside all wickedness, deceit, envy, hypocrisy, and evil speaking; as strangers and pilgrims to abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul; not to spend the rest of their time according to the lusts of men; to be careful that none of them did suffer as a murderer or thief: which are offences not incident to men elected to salvation, whilst they continue so to be.*

2. That the Apostle affirmeth the same thing of the whole Church of Babylon, saying, *the Church which is at Babylon; συνηλεκτῇ, elected together with you, saluteth you.* Now that all the members of that great Church at Babylon, be it Eastern or Western, were chosen out of the world to the profession of Christianity, and in that sense elected, he who was with them could not be ignorant; but that they all were absolutely elected to salvation, was more than he could know.

3. The second Epistle, sent to the same persons, beginneth thus, *To them who have obtained like precious faith with us.* Yet it not only speaks of some who had *forsaken the right way, and had gone astray, turning with the dog to his vomit*; but also prophesies that *those false teachers who brought in damnable doctrines, even denying the Lord that bought them, should make merchandise of some of them.*

Lastly, These words are plainly taken from Isaiah xliii. 20, 21, where we read thus, *I gave waters in the wilderness to water τὸ γένος μὲ τὸ ἐκλεκτόν; my chosen generation, my peculiar people,*

*people*, purchased to shew forth *my praise*; which are the very words mentioned, 1 Peter ii. 9. Now though it be unquestionable that the whole Jewish nation are stiled God's *chosen generation*, and his *peculiar people*, it is as sure they were not all elected to salvation: we then may conclude, that the same words applied by St. *Peter* to all these several Christian Churches, do not imply that all their particular members were elected to salvation; but only that they were all members of the Church of Christ.

And in like manner when Christ saith, *Many are called, but few chosen*, these parables plainly relate to the Jews, as *Theophylact* well notes, and the import of those words is, that though many of them were called by Christ and his Apostles, to faith in him, both in *Judea*, and in the Dispersions, yet few of them would accept of him as their Saviour, or embrace the faith of Christ: so that here the Elect, and the Believers of the christian faith are the same persons. When he saith, Matt. xxiv. 22, that *for the Elect sake those days shall be shortened*; he stiles τὰς πύεις τὰς ἐν μέσοις ἀπειλημένους αὐτοῖς, the faithful left in the midst of the unbelieving Jews, the Elect, saith *Chrysostom*; for the Elect sake these days shall be shortened, that is, saith *Jerom*, ne temporum morâ fides concutiat credentium, lest by the length of these tribulations the faith of believers should be shaken. And when he saith, ver. 31, that then God should send his angels to gather his Elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other; the meaning may be, that he would send his angels, as *Eusebius* and *Epiphanius* say he did, to warn the Christians in all quarters of *Judea* to gather themselves together; departing from the unbelieving Jews that they might be preserved from their ruin.

The Elect, Luke xviii. 7, are also the whole body of true believers; for otherwise God's readiness to hear the prayers of his Elect, could be no argument to Christians in the general to pray always and not faint, ver. 1. Moreover that enquiry, *When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the*



earth? ver. 8, shews that even the faith of many of these Elect would fail.

The Election according to Grace, mentioned Rom. xi. 5, doth in like manner signify the whole body of the Jewish converts; even all that did embrace the christian faith, as is apparent from the following words, ver. 7, *the Election hath obtained; but the rest were blinded.* And as it is not easy to conceive how the Apostle should know that all the Jewish converts were absolutely elected to Salvation, so is it evident from his Epistles that he knew the contrary; for they contain frequent declarations that a great number of these converts turned afterwards apostates. That St. Paul was afraid that some of the Elect would afterwards draw back unto perdition, and never doubted but that they might do so, is evident from all those exhortations he directeth to them in his Epistle to the Hebrews, *not to do so*; and from the direful judgments he threateneth to as many of them as should apostatize. For thus he speaks, *See to it, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God; but exhort one another day by day that none of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin; for we are made partakers of Christ, only on this condition that we hold the beginning of our confidence stedfast to the end.* Again, *seeing there remains a rest for the people of God, let us labour to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief; for it is impossible to renew them to repentance who have been once enlightened, and have tasted of the spiritual gift, and have been partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, and yet fall away; look therefore diligently lest any man fall from the grace of God, lest there be any root of bitterness springing up among you, whereby many be defiled; cast not therefore away your confidence which hath great recompense of reward, for the just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul, saith God, shall have no pleasure in him.* Moreover that many of them would



do so, our Saviour prophesied, saying, *because iniquity shall abound, the love of many will wax cold*, even that love which was once fervent, and in which, *enduring to the end, they would be saved*. From all which things it is extremely evident that the Apostle neither did nor could speak of this *Remnant according to the due election of grace*, as persons absolutely elected to salvation.

*The purpose of God according to Election*, mentioned Rom. ix. 11, respecteth not the persons of *Jacob* and *Esau*, but their whole nation and posterity; according to *Irenæus*, *partum Rebeckæ prophetiam fuisse duorum populorum*. This is plain,

1st. From the words of God to *Rebecca*. *Two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people shall be separated from thy loins, and the one people shall be stronger than the other, and the elder shall serve the younger*.

2dly, From this observation, that as to the persons of *Esau* and *Jacob* this was never true, that *the elder did serve the younger*, but only as to their posterity, when the *Edomites* became tributaries to *David*, 2 Sam. viii. 14, and,

3dly, Because what is here offered as a proof of this, is cited from the prophet *Malachi*, who prophesied long after *Jacob* and *Esau* were personally dead, and speaks expressly of the nation of the *Edomites*.

Now hence it clearly follows that the Apostle cannot here discourse of any personal Election of them to eternal life, or any absolute love or hatred of them with respect to their eternal interests; for if so, seeing he manifestly speaks of the whole nation of *Israel*, they must, according to this opinion, be all elected to eternal life; whereas the Apostle informs us, that God was *not well pleased with many of them*, and the whole Jewish History shews the contrary. Again, then must the whole posterity of *Esau* be the objects of God's hatred; which is so far from being true, that holy *Job* and all his friends appear to have been of the posterity of *Esau*. It is therefore certain that the Apostle here only speaks of the election

election of one nation before another to be owned for his peculiar people.

And whereas the Apostle also speaks of *vessels of mercy prepared for glory*, as they were thus prepared by their faith; so were they vessels of mercy, even both Jews and Gentiles by being called, ver. 24, and by their being made his people, his beloved, ver. 25.

And suitable to this notion of the word Election, is the import of it in those Epistles where whole nations, communities or churches are stiled the Elect.

Thus the Apostle saith to the whole church of *Thessalonica*, in his second Epistle, *We ought to give thanks for you, that God hath elected you from the beginning to salvation by sanctification of the spirit and belief of the truth*; and yet he there calls upon them to depart from every brother who walked disorderly, and not according to the tradition he had received; and not to mix themselves with them who would not obey the words of the Apostle.

In his Epistle to *Titus* he stiles himself an *Apostle according to the faith of God's Elect*; but having proved that all Christians are stiled the Elect, we may well interpret this of the Faith of Christians in the general, he being an Apostle in reference to them all, even to them to whom his gospel was a favour of death, as well as to them to whom it was a favour of life.

Lastly, Whereas the strength of their doctrine seems to be placed in those words, *He hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, according as he hath chosen us in him from the foundation of the world*, I observe, these words are plainly spoken of, and to all the saints in *Ephesus*, and to the faithful in *Christ Jesus*, who were all chosen out of the world to be God's church and people; but doubtless were not all infallibly predestinated to salvation. This is evident,

1st. From this Epistle, in which he exhorts them, *that they henceforth walk not as other Gentiles in the vanity of their mind*, and cautions them that no man deceive them into the commission  
of

of those things, *for which the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience.*

2dly, From his advertisement to *Timothy*, that *all in Asia* had turned away from him; that *Hymenæus* and *Philetus* had overthrown the faith of some: that the time would come when they would not endure sound doctrine, but would turn their ears from the truth; that some having put away a good conscience concerning faith, had made shipwreck; that some were turned aside after Satan, and had erred from the faith; all which are inconsistent with the character of the Elect, that is, of persons infallibly predestinated to salvation.

[To be continued.]

## S E R M O N XXVIII.

On JOHN i. 47.

*Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.*

1. **S**OME years ago a very ingenious man, Professor *Hutchinson* of *Glasgow*, published two treatises, on the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue. In the latter of these he maintains, That the very Essence of Virtue is, The love of our fellow-creatures. He endeavours to prove, That Virtue and Benevolence are one and the same thing: that every temper is only so far virtuous, as it partakes of the nature of Benevolence: and that all our words and actions are then only virtuous, when they spring from the same principle. "But does he not suppose Gratitude or the Love of God to be the foundation of this Benevolence?" By no means: such a supposition as this never entered into his mind. Nay he supposes just the contrary: he does not make the least scruple to aver, That if any temper or action

be

be produced by any regard to God, or any view to a reward from Him, it is not virtuous at all: and that if an action spring partly from Benevolence, and partly from a view to God, the more there is in it of a view to God, the less there is of Virtue.

2. I cannot see this beautiful Essay of Mr. *Hutchinson* in any other light, than as a decent, and therefore more dangerous attack upon the whole of the Christian Revelation: seeing this asserts the Love of God to be the true foundation, both of the Love of our Neighbour and all other virtues: and accordingly places this as *the first and great commandment*, on which all the rest depend, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength*. So that according to the Bible, Benevolence, or the Love of our Neighbour is only the second commandment. And suppose the Scripture be of God, it is so far from being true, that Benevolence alone is both the Foundation and the Essence of all Virtue, that Benevolence itself is no virtue at all, unless it spring from the Love of God.

3. Yet it cannot be denied, that this writer himself has a marginal Note in favour of Christianity. "Who would not wish, says he, that the Christian Revelation could be proved to be of God? Seeing it is unquestionably the most benevolent institution that ever appeared in the world." But is not this, if it be considered thoroughly, another blow at the very root of that Revelation? Is it more or less than to say, "I wish it could; but in truth it cannot be proved."

4. Another ingenious writer advances a hypothesis totally different from this. Mr. *Wollaston*, in the Book which he entitles "The Religion of Nature delineated," endeavours to prove, that "Truth is the Essence of Virtue," or Conformableness to Truth. But it seems Mr. *Wollaston* goes farther from the Bible, than Mr. *Hutchinson* himself. For Mr. *Hutchinson's* scheme sets aside only one of the two great  
**Commandments,**

Commandments, namely, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God* whereas Mr. *Wollaston* sets aside both: for his hypothesis does not place the Essence of Virtue, in either the Love of God or of our Neighbour.

5. However both these Authors agree, though in different ways, to put asunder what God has joined. But St. *Paul* unites them together in teaching us to *speake the truth in love*. And undoubtedly both truth and love were united in him, to whom he who knows the hearts of all men, gives this amiable character, *Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile*.

6. But who is it, concerning whom our blessed Lord gives this glorious testimony? Who is this *Nathanael*, of whom so remarkable an account is given, in the latter part of the chapter before us? Is it not strange, that he is not mentioned again, in any part of the New Testament? He is not mentioned again under this name: but probably he had another, whereby he was more commonly called. It was generally believed by the ancients, that he is the same person who is elsewhere termed *Bartholomew*: one of our Lord's Apostles, and one that in the enumeration of them, both by St. *Matthew* and St. *Mark* is placed immediately after St. *Philip*, who first brought him to his Master. It is very probable, that his proper name was *Nathanael*, a name common among the Jews: and that his other name, *Bartholomew*, meaning only the son of *Ptolemy*, was derived from his father, a custom which was then exceeding common among the Jews, as well as the Heathens.

7. By what little is said of him in the context, he appears to have been a man of an excellent spirit: not hasty of belief, and yet open to conviction, and willing to receive the truth, from whencesoever it came. So we read (ver. 45.) *Philip findeth Nathanael*, (probably by what we term Accident) *and saith unto him, We have found Him of whom Moses in the Law, and the Prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth.* *Nathanael*



*saith unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Has Moses spoke, or did the Prophets write, of any Prophet to come from thence? Philip saith unto him, Come and see, and thou wilt soon be able to judge for thyself. Nathanael took his advice, without staying to confer with flesh and blood. Jesus saw Nathanael coming and saith, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile! Nathanael saith, doubtless with surprise enough, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus saith, Before Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee. Nathanael answered and said unto him, (so soon was all prejudice gone!) Rabbi, thou art the Son of God! Thou art the King of Israel!*

But what is implied in our Lord's character of him? *In whom is no guile?* It may include all that is contained in that advice,

“ Still let thy heart be true to God!  
Thy words to it, thy actions to them both.”

I. 1. We may first observe, what is implied in having our hearts true to God? Does this imply any less than is included in that gracious command, *My son, give me thy heart?* Then only is our heart *true to God*, when we give it to him. We give him our heart in the lowest degree, when we *seek* our happiness in him: when we do not seek it in gratifying *the desire of the flesh*, in any of the pleasures of sense: nor in gratifying *the desire of the eye*, in any of the pleasures of the Imagination, arising from grand, or new, or beautiful objects, whether of Nature or Art. Neither in *the pride of life*, in the honour that cometh of men, in being beloved, esteemed and applauded by them: no nor yet in what some term, with equal impudence and ignorance, *the main chance*, the *laying up treasures on earth*. When we seek happiness in none of these, but in God alone, then we in some sense give him our heart.

2. But

2. But in a more proper sense we give God our heart, when we not only seek, but find happiness in him. This happiness undoubtedly begins, when we begin to know him by the teaching of his own Spirit: when it pleases the Father to reveal his Son in our heart, so that we can humbly say, "My Lord and my God." And when the Son is pleased to reveal his Father in us, by *the Spirit of adoption, crying in our hearts, Abba Father*, and bearing his testimony to our spirits that we are the children of God. Then it is that *the Love of God also is shed abroad in our hearts*. And according to the degree of our Love, is the degree of our Happiness.

3. But it has been questioned, Whether it is the design of God, that the Happiness which is at first enjoyed, by all that know and love him, should continue any longer than, as it were, the day of their Espousals? In very many, we must allow, it does not: but in a few months, perhaps weeks or even days, the joy and peace either vanishes at once, or gradually decays. Now if God is willing that their happiness should continue, how is this to be accounted for?

4. I believe, very easily, St. Jude's exhortation, *Keep yourselves in the love of God*, certainly implies, that something is to be done on our part, in order to its continuance. And is not this agreeable to that general declaration of our Lord, concerning this and every gift of God, *Unto him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly: but from him that hath not, that is, uses it not, improves it not, shall be taken away even that which he hath?* Luke viii. 18.

5. Indeed part of this verse is translated in our version, *That which he seemeth to have*. But it is difficult to make sense of this. For if he only *seemeth* to have this, or any other gift of God, he really hath it not. And if so it cannot be taken away: for no man can lose what he never had. It is plain therefore ὃ δόκει ἔχειν, ought to be rendered *what he assuredly hath*. And it may be observed, that the word δόκειω, in various places of the New Testament, does not lessen, but

strengthen the sense of the word joined with it. Accordingly whoever improves the grace he has already received, whoever increases in the Love of God, will surely retain it. God will continue, yea will give it more abundantly: whereas whoever does not improve this talent, cannot possibly retain it. Notwithstanding all he can do, it will infallibly be taken away from him,

[*To be continued.*]



*A Short Account of the* EXPERIENCE *of the Rev. JAMES*  
CREIGHTON, B. A.

[Written by Himself.]

[Continued from page 302.]

IT was now that the Father of lies began to spread many idle reports concerning me; and these excited many out of curiosity to come from distant parts to my Church. Several of my old acquaintances meeting me in public places, stole a glance at me to perceive whether I was really mad, as they had been informed. Mean time I wrote many letters to those Clergymen with whom I was intimate before; but though they had been formerly free, they scarce vouchsafed me any answer; yea, and stood aloof from me as one infected with the plague. So that I was indeed as a sparrow sitting alone upon the house top. Yet glory be to God! I was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, knowing it to be the power of God unto salvation; but I published the glad tidings, first in the Church, and from house to house; then in the parishes adjoining, as afterwards in more distant places. And this I did, though at the same time I laboured under the most distressing conflicts with respect to my call. Two things served

served to keep me in the work, first, these words of St. Paul, *let every man abide in that calling, wherein he is called*; and next the thought of *Jonah*, and a fear lest God should pursue me with vengeance if I should fly from the work. Thus was I kept as it were between two fires, not knowing which way to turn, and was dragged into public view in a manner so contrary to nature; so that condemned malefactors going to execution could not find more anguish than I did when going into the pulpit.

Some time after, I began to use Divine service and to preach in a Barn, in a part of my parish which was about four miles from the church, and where the greater number of Protestant inhabitants lived. It was, I believe, on the third or fourth day that I read the service here, when the sixth chapter of *Judges* was the first lesson. In reading this I was wonderfully affected; the doubts and fears of *Gideon* being exactly similar to my own at that time. But when I came to these words:—“*Oh my Lord, wherewithal shall I save Israel? My family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my Father's house:*” they were applied with such power, that I almost sunk down upon the floor, and with difficulty could read out the chapter. Soon after I began to preach at this place, the people near it proposed building a small Chapel of Ease. This, after some time, was carried into execution; but not without difficulty: for, the people who were eager for it at first were soon slackened, by a report, that I would shortly be removed by my superiors. So that I was obliged to get the building covered in and finished chiefly at my own expence. Hearing that a Magistrate in the neighbourhood said, he would pull it down, or burn it, the next day I went to his house and dined with him, to see if he would say so to my face; but he said not one word about it. As the owner of the barn could not spare it any longer, I was soon obliged to preach in the chapel for some time before it was glazed,  
and

and whilst the floor, which was of clay, was so wet, that my feet would sink near two inches in it.

The doubts concerning my call to the ministry bore hard upon me still, and the thought of my insufficiency for so important a work weighed me down, and caused me to go heavily; and frequently does even to the present moment. The parish was very extensive; being, I think, not less than sixteen miles in length, a great part of it mountainous, and the whole so dreary, especially in the winter season, that no language can describe it. The wet bogs, drains, and mountain-rivers which rise suddenly rendered many parts of it impassable. There is a stratum of yellow clay lying very near the surface of the ground, which is impervious to the rain that falls, and therefore lies upon the surface during the winter-months, insomuch that I have been wet over my shoe when walking on the tops of the highest hills. I have frequently walked as well as rode through most parts of this parish in all kinds of weather. And often when the most violent storms were beating in my face, these words used sweetly to cross my mind, "*Your life is hid with Christ in God.*" Near the centre of this parish stands a high and remarkable hill called *Knockninny*, from which is the first prospect, for wood and water, to be seen perhaps in all *Ireland*.

On *St. Stephen's* day, in the year 1778, I rode about six miles to a place noted for wickedness, where people generally assembled on idle days (by some called holy days,) and spent them in drinking, and various diversions. Here I purposed to preach on the ruins of an old church if I could get any hearers; but not finding any, I rode on a little space, and then alighting, spent some time in meditation: on opening my Bible these words first appeared, *Is the seed yet in the barn? Yea, as yet the vine, and the fig-tree, and the pomegranate, and the olive-tree hath not brought forth: from this day will I bless you.* Hag. ii. 19. On opening a second time, these



these words in the same chapter struck my eye, and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of Hosts.

Three days after this, I went to the quarterly-meeting of the Methodists held near *Enniskillen*, where I was pressed and prevailed on to preach; and though it was so weak, yet it pleased the Lord to shew some token for good. At the next quarterly-meeting held at *Clones*, I preached in the open air, and after preaching administered the sacrament in the house to three hundred persons, where the power of God was such, as the most experienced christian there had scarcely known before. A few days after, on Easter-Sunday, I gave notice in the church that I intended to preach the Tuesday following on the hill of *Knockninny*. This I did, partly to counteract in some measure the works of the devil, who was then to have a large concourse of his servants assembled at a cock-fight in a neighbouring town. I went to the place precisely at the time, and having first spoken concerning the occasion of our assembling, and the precedent for it; and then shewed that going from the church-walls was not separating from the church; I read my text in Greek, then in Latin, and afterwards in English. *Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever*. This I did with a view to the Papists who attended, and took occasion to shew them how useless my speaking and their attending there would have been, had I continued to speak to them in an unknown tongue. The congregation was pretty large and behaved with decency; but the poor Papists who attended were compelled by their Priest to do penance for having gone to hear a mad Heretic.

On the Whitfun-Monday following, I preached on the ruins of the old church before mentioned, on those words, *He taught the people out of the ship*. Here close to the old church-walls lived a man who excelled in all kinds of wickedness; when I came the next time he offered me his house to preach in. I preached in it a few times, and then in houses adjoining.

After

After this I was invited to preach in many distant places, which though directly contrary to my natural inclinations, and old prejudices, I reluctantly complied with.

The old cry about false prophets being now revived, and many of my Parishioners being hurt by it, I thought it needful to point out to the people the marks of a false Prophet; and gave public notice a fortnight before of my intention to preach on that subject. The congregation on the day appointed was very large, and many Papists attended. I was remarkably struck in reading the first Lesson for the day, (the 13th chapter of Ezekiel,) to find it so expressly written against false Prophets. The substance of this sermon I afterwards published, and it was distributed through most parts of *Ireland*.

In the latter end of March 1780, a woman was deeply affected in the church, and seemed in an agony whilst I was preaching. Some of the people carried her out, contrary to her desire, before the sermon was finished; and sprinkled her face with water, supposing it to be a fainting fit. But on the next Sunday, being Easter-Day, the true Physician healed her sickness, whilst I was praying with her in the church after the congregation was dismissed. This was one of the first clear seals to my ministry which I had in the church. But I was more blessed in my own soul, as well as in my labours abroad. And it pleased God by me to open a door, for preaching the gospel in several places where it had not been preached before.

July 16, 1780, I preached in the church on *Gallio cared for none of these things*. I had this text on my mind for a considerable time, but did not determine to speak from it till this morning. When a gentleman entered the church, with whom I had had some dispute four or five years before, whose character resembled that of *Gallio*, I almost resolved to speak from some other text, lest he should think I pointed particularly at *him*; but having prayed fervently and cast my

care upon the Lord, I was enabled to speak with freedom. In the evening of the said day I baptized an adult person, who had before experienced the pardoning love of God.

August 20th and 27th, I preached in the open air in an old Danish Fort, near the Chapel, to a large congregation, some of whom were Papists, who being convinced set out to seek the Lord, and soon renounced the errors of Popery. In October following being informed that one who lived near a place, where I preached occasionally, was greatly prejudiced though he had not heard me, and had complained both to the Minister and the Popish Priest concerning my preaching in their parish, I went to his house and told him I desired to talk with him; he replied, he did not chuse it, and ran out of doors. Some time after I went to his house to visit his father-in-law who was sick. He came into the house, raging like a lion, with a hatchet in his hand, threatening to cut off one of my limbs, and calling me many names. But his family dragged him away. I then kneeled down and prayed with the old man; so the devil was permitted to shew his teeth, but could go no farther.

*[To be concluded in our next.]*

*A Short Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.*

Written by Mr. J. ROGERS.

*[Concluded from page 304.]*

**A** Little before three o'clock in the morning she had a severe fit of coughing. I said, You have had a hard struggle; but this also is permitted by him who loves you

tenderly. God has some good end to answer in thus lengthening out your affliction. Only have faith and patience a few minutes longer; so shall you be perfect and entire, lacking nothing. You are this moment suffering all you ever shall suffer to all eternity! You shall never—never—never suffer again. Methinks I hear Jesus now saying, Lo! I come quickly to wipe away all tears for ever from thy eyes! *It is done!* thou shalt sorrow no more, neither shalt thou feel any more pain! She replied, "These are precious words. And I believe they are all true, and that I shall prove them so. Yes, I shall! I shall! I shall! The Lord bless you!" After this she lay composed for about a quarter of an hour, silently breathing prayer and praise to God. Then the cough came on again. On this, I and Miss R. one at each side lifted her up in bed; but in vain were our attempts. A most severe struggle ensued, which threw her into the agonies of death! She was convulsed all over in a moment. A more moving scene never presented itself to me. It was nature's last effort!

For a time, while the agony was at the height, we thought she was delirious, and were thankful to think her insensible of her pain. Just as it seized her she cried, "Pray! Pray! Pray! O pray for me!" We did so, and felt God was present indeed. The agony abated a little, and her reason returned in a moment. She instantly cried out with uncommon vehemence, clasping her hands, "My God! My God! My Saviour! My King!" And repeated this many times. I said, Yes, my dear, your Saviour is coming to you. He is here! Jesus is now standing by, and all his holy angels with him. They are all waiting for you. See! See their wings are spread out to bear you away! She cried with a loud voice, "I know it! I know! I know it well! I know it well!" repeating the same words at least ten times over.

She

She was then silent a little. When I could speak, I repeated these lines,

“ Hark they whisper ! angels say,  
Sister spirit come away !” &c.

And told her, these her favourite verses were now completely fulfilled in her ; that she was just in effect saying,

“ Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.”

I meant to have gone on to the end ; but just as I repeated

“ Heaven opens on my eyes !”

She stopt me short by crying out so loud as to be heard down stairs, and through every room in the house, “ See ! See ! See ! what a fine man !—See ! See ! See ! See ! what a fine man !” Never was there a more awful scene ! In that moment such a solemn awe fell upon us all, as if the Lord Jesus Christ was visibly present, from the uncommon vehemence and unshaken confidence with which she had just before used the prayer of her dying Lord, “ My God ! My God !” We had not a doubt, but as she was then drinking of the same cup Christ drank in the garden, (for she was bathed all over in a cold sweat) so in like manner was an angel sent, or Jesus himself appeared to strengthen her in her last agony. She continued with her eyes fixt, repeating the same words, “ See ! See ! See ! what a fine man !” for fifteen or twenty minutes without intermission, till her strength was quite exhausted ; then with a lower voice she cried, “ Come ! Come ! Come !—Saviour ! Saviour ! Come ! Come ! Come !” And gently leaning back, she sweetly sunk into his arms, at half past five o’clock on Sunday morning, February the 15th. Having just seen her birth-day, and ended her twenty-ninth year in a world of sorrow, she began with her Lord in paradise that Sabbath which shall have no end.





*Some Account of Mrs. HANNAH WOOD.*

[Written by her Son.]

[Concluded from page 309.]

ON my return from St. Peter's, Cornhill, Nov. 7, she took hold of my hand and seemed much animated, "God, said she, my dear, has been very gracious this afternoon; he sent my son from me, but he sent himself to me, O, I am very happy! I am going to my mansion in the skies. I shall soon be there; and O, I shall be glad to receive you into it! you shall come in; but you shall never go out, no never. Pausing a little, she said, "If ever you have a family, tell the children they had a grandmother that feared God, and found the comforts of it on her death-bed." At another time, she addressed me, "Let me tell you my own experience; when you come to lie upon your death-bed, an interest in Jesus will be found a precious possession.—O, what a mercy of mercies, that we two poor creatures should be brought out of the bondage of Egypt, and united together in the kingdom of God's dear Son!—O, my dear son! I exhort you to preach the gospel; preach it boldly; fear not the face of man; endeavour to put in a word of comfort to the humble believer; to poor, weak souls.—I heartily wish you success: may you be useful to the souls of many!"—Being fatigued, she rested a little time: but as soon as supper was over she renewed her triumphant language. "It is, she cried out, a glorious salvation! a free, unmerited salvation! a full, complete salvation! a perfect, eternal salvation! It is a deliverance from every enemy.—It is a supply of every want.—It is all I can wish for in time. It is all I can wish for in death. It is all I shall want in eternity."—She went on in this strain for a long while.—Then, upon seeing me, she  
changed

changed the subject, and in the same elevated stile, went on about ten minutes, blessing and praising God for the great comfort we had experienced in each other; for the union which subsisted between us, and the blessed hope, that though we parted for a season, we should one day meet again for ever. Sunday night she had little rest. Monday morning she desired me to read to her the verses which were written on the death of Mrs. Conyers. After hearing them with great pleasure, she exclaimed, "I shall see that dear friend of mine again, and her dear partner: we shall unite in praise for ever; we shall make a charming three-fold knot." Adverting to the adorable Redeemer, she repeated with great feeling,

"I long to see those hands which made me blest,  
Those feet which travelled to procure my rest."

After a short pause she proceeded,

"I long to behold him arrayed  
With glory and light from above;  
The King in his beauty displayed,  
His beauty of holiest love.  
I languish, I pine to be there,  
Where Jesus has fixed his abode;  
O when shall we meet in the air,  
And fly to the mount of my God."

She desired that all who came to the house might see her: but our desire to preserve her life a little longer, forbid our complying with this request. Accidentally hearing the name of one who called, she intreated earnestly she might see him; upon his coming into the room, she took hold of his hand and said, "Ah! my friend, I am dying; but I am going to glory; I shall soon see my dear heavenly Father; God bless you, and be with you till I meet you there! I shall be glad to see you, farewell." After his departure she said,

"I hope

"I hope it will please God not to permit me to dishonour his cause: I trust my death will shew how he can support a poor, weak believer.—If it be his blessed will, I hope I shall die in triumph, and leave behind me a testimony of his grace. I long to tell others what joy I feel: what God has done for me, and what he will do for all that trust in him."

Soon after her recovery from a fit, a friend came in, and having felt her pulse, remarked there was nothing to be immediately alarmed at: she replied with great eagerness, as if she felt injured at the expression, "I am not alarmed; no, I am not afraid; I am going to heaven;" and perceiving me near her, she said, "Now, my dear, do you vouch for me; am I alarmed? no, I know I shall be happy."

After a little time she recollected a circumstance of a person, who, in great agony of mind upon his death-bed, said to one that was present with much horror, "Woman, how shall I go through this great scene?" She repeated the sentence; paused on it for a few minutes, and then exclaimed with great triumph, "It is no great scene; it is a glorious scene to me! I am going to my God! I shall see the king in his beauty! I shall be for ever near him! I shall for ever sing his praises!"

Her heart was again much elated, and almost over-powered with gratitude, in reflecting upon God's goodness towards her: "God, said she, has greatly indulged my desires; has answered my prayers in a wonderful manner. How has he dealt with me, in sparing me so long, to see you, my son, so much settled in life!—I remember, said she, when I used to express my anxiety for your eternal welfare to a friend of mine, he always said, in allusion to the story of Monica, the mother of St. Austin, go home and make yourself easy; the child of those tears can never perish."

She then desired me to read the 54th chapter of Isaiah. When I came to the 5th verse, she cried out with rapture, "My Maker is my husband; the Lord of Hosts is his name."

And

And again, "God hath called me as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit." After this, she lay seemingly much fatigued the rest of the evening: her mind seemed wholly conversant in heavenly things; but she was too much exhausted for more conversation.

She spoke with great pleasure of her speedy departure, and dwelt with rapture upon her glorious inheritance. "O, how happy shall I be, said she, to see you all there."

She desired a friend who sat up with her, to sing the following hymn.

From all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

She attempted to join herself; but her voice faltered. When this was finished, and she had again expressed the great joy she felt in the prospect of death, "Come, said she, sing me another; sing me this:"

Hosanna to Jesus on high,  
Another has entered his rest;  
Another escapèd to the sky,  
And lodgèd in Emmanuel's breast, &c.

She was in a kind of stupor the greater part of this day, and seemed averse to receiving any refreshment. In the evening she had another fit, in which she lay about twenty minutes, and continued all the night partly in a doze, and partly insensible.

Wednesday

Wednesday she continued in the same state, and had three very strong fits. During the night she was almost incessantly convulsed; but no regular fit came on till about half past two. Before breakfast-time, she had five fits. In the interval of the fifth, I addressed her, "My dearest mother, do you know me?" She replied, "My dear son *Basil*, I am afraid you will make yourself ill." This was the last time she spoke. From this hour she drew her breath with great difficulty.

At eleven minutes past twelve, my beloved parent expired. She just survived till Friday morning, the 12th of November.

I desire to bless God, I felt amazingly supported. After giving way to my distress for a few moments, the assurance of her happier state was impressed on my mind in so powerful a manner, that I could not but rejoice in her superior felicity. I saw her lately on earth, fainting and expiring; I see her now in glory, alive for evermore. I have now another attachment to the skies. O, never, never, let me think of her, but as in the immediate presence of her God; contemplating the glories of his person; and uniting with the countless number of the redeemed in the eternal anthem of triumph, gratitude and praise!

---

*Some Account of ROBERT DENNIS: in a Letter to the  
Rev. J. WESLEY.*

[*Concluded from page 312.*]

**B**UT it would be endless to repeat all his heavenly and blessed expressions during the remaining three weeks of his affliction. I will relate a part of what occurred within a day or two of his death. He had manifested the greatest patience and resignation to the divine will during the whole time of his illness, though it was very severe and painful: he being full of sores, and wasted to a skeleton; insomuch that they



they were afraid his back bone would come through the skin. But amidst all this he praised God with joy unspeakable, and only seemed concerned, because he thought his parents were unwilling to part with him; begging of them, with many tears, to give him up, that he might go to his Saviour.

Observing a picture upon the wall he said, "Does not that picture represent the last supper of our Lord with his disciples?" Being informed it did, he replied, "And I shall be with him very soon." This was on the Thursday. The day following he seemed to experience still more of the divine goodness, and said, "Oh, mother! I thought the Lord had done much for me when he pardoned my sins; but he has now done abundantly more! My heart is whole! My heart is whole!" and added, "Such is the love I feel to the Lord Jesus, that wasted and sore as my whole body is, I think I could bear to lie on a bed of nails for him who has endured so much for me." His countenance now seemed more sweet and heavenly than ever, and his mother was ready to flatter herself that he might yet recover; and said, *Bobby*, I never saw thee so beautiful before. He replied, "O, mother! but I shall be yet more beautiful soon." Towards the evening, when three of his cousins came to see him, though he was very weak, and hardly able to speak, yet being revived a little by the sight of them, he began to tell them what God had done for him; and assured them that he would do as much for *them* if they would look to him: but added, "You *must* look to him."

That night he endured much in body, and the time of his departure approached fast; while his hope and joy increased. Thus exemplifying in his experience Dr. *Young's* description of the death of the righteous,

- "The chamber where the good man meets his fate
- "Is privileged beyond the common walk
- "Of virtuous life; quite in the verge of heaven!"

Spreading his arms abroad, and looking as if he would take flight to the heavenly regions, he cried out, "O, what glory do I see!" and then clasped his arms together as if he would have embraced it. His pain was great; but his confidence was strong all night; and he seemed every moment to be expecting his release from the body, and was disappointed that it was delayed so long. At last he cried out, "O, why delay the wheels of his chariot! why is his chariot so long a coming!" Thus he continued till within half an hour of his departure; when he called out to one that stood by, "*Betty*, sing a hymn; but let it be a *glorious* one." Seeing him so full of joy and heaven, she knew not at first how to suit him; but the following verse occurring to her mind she gave it out,

"Jesu, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll;  
 While the tempest still is high,  
 Hide me, O, my Saviour hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past,  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O, receive my soul at last!"

When they had done, He said it was a blessed one; and added, "Do not you see, *Betty*, what glory! Do not you see that beautiful angel beside the bed!" His strength was now gone, and he was just departing; but before he quite expired, he spoke so loud of *Jesus* and *glory*, that he might have been heard in the street.

I am, Rev. Sir, your most obedient Son,

JOSEPH BENSON.

*An Extract from a SERMON, on GOD is LOVE.*

[*Concluded from page 315.*]

I Know hardly any thing of so much importance to give us just sentiments of the proceedings of God with his creatures, as that we should conceive of him as a moral Ruler or the supreme Magistrate of the world. And it is owing to their not considering him in this character, that sinners indulge such mistaken presumptions concerning him. They choose to conceive of him under some fond and tender name, as a being of infinite grace, the indulgent Father of his creatures. All this is true; but it is equally true that he is their moral Ruler as well as their Father. His creatures are his *subjects* as well as his *children*; and he must act the wise and righteous *Magistrate* as well as the tender *Father* towards them. His goodness is that of a *Ruler*, not of a private *person*; and his pardoning sin and receiving offenders into favour, are not *private* kindnesses but acts of *government*, and therefore must be conducted with the utmost wisdom; for a wrong step in his infinite administration, which affects such innumerable multitudes of subjects, would be an infinite evil.

These things I hope are sufficient to convince you that divine justice is not that cruel and savage thing sinners are wont to imagine it, but that God is just, because "God is Love:" and that he punishes not because he is the enemy, but because he is the friend of his creatures, and because he loves the whole too well to let particular offenders do mischief with impunity.

I shall only add, that this is the view Jehovah has given of himself, in the clearest manifestation of his perfections that he ever made to mortals. He promises his favourite *Moses* that he would "make all his *goodness* pass before him." Observe it is

his *goodness* he intends to exhibit, and the proclamation runs thus, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, forgiving iniquity;" that these are acts of *goodness* will be easily granted. But observe it is added even in this proclamation of his goodness, "That he will by no means clear the guilty!" intimating, that to be just and punish sin is, an act of goodness, as well as to be merciful and to forgive it.

And, now when we have this copious subject in review, does it not suggest to us such conclusions as these?

1. May we not conclude that the case of impenitent sinners is desperate indeed, when it is not excessive rigour, or a savage delight in torture that condemns them, but goodness itself, love itself? Even the gentler perfections of the Deity, those from which they derive their presumptuous hopes conspire against them to render them miserable, in order to prevent greater misery from spreading through the universe. Impenitent sinners, even the unbounded *love of God* to his creatures is your enemy. Love under the name and form of *Justice*, which is equally love still, demands your execution; and to suffer you to escape would not only be an act of injustice, but an act of hostility against the whole system of rational beings. Therefore repent and be holy, otherwise divine love will not suffer you to be happy. "God is Love;" therefore will he confine you in the infernal prison, as a regard to the public welfare in human governments shuts up criminals in a dungeon.

2. May we not hence conclude that all the acts of the Deity may be resolved into the benevolent principle of *love*? "God is love;" therefore he made this vast universe, and planted it so thick with variegated life. "God is love;" therefore, he still rules the world he has made, and inflicts chastisements and judgments upon it in every age. "God is love;" therefore he spared not his own Son, but made him the victim of his justice. "God is love;" therefore he

requires

requires perfect holiness, perfect obedience, from all his subjects. "God is love;" therefore he has enacted such tremendous sanctions to his law, and executes them upon offenders. "God is love;" therefore he has made the prison of hell, and there confines in chains of everlasting darkness those malevolent creatures that would be nuisances to society, and public mischiefs if suffered to run at large. In short, whatever he does, he does it because he is love. How amiable a view of him is this! therefore,

3. We may certainly conclude that if God be love, then all his creatures ought to love him. Love him, O, all ye inhabitants of heaven! But they need not my exhortation; they know him, and therefore cannot but love him. Love him, O, ye children of men! To you I call; but O, I fear I shall call in vain. To love *Him* who is all love is the most hopeless proposal one can make to the world. But whatever others do, love the Lord, all ye saints! You I know cannot resist the motion. Surely your love even now is all on fire. "Love the Lord, O, my soul!"

---

*The Will of the late Lady PALMERSTON, indorsed, for the  
Lord PALMERSTON,*

AS I have long given you my heart, and my tenderest affections and fondest wishes have been always yours, so is every thing else I possess; and all that I can call mine being already yours, I have nothing to give but my heartiest thanks for the care and kindness you have at any time shewn me, either in sickness or in health; for which God Almighty will, I hope, reward you in a better world.

However, for form's sake, I here give and bequeath you as follows: First, the ten thousand pounds left me by Sir R. H. the two hundred pounds a year annuity left me by my father;  
the



the gold cup, and the two lesser chocolate cups, which I wish you would sometimes look on as a remembrance of death, and also of the fondest and faithfullest friend you ever had.

N. B. The cups were made out of mourning-rings, and used daily as a memorial of her departed friends and eternity.



*A Copy of an original Letter, written by Mr. SOLOMON DA COSTA, and sent to the Trustees of the British Museum, with a present of near two hundred curious manuscript-volumes in the Hebrew Language, which were originally intended by the Jews as a present to King Charles the Second.*

GO, I pray thee, see the presence of those in whom there is wisdom, understanding, and knowledge; behold they are the honourable personages appointed and made Overseers of the great and noted Treasury, called by the name of the British Museum. The Lord preserve them! Amen.

Saith the man Solomon, son to my Lord and father, the ancient, honourable, devout, meek and excellent Mr. *Isaac Da Costa*, surnamed *Athias*, of the city of *Amsterdam*, of the people scattered and dispersed among all nations; of the captivity of *Jerusalem*, which is in *Spain*.

I have already dwelt fifty-four years in ease and rest, in quietness and in confidence, without fear, in this city of *London*, the crowning city! that is full of people, great among the nations, and princes among the provinces; a city great for wise and learned men; the mother of sciences and arts; there is not one science too difficult for them, either in medicine or astronomy, or philosophy, or any art of skilful and cunning artists, the work of cunning workmen, such as have not been seen in all the earth, nor in any nation. And  
much

much more so now that they have built a tower for them all, and a palace full of all good things, the wonders of nature which God created and made, and things of great value, both by reason of their being singular, there being no other like them, by reason of the costliness of the work, it being done with utmost comeliness and beauty, or by artists, whose fame has gone forth through the world. There are they deposited, and there are they to be met with in thousands and ten thousands, where they will be for ever for a sign and wonder; and spacious rooms full of books, both modern and ancient, printed and manuscripts, in innumerable languages, the like was not seen in all the earth, since the foundation thereof, till now that the men of government expended abundance of money to purchase them, and to gather them within the great Treasury, that it might be for the good of mankind, both for the stranger, and for him that is born in the land, even every one whose heart stirred him up to come unto the works to search and examine them. May the Lord open unto them his good treasure, the heaven, and render to them a recompense according to the works of their hands.

And whereas I am not worthy of the least of all the favours which many honourable men of the nation have done me; and I well know within myself, that my hand is shortened that it cannot render them a recompence according to the works of their hands; therefore then said I, Lo! I come with the volume of the book of the law of Moses, *In pace quiescat*, written upon vellum in a handsome character, as it is made use of in our synagogues; and a very ancient book, written also upon vellum, containing the posterior and twelve minor prophets; and besides another book, written also upon vellum, containing the five books of the law, the song of Solomon, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, the book of Esther, Psalms, Proverbs, Job, and the lessons that are read out of the prophets throughout the year: added to them one hundred

hundred and eighty ancient books, which had been gathered and bound for King Charles the Second, King of Great Britain, with valuable bindings, marked with his own cypher, all in the holy language, which I purchased in my youth; and behold their names are written in the book of the catalogue that goes with this writing; for I said within myself, may these also be treasured in the midst of the Museum, that they may be a witness in my behalf, that their love is always before me, and that I am not ungrateful to all the good they have rewarded me with. Wherefore, one thing I desire of you, that I will seek after, that you accept my present, this handful of mine, with a pleasant countenance, and that these my books may be placed among those that stand, to be there from generation to generation, that this may be called an offering of sweet favour, and that there they may find rest.

Now as for me, my prayer is unto thee, O, Lord, in an acceptable time, for this great generation: lo! may the people rise up as a great lion, and lift up themselves as a young lion! May they cry, yea roar! may they prevail against their enemies! May the degrees of honour of his excellent majesty be extolled and raised up, and in his palace may every one speak of his glory! May our eyes see the king in his beauty! Lo! he is our Sovereign George the Second! May his glory be extolled, and his kingdom exalted! May he prolong his days in this kingdom; for he leadeth his people like a flock. He is a buckler and shield of freedom and defence to all those that come to trust under the shadow of his dominion: his righteousness and devotion endure for ever. So may God continue him in a state of life and peace! May he get up very high upon the highest prosperities in fulness of joy! May God extend peace to him and his seed after him, like a river. May he reign; and may they reign! May he lead and may they lead the people with justice and with judgment,

and

and with equity, as at this day, so long as the moon endureth; and that they may be filled with abundance of peace, according to their pleasure, and according to the wishes of him that seeketh their peace and wealth for ever! with a sound heart in faithfulness and truth.

The Minor of the Meanest,

SOLOMON DA COSTA.

London, *this day*, Thursday the  
5th of the month Sivan, of the  
year 5519 from the creation.

\*\*\*\*\*

*A Relation of Witchcraft discovered in the Village of Mohra,  
in Sweden.*

[Concluded from page 321.]

WE come next to the place where they used to assemble, called *Blockula*; and what they did there. They unanimously confessed, that *Blockula* is situated in a large meadow, like a plain sea, wherein you can see no end. The place or house they met at, had before it a great gate, painted with many colours: through this gate they went into a little meadow, distant from the other, where the beasts went which they used to ride on; but the men whom they made use of in their journey, stood in the house by the gate, in a slumbering posture, over-against the wall.

In a huge large room of this house, they said there stood a long table, at which the witches sat down: and that hard by this room was a chamber, where there were some lovely and delicate beds.

The first thing, they said, they must do at *Blockula*, was, that they must deny all religion, and devote themselves, body and soul, to the devil, and promise to serve him faithfully, and

VOL. VIII. Z z confirm

confirm it with an oath: hereupon they cut their fingers, and writ their name in his book. They added, "That he caused them to be baptized too, by such priests as he had there; and made them confirm their baptism, with dreadful oaths and imprecations." Hereupon the devil gave them a purse, wherein there were filings of clocks, with a big stone tied to it, which they threw into the water, and then were forced to speak these words: "As these filings of the clock do never return to the clock from whence they were taken, so may my soul never return to heaven."

After this they sat down by the table, and those that the devil esteemed most were placed the nearest to him; but the children must stand at the door, where he himself gives them meat and drink.

The diet they used to have there, was, they said, broth, with coleworts, and bacon in them, oatmeal bread spread with butter, milk and cheese. And they added, that sometimes it tasted very well, and sometimes very ill. After meals they went to dancing; and in the mean time, swore and cursed most dreadfully: and afterwards went to fighting one with another.

We come, in the next place, to shew the mischief and evil, which the witches promised to do, to men and beasts. They confessed, that they were to promise the devil, that they would do all that was ill; and that the devil taught them to milk, which was after this manner: they used to stick a knife in the wall, and hang a kind of label on it, which they drew, and stroaked; and, as long as this lasted, the persons they had power over were miserably plagued, and the beasts were milked that way, till sometimes they died of it.

A woman confessed, that the devil gave her a wooden knife, wherewith, going into houses, she had power to kill any thing that she touched with it; yet there were few that would confess, that they had hurt any man or woman. Being asked, Whether they had murdered any children? they

confessed,



confessed, that they had tormented many, but did not know whether any of them died.

And added, that the devil had shewed them several places, where he had power to do mischief.

The minister of *Elfdale* declared, that one night, these witches were, to his thinking, on the crown of his head: and that, from thence, he had a long-continued pain in the head.

One of the witches confessed, that the devil had sent her to torment that minister; and that she was ordered to use a nail, and strike it into his head, but it would not enter very deep, and hence came that head-ach. The minister said also, that one night he felt a pain, as if he was torn with an instrument that they cleanse flax with, or a flax-comb; and, when he awoke, he heard somebody scratching and scraping at the window, but could see nobody; and one of the witches confessed, that she was the person that did it, being sent by the devil.

The minister of *Mohra* declared also, that one night, one of these witches came into his house, and did so violently take him by the throat, that he thought he should have been choaked; and awaking, he saw the person who did it, but did not know her; and that, for some weeks, he was not able to speak, or perform divine service.

The Lords Commissioners were very earnest, and took great pains to persuade them to shew some of their tricks, but to no purpose; for they did all unanimously declare, that since they had confessed all, they found all their witchcraft was gone; and the devil, at this time, appeared very terrible, and shewed them a pit burning, with a hand out, but the devil thrust the person down again with an iron fork, and suggested to the witches, that if they continued in their confession, he would deal with them in the same manner.

The above relation is taken from the public register, where all this is related, with more circumstances. And at this time, through all the country, there are prayers weekly in all

the churches, to the end that Almighty God would pull down the devil's power, and deliver those poor creatures which have hitherto groaned under it.

The Lord *Lyonbergh*, Envoy extraordinary for the King of *Sweden*, confirmed this at *London*, March 8, 1682; and gave it under his hand, that the matter of fact mentioned here was true.

---

### A Strange Account.

Dunbar, May 26, 1784.

1. **W**HAT I know concerning the matter is this. The servant of Dr. *Menzie*, Physician at *Dumfries*, told his Master and many others, That the Laird of *Cool*, lately dead, appeared to him, rode him down, and killed his horse: that he appointed him to meet him some time after, at such a place, which he promised to do. But Mr. *P.* (then Minister of *Dumfries*) advised him to break that promise.

2. Mr. *Ogylvie* (then Minister at *Innerwick* near *Dunbar*) on hearing this, blamed Mr. *Paton* much: saying, Had he been there, he would not only have advised him to keep his promise, but would have gone with him. The ensuing relation of what followed, wrote in Mr. *O's* own hand, was found in his desk after his death, by Mrs. *Ogylvie*. She gave it to Mr. *Lundie*, now Minister at *Oldhamstocks*, who gave it to me.

JAMES HAMILTON.

What follows is transcribed from Mr. *Lundie's* Copy.

1. On Feb. 3, 1722, At seven o'clock at night, as I was coming up the burial-road, one came riding up after me, Looking back, I called, Who is there? He answered, The Laird of *Cool*. Thinking it was some one that wanted to put a trick

a trick upon me, I struck at him with my cane. It found no resistance, but flew out of my hand, to the distance of about twenty yards. I alighted and took it up, but found some difficulty in mounting, partly by reason of the ramping of my horse, partly by a trembling which ran through my joints. He stopt till I came up to him again, and said, "If you are the Laird of *Cool*, what is your business with me?" He answered, "You have undertaken what few in *Ridisdale* would." I asked in surprise, "What have I undertaken?" He answered, Last Sabbath you blamed Mr. *Paton*, for advising the young man not to keep his promise, and said, You would be willing to go with him yourself? *Og*. Who informed you, that I said so? *C*. We that are dead know many things that the living know nothing about. All I want is that you will fulfil your promise, and deliver my commissions to my wife. *O*. Did I say I would go all the way to *Dumfries* upon such an errand? It never entered into my thoughts. *C*. What was in your thoughts I do not know: but I can depend upon my information, that these were your words. But I see you are in some disorder: I will wait upon you again, when you have more presence of mind.

2. By this time we were come below the church-yard. And while I was considering whether I had promised or no, he broke from me through the church-yard with amazing violence, and with such a whizzing noise, as put me into more disorder than before. When I came to my house, my wife seeing me very pale, enquired, What ailed me? I told her, I was a little uneasy, and desired something to drink. Being thereby eased and refreshed, I retired to my closet, to meditate on this astonishing adventure.

3. On the fifth of March, 1722, as I was riding about sun-set, near *William White's* march, the Laird of *Cool* came riding up to me again, and said, "Be not afraid: I will do you no harm." I replied, "I am not in the least afraid: for I know He in whom I trust is stronger than all of you put together."

together." C. You are as safe from me, as when I was alive, O. Then let us have a free conversation together, and give me some information about the affairs of the other world. C. What information do you want from me? O. Are you in a state of happiness or not? C. That is a question I will not answer? Ask something else. O. I ask then, what sort of a body is that you appear in? C. It is not the same body wherein I was witness to your marriage, nor that in which I died. That is rotting in the grave. But it is such a body as answers me in a moment. I can fly as fast in this body as without it. If I would go to *London*, to *Jerusalem*, or to the Moon, I can perform all these journies equally soon. For it costs me nothing but a thought. This body is just as fleet as your thought. In the same time you can turn your thoughts to *Rome*, I can go there in person. O. But tell me, Have you not yet appeared before God, and received sentence from him as a Judge? C. Never yet. O. It is commonly believed, there is a particular judgment immediately after death, and a general one at the last day. C. No such thing, no such thing. There is no trial, no sentence till the last day. The heaven good men enjoy immediately after death, consists in the serenity of their minds, the satisfaction of a good conscience, and the certain hope of glory everlasting.\*

4. The hell which the wicked suffer immediately after death, consists in their wickedness, in the stings of an awakened conscience, the terrors of facing the great Judge, and of everlasting torments.† And their misery when dead bears a due proportion to the evil they did while living; but some of these although not good, were far less wicked than others, and so are far less miserable. And on the other hand, some were not wicked in this life, yet had but a small

\* And in being with Christ and his Saints.

† And in being with the Devil and his Angels.

degree of goodness.† And their faces are not more various in life, then their circumstances are after death.

5. *O.* To pass this, there is another question I want to ask: "How came you to know what I said to Mr. *Paton*?" Were you with us, though invisible? *C.* I was not. But you must know, that not only angels are continually sent from heaven, to guard and comfort good men, but also the spirits of holy men are employed on the same errand. *O.* But has every man his guardian angel? *C.* Not every man; but many particular men have. And there are few families but have one attending on them. From what you have heard of spirits, you may easily conceive, how one may be serviceable to each member of the family, even when far distant from each other. Yea, one powerful angel or departed spirit is sufficient for some villages: but to a great city many angels or departed spirits are assigned, who are superintended by one great angel.

6. Now Satan in the government of his kingdom, ape's the kingdom of Christ as much as possible. Accordingly he sends out missionaries too: but because he has plenty of them, he frequently commissions two or three to attend one family, if it be of great power or influence. *O.* I cannot understand how the evil angels should be more numerous than the good ones. *C.* Whatever the number of devils be, it is certain the number of wicked spirits departed, who are employed on this errand, is abundantly greater than that of the good ones. And there is as great a difference between the good and bad spirits, as there is between the good and bad angels, both with regard to their knowledge, activity, strength and faculties. Yea, some departed souls exceed some of the original angels, in all these respects.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

†: I am afraid this glances upon Purgatory; intimating, that the former were not bad enough to go to Hell, nor the latter good enough to go to Heaven.



*Some Account of the Right Hon. Laurence, late Earl FERRERS.*

**L**AURENCE SHIRLEY, Earl Ferrers, Viscount Tamworth, was descended from a family which held considerable rank, and large estates in Lincolnshire, Derbyshire, Northamptonshire and Warwickshire, before the conquest. His lordship's uncle, from whom he derived his title, was put under confinement by the authority of a statue of lunacy that was obtained against him, and after a short return of reason, relapsed into incurable madness, in which state he continued till his death. Lady Barbary Shirley, was also a lunatic, and confined as such. His lordship had so far a tincture of this family disorder, as to be subject to sudden, causeless, and outrageous passion; he often walked hastily about the room, clenching his fists, grinning, biting his lips, and talking to himself, without having any thing to ruffle his temper, or being under the influence of liquor; he also sometimes talked to himself many hours after he was in bed, and he was observed to entertain causeless suspicions of those about him; to go about frequently armed; to be frequently absent when spoken to; to make mouths in the looking-glass, spitting upon it and using gestures, that by those who saw him were thought indications of madness.

In September, 1752, he married the youngest daughter of Sir William Meredith, whom he treated with great brutality, though she was of the most mild and amiable disposition; he was also almost constantly upon ill terms with all his relations. About four years before his death, his irregular sallies became more frequent than before, which was imputed to an unhappy quarrel with his lady; this quarrel was carried so far that she was separated from him by an act of parliament, and it was ordered by the same act, that a person should be appointed

appointed to receive the income of his estates, and apply it as the act appointed.

When his rents were ordered to be paid to a receiver, the nomination of a receiver was left to himself, and he appointed Mr. *John Johnson*, a person who had been taken into the service of Lord F——'s family in his youth, and was then his lordship's steward, hoping probably, that he should have sufficient influence over him to have procured some deviation from his trust in his lordship's favour. But he soon found Mr. *Johnson* would not oblige him at the expence of his honesty, and from that time he seems to have conceived an implacable resentment against him; and it is easy to conceive that every opposition to the will of a man so haughty, impetuous, and irascible, would produce such an effect.

Mr. *Johnson* lived at the house belonging to the farm, which he held under his lordship, called the Lount, about half a mile distant from *Stanton*, his lordship's seat.

On Sunday the 13th of January, 1760, my Lord went to the Lount, and after some discourse with Mr. *Johnson*, ordered him to come to him at *Stanton*, on the Friday following, the 18th, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The men-servants he contrived to send out of the way, so that there was no person in the house but himself and three maids.

In a short time after the house was thus cleared, Mr. *Johnson* came, and was let in by *Elizabeth Burgeland*, one of the maids. He asked if his lordship was within? when the girl replied yes, he is in his room: Mr. *Johnson* went, and knocked at the door, and my lord came to the door, and ordered him to wait in the still-house. When he had been there about ten minutes, his lordship came out, and calling him to his own room, went in with him, and immediately locked the door. When they were thus locked in together my Lord first ordered him to settle an account, and after a little time produced a paper, purporting, as he said, to be a

confession of his villainy, and required him to sign it; *Johnson* refused, and his lordship drawing a pistol from his pocket, presented it, and bid him kneel down; the poor man then kneeled down upon one knee, but Lord *F.* cried out so loud as to be heard by one of the maids at the kitchen door, "Down on your other knee; declare what you have acted against Lord *F.* your time is come, you must die;" and then fired. The ball entered his body just below the last rib, yet he did not drop, but rose up and expressed the sensations of a dying man, both by his looks, and by broken sentences. My Lord then came out of the room, having been shut up with the unhappy victim about half an hour; and the report of the pistol having frightened the women into the wash-house, he called out, "Who is there?" One of them heard and answered him: he ordered her to see for one of the men, to assist in getting Mr. *Johnson* into bed. At this time his lordship was perfectly sober, and having dispatched a messenger to Mr. *Kirkland*, a surgeon who lived at *Ashby de la Zouch*, he went back to the room where he had left Mr. *Johnson* with the maid, and asked how he found himself, *Johnson* replied, that he found himself like a dying man, and requested his lordship to send for his children; his lordship consented, and a messenger was dispatched to the Lount, to tell Miss *Johnson* that she must come to the Hall, as her father was taken very ill; upon coming there, she soon learnt what had happened, and Lord *F.* sent one of the maids with her up to the room into which her father had been removed, and immediately followed himself. Mr. *Johnson* was in bed, but did not speak to her: Lord *F.* pulled down the clothes, and applied a pledget dipt in Arquebuse water to the wound, and soon after left him. From the time the fact was committed, Lord *F.* continued to drink porter till he became drunk. The messenger in the mean time having found the surgeon, he came about five o'clock. My Lord  
told

told him he had shot *Johnson*, but believed that he was more frightened than hurt; that he had intended to shoot him dead, for that he was a villain, and deserved to die; but says he, now I have spared his life, I desire you would do what you can for him. My Lord, at the same time, desired that he would not suffer him to be seized, and declared, if any one should attempt it he would shoot him.

[*To be continued.*]

~~~~~

An Essay to prove that the CHINESE are an EGYPTIAN Colony: written in French by M. de Guignes, Member of the Royal Academy of Belles Lettres.

SEVERAL persons of great learning have heretofore suspected that the conquests of *Osiris* and *Sesostris* carried many Egyptians into *India* and *China*. *M. Huet*, in particular supposed that colonies from *Egypt* had passed into *China*; but some of the British literati have, from the same premises, drawn a contrary conclusion: for having like him been struck with the conformity between the *Chinese* and *Egyptian* customs, they have supposed that *Noah* retiring into *China* after the deluge, the arts and sciences passed from thence into *Egypt*. *M. Guignes's* conjectures have another foundation; having read a memoir of the *Abbe Barthelemy*, on the letters of the *Phœnicians*, he began to reflect upon the manner in which alphabetical letters had been first formed, and this led him to look into a *Chinese Dictionary*, as the letters of that language are supposed to be of great antiquity. Upon inspecting this Dictionary, he was greatly surprised to find a figure that very much resembled one of the *Phœnician* letters in *Barthelemy's* alphabet; this awakened his attention to a new object, and upon a farther search, he found such proof of the derivation of the *Chinese* letters from the *Phœnicians*, as at once convinced and astonished him; his essay therefore, is an attempt

to shew that the Chinese characters are nothing more than monograms, or cyphers, formed of three Phœnician letters; and that the reading them produces Phœnician, or Egyptian sounds.

M. Guignes begins his essay by observing, that the writing of the *Chinese* is not like that of other nations, composed of a certain number of characters, the different combinations of which form syllables and words, but each character is a symbol of some idea, and may be reduced to three simple elements: the straight line, the curve line, and the point: these elements, by their position or combination, produced new characters which were ranged into two hundred and fourteen classes, and this they call the keys; these two hundred and fourteen radical characters, by various combinations and complications, form a vast variety of symbols, to the number of seventy or eighty thousand; which will not appear strange, if it is remembered that this number includes all the ideas that it is necessary to express, and is equal to the number of words in other languages: but the colloquial language of *China* is by no means so copious as that which is written; for it consists only of a small number of monosyllables and sounds, which differ only by the various tones of pronunciation, without either conjugation or declension; and it appears to have so little relation to the written language, that the sounds which are attached to the combination of the simple and radical characters have no affinity with the sounds of those characters separately. The living and written languages stand singly and apart, totally independent of each other.

[To be concluded in our next.]

The CHARACTER of an ATHEIST.

AN Atheist is an overgrown libertine; and if we believe his own genealogy, he is a by-blow begot by hazard, and flung into the world by necessity; he moves by wheels, and has no more soul than a windmill; he is thrust on by fate, and acts by mere compulsion; he is no more master of his deeds, than of his being, and therefore is as constant to his word, as the wind to the same point; so that an Atheist, by his own principles, is a knave *per se*, and an honest man only *per accidens*. In fine, he starts out of dust, and vanishes into nothing.

*An Extract from a JOURNEY from Aleppo to Jerusalem; at
Easter, A. D. 1697.*

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. late Fellow of Exeter
College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.

[Continued from page 333.]

WEDNESDAY, March 17. We saw what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion, which *Lucian* relates, concerning this river,* viz. That this stream, at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of *Adonis*, is of a bloody colour; which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river, for the death of *Adonis*, who was killed by a wild Boar in the mountains, out of which this stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass; for the water was stained to a surprising redness; and, as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned doubtless by a sort of Minium, or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from *Adonis's* blood.

* ADONIS

Thursday, March 18. The day following we spent at *Beroot*; being credibly informed, that the river *Damer*, which lay in our next stage, was so swollen by the late rains, that it would be impassable. This place was called anciently *Berytus*; from which the Idol *Baal Berith* is supposed to have had its name. And afterwards being greatly esteemed by *Augustus*, had many privileges conferred upon it; and together with them a new name, viz. *Julia Felix*. But at present, it retains nothing of its ancient felicity, except the situation; and in that particular it is indeed very happy. It is seated on the sea-side, in a soil fertile and delightful, raised only so high above the salt-water, as to be secure from its overflowings, and other noxious and unwholesome effects of that element. It has the benefit of good fresh springs flowing down to it from the adjacent hills, and dispersed all over the city, in convenient and not unhandsome fountains. But besides these advantages of its situation, it has at present nothing else to boast of.

The *Emir Faccardine* has his chief residence in this place. He was in the reign of *Sultan Morat*, the fourth *Emir*, or Prince of the *Druses*; a people supposed to have descended from some dispersed remainders of those Christian Armies, that engaged in the Crusades, for the recovery of the Holy Land: who afterwards, being totally routed, and despairing of a return to their native Country, betook themselves to the mountains hereabout; in which their descendants have continued ever since. *Faccardine* being prince of these people, was not contented to be penned up in the mountains; but by his power and artifice, enlarged his dominion down into the plain all along the Sea Coast, as far as from this place to *Acra*. At last the grand Seignior grown jealous of such a growing power, drove the wild beast back again to the mountains, from whence he had broke loose; and there his posterity retain their principality to this day.

We

We went to view the palace of this prince, which stands on the North East part of the city. At the entrance of it is a marble fountain, of greater beauty than is usually seen in *Turkey*. The palace within consists of several courts, all now run much to ruin; or rather perhaps never finished. The stables, yards for horses, dens for lions and other savage creatures, gardens, &c. are such as would not be unworthy of the quality of a prince in christendom, were they wrought up to that perfection of which they are capable, and to which they seem to have been designed by their first contriver.

But the best sight that this place affords, and the worthiest to be remembered, is the orange garden. It contains a large quadrangular plat of ground, divided into sixteen lesser squares, four in a row, with walks between them. The walks are shaded with orange trees, of a large spreading size, and all of so fine a growth, both for stem and head, that one cannot imagine any thing more perfect in this kind. They were, at the time when we were there, as it were, gilded with fruit, hanging thicker upon them than ever I saw apples in *England*. Every one of these sixteen lesser squares in the garden was bordered with stone; and in the stone-work were troughs very artificially contrived, for conveying the water all over the garden: there being little outlets cut at every tree, for the stream, as it passed by, to flow out, and water it. Were this place under the cultivation of an English gardener, it is impossible any thing could be made more delightful. But these Hesperides were put to no better use, when we saw them, than to serve as a fold for sheep and goats; insomuch that in many places they were up to the knees in dirt: so little sense have the Turks of such refined delights as these; being a people generally of the grossest apprehension, and knowing few other pleasures, but such sensualities, as are common to men and beasts. On the East side of this garden were two terrace-walks rising one above the other, each of them having an ascent to it of twelve steps. They had both
several

several fine spreading orange trees upon them, to make shades in proper places. And at the North end they led into booths, and summer-houses, and other apartments very delightful: this place being designed by *Faccardine* for the chief seat of his pleasure.

It may perhaps be wondered, how this *Emir* should be able to contrive any thing so elegant and regular as this garden; seeing the Turkish gardens are usually nothing else but a confused miscellany of trees, jumbled together without either knots, walks, arbours, or any thing of art or design, so that they seem like thickets, rather than gardens. But *Faccardine* had been in *Italy*, where he had seen things of another nature, and knew well how to copy them in his own country. For indeed it appears by these remains of him, that he must have been a man much above the ordinary level of a Turkish genius.

In another garden we saw several pedestals for statues; from whence it may be inferred, that this *Emir* was no very zealous Mahometan. At one corner of the same garden stood a Tower of about sixty feet high; designed to have been carried to a much greater elevation for a Watch-Tower, and for that end built with an extraordinary strength, its walls being twelve feet thick. From this Tower we had a view of the whole city: amongst other prospects, it yielded us the sight of a large Christian Church, and said to have been at first consecrated to St. *John* the Evangelist. But, it being now usurped by the Turks for their chief mosque, we could not be permitted to see it, otherwise than at this distance. Another church there is in the town, which seems to be ancient; but being a very mean fabric, is suffered to remain still in the hands of the Greeks. We found it adorned with abundance of old pictures; but that which appeared most observable was a very odd figure of a Saint, drawn at full length, with a large beard reaching down to his feet. The Curate gave us to understand, that this was St. *Nicephorus*;

and perceiving that his beard was the chief object of our admiration, he gratified us with the following relation concerning him, viz. That he was a person of the most eminent virtues in his time; but his great misfortune was, that the endowments of his mind were not set off with the outward ornament of a beard: upon occasion of which defect, he fell into a deep melancholy. The Devil taking the advantage of this Priest, promised to give him that boon which nature had denied, in case he would comply with his suggestions. The beardless Saint, though he was very desirous of the reward proposed, yet he would not purchase it at that rate neither: but rejected the previous bribe with indignation, declaring resolutely, that he had rather for ever despair of his wish than obtain it upon such terms. And at the same time, taking in his hand the downy tuft upon his chin, to witness the stability of his resolution (for he had it seems beard enough to swear by) behold! as a reward for his constancy, he found the hair immediately stretch, with the pluck that he gave it. Whereupon finding it in so good a humour, he followed the happy omen: and as young heirs, that have been niggardly bred, generally turn prodigals when they come to their estates; so he never desisted from pulling his beard, till he had wiredrawn it down to his feet.—A little without this wall we saw many Granite Pillars, and remnants of Mosaic floors; and in an heap of rubbish, several pieces of polished marble, fragments of statues, and other poor relicks of this city's ancient magnificence. On the sea side is an old ruined Castle, and some remains of a small mole.

[To be continued.]

L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCLXXII.

[From Miss M. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Rev. Sir,

Bath, August 10, 1772.

YOU would be glad to hear that my soul prospers; but I know not whether it does or not. My joys and sorrows are far less than usual, though I am kept in peace, and blessed with a general attention to God, and have a desire to approve myself to him in all things.

I have lately been called to consider my latter end, by a swift decay of my health; but by means of the Bristol Waters, I am now in a great measure restored. O, may my life praise him! I am taught to "Pierce beyond an hour;" and to see myself a stranger and pilgrim. Earth daily sinks in my esteem.

Providence has also increased my school; in which I feel the need of that "Wisdom which dwelleth with Prudence," to know how to behave aright to my friends; (I mean chiefly, the young women of our Society.) I believe they have a great affection for me; but I fear it is not a right one. They are often charging me with partiality, &c. so that I hardly know how to look or speak. I feel a tender goodwill for them: not only as God's workmanship; but as created anew in Christ Jesus, unto good works. They are not by "Nature formed to please," nor so deeply spiritual as some are, with whose friendship and correspondence I am favoured.

Will you be kind enough, Sir, to point out what you think amiss in me; to teach me how to endure aright; and to lay down the likeliest rules for me to be made of some service to their souls?

I remain, Rev. Sir, your obedient Servant,

M. B.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCLXXIII.

[From Mr. Thomas Eden, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Broadmarston, August 24, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

I Have great uneasiness on my mind for my son T. (being highly esteemed amongst the rich and great where he is,) lest pride and forgetfulness should get a place in his heart. I wrote to him to come home: his answer was, that he was at the house of a Justice of the Peace; and enlarging his acquaintance, and so could not come! Please to write to him, in the most striking manner you possibly can, and press upon him meekness, humility, lowliness, and condescension to men of low estate: and to esteem other Preachers better than himself.

When you get near the throne of mercy and love, please to remember him, with the rest of my family; not forgetting your aged, humble Servant,

THOMAS EDEN.

L E T T E R CCCLXXIV.

[From Mr. Samuel Wells, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Wallingford, October 10, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

I Am conscious I am but a child, and that the thoughts of my heart, however sincere, may be weak and foolish. Yet I cannot suppose I run any risque in exposing them to you. Therefore I shall make no farther apology for offering you the following hints.

When I consider the condition the whole world is in, as to religion, I am astonished! I see myself in an evil world: a world of immortals; the greater part of whom are regardless of their eternal happiness or misery! I consider, Who lives as a probationer for eternity? It is plain the men of the world do not; no nor all religious men; for the
greater

greater part of them, are busied in doubtful disputations, and even deny the truth, *as it is after godliness*. I believe it is not the will of God that any should perish; but that all should come to the knowledge of the truth. But I cannot expect that this will be effected by any other instruments, than such as maintain this truth, viz. that nothing else than being created anew in Christ Jesus, will be of any avail to us.

If these are the Principles of the Methodists, I am led to enquire, do *we* who preach them live and act according to them? Let me answer for myself. I am conscious that God seeth the secrets of my heart; but it is often a dull consciousness thereof, else I could never be guilty of trifling conversation; but all my words would be spoken as in his presence. Indeed this is *sometimes* the case; and if it were always so, it would be (as it is at times) full of the power of God. I know God then owns his word. It is no longer I that speak, but the Spirit of my Father that speaketh in me. The greater sinner am I that I do not always so believe and act. If I believe that the grace of God is sufficient to perfect *me*, and *all* who believe, in every good word and work, am I consistent with myself? Sometimes I think I am; sometimes I fear I am not. When I am, I not only do nothing which I feel would offend God; but I feel impelled to press every one I converse with to this also. If I were always what I ought to be, I should abound more and more in the spirit of faith, and loving obedience, and in all usefulness to others. I believe much of this spirit hath been given me sometimes; but often have I sinned it away, or sunk back from his goodness by unbelieving fears.

But I consider again, What are my brethren in the Lord doing? Some of them I believe are *all devoted* to Him; but I fear not all. Many of them are men of superior endowments. But is their behaviour such as it ought to be? I would ask the same questions about them as I have about myself; but I hardly dare: and yet my heart is full. I
will

will venture to speak a little. I fear though I wander so much, some wander more. Our word is too often a mere insipid repetition of doctrinal truths; our conversation sometimes mere impertinence.

Nay, I sometimes have thought that you, Sir, might do more than you do in promoting the cause of Christian Perfection. I do not remember that in conversation, or by letter you ever pressed me to expect deliverance from all the carnal mind, except once in a letter, and once when you met the Class at Cheltenham, though you have exhorted me to press others to it. And yet I think you have given me, one way or another, far more encouragement, than any other Preacher in your connection: though some of them have not been altogether neglectful of their duty neither. But dear Sir, would it not animate us exceedingly, if you encouraged us yet more?

Suffer me to mention another thing that occurs to my mind. I sometimes fear that the very ill treatment you have met with from our Predestinarian-brethren, goes near to provoke your spirit at times; and if it does, it must necessarily hinder your spirituality and usefulness. I am sure you must be *more than human* if their conduct does not hurt you.

That God may guard you from all your enemies, and direct all your doings, is, dear Sir, the fervent prayer of your dutiful Son in the Gospel,

SAMUEL WELLS.



P O E T R Y.

The TULIP and the VIOLET.

SEE yonder gaudy Tulip rise,
And to the sun her leaves display;
My fancy gives her Voice and Eyes,
And thus the boaster seems to say.

“ Queen

“ Queen of the gay preterre I reign ;
 My glowing dies how bright they shine,
 The flow'rs unfold their bloom in vain ;
 No flower has charms to rival mine.

By nature meant for regal sway,
 Tall and majestic I appear ;
 Ye subject tribes, your queen obey,
 My high command, submissive hear.

When I unfold my matchless bloom,
 And to the noon my beauties spread ;
 Let no aspiring flower presume
 Near me to lift her abject head.”

The flowers are silent while she speaks,
 And only blush to hear her pride ;
 The silence now a Violet breaks,
 That creeps unheeded near her side.

“ Thy arrogance imperious flower,
 To real worth hath made thee blind ;
 Thy vaunted beauties of an hour
 Are charms of an inferior kind.

From thee no fragrant odours breathe ;
 No healing gift thy leaves bestow ;
 The flowers thou viewest with scorn beneath,
 Can more pretence to merit show.

The Cowslip's virtues and my own,
 Let man, let grateful man confess ;
 To him our real worth is known :
 Thee he admires—but for thy dress.”

The friendly hint, ye listening fair,
 Reflection bids the muse apply ;
 Let useful Virtues be your care ;
 Nor boast your power to please the eye.

Trusting

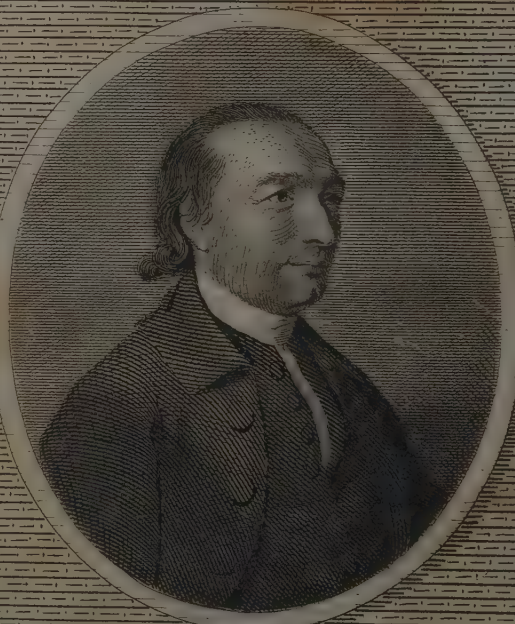
Trusting in the mercy of God with humble submission and hope.

[By Miss Steele.]

INDULGENT still to my request,
 How free thy tender mercies are !
 With full consent my thoughts attest,
 My gracious God, thy faithful care.
 Thy hand sustains me lest I faint,
 Or at the needful stroke repine ;
 Thy ear attends to my complaint ;
 The tendèrest pity, Lord, is thine.
 And can my heart desire in vain,
 When he who chastens bids me sue,
 That every sorow, every pain
 Be blest, to teach, reclaim, renew ?

*An EPITAPH on an Infant, found dead in a Field, who was
 denied Christian burial.*

WHEN no one gave the cordial draught,
 No healing art was found,
 My God the sovèrèign balsam wrought,
 And death relievèd the wound.
 What though no mournful kindred stand,
 Around the solemn bier ;
 No parents wring the trembling hand,
 Or drop the tender tear ;
 No costly oak, adornèd with art,
 My tender limbs enclose ;
 No friends a winding sheet impart,
 To deck my last repose.
 My name unknown, obscure my birth,
 No funèral rite is given ;
 Yet though denied God's house on earth
 I tread his courts in heaven.



MR. WILLM. HORNER

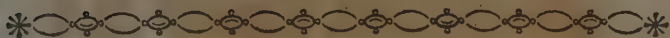
Ætatis 33.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For A U G U S T 1785.



*An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY'S Discourses on the
FIVE POINTS.*

CHAP. III. *Concerning Predestination or Absolute Election.*

[Continued from page 349.]

4. **T**HE other words by which it is conceived such an Election is taught in the New Testament, are these three, πρόγνωσις, the fore-knowledge; πρόθεσις, the purpose; προωρισμός, the fore-appointment of God. Of all which let it be noted,

1st. That none of them relate to individual persons (save only when they are used of our blessed Lord and his sufferings for us) but only to churches and nations in general. To the whole church of believing Jews and Gentiles whom God had chosen προορισας, *fore-appointing them to adoption by Jesus Christ*, Eph. i. v, in whom also, faith he, *ἐκκληρώθημεν*, *we were*

made his portion or peculiar people, being fore-appointed so to be according to his purpose, ver. 11. God having purposed that this should be the portion of all the converted Jews, they being elected according to the purpose of God the Father, 1 Peter i. 2. And, lastly, of the posterity of Jacob and Esau; of whom, that the purpose of God, according to Election might stand, it was said, The elder shall serve the younger, Romans ix. 11.

2dly. That this fore-knowledge, purpose and appointment, is only that of calling men to the knowledge of salvation by Christ Jesus. Thus the Apostle teacheth, that he was appointed to preach to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, according to the ancient purpose which God had made in Christ Jesus our Lord, *Eph. iii. 11.*

3dly. This calling is by God designed, *That they who are thus called, might obtain salvation through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the Truth, 2 Thess. ii. 13.* All christians being chosen to this end, *That they might be holy and unblamable before God in love.* But hence it cannot be argued, that this Election is no larger than the Holiness produced by it; for the *riches of God's goodness, patience, and long-suffering* was certainly designed to lead all those to whom it was vouchsafed to *Repentance*; but can it be hence argued that this goodness, patience, and long-suffering, is exercised to none but those who truly repent? Why then doth the Apostle complain of those who still continued *To treasure up wrath against the day of wrath?* *Rom. ii. 4.* The end of the Messiah's coming to the Jews was, *That he might save his people from their sins*; but it was far from having that effect upon them. The saving grace of God appeared to all men to *teach them to deny all ungodliness, and worldly lusts, and to live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present world*; but it is too sadly evident it hath not this good effect on all to whom it doth appear.

4thly. As men were appointed to be called from the beginning, so the gospel which is *the wisdom of God through faith to salvation*, was that; *ἡν προώρισεν*, which God had fore-appointed to preach to them for that end, 1 Cor. ii. 7, the word of God giving the hope of that salvation which he had promised before all ages, so by virtue of this fore-appointment; men were in time called by the gospel to faith in Christ; whence they who were thus called, are said to be called according to the purpose of God, Romans viii. 28, from the foundation of the world; of sending Christ to die for the remission of sins: whence he is said to be given up to death according to the fore-knowledge of God, and his fore-appointed council, Acts ii. 23; and they who slew him are said to have done only what his council had fore-appointed to be done, Acts iv. 28. And though these observations will direct us how to answer what is argued from these and such like places for absolute Election; I shall proceed to a particular consideration of what is farther offered to that purpose.

And, 1st. Christ expressly saith, *All that the Father giveth me shall come to* (i. e. believe in) *me*, John vi. 37. 39. Ergo.

I answer, 1. That to be given to the Father cannot signify to be absolutely chosen by God to eternal life; for then the Jews could not be reasonably accused for not coming to Christ, or not believing on him; much less could it be imputed to them as their great crime that *they would not come unto him*; seeing, if only those whom God had chosen to eternal life could come unto him, they could not come unto him who were not thus elected; and so it could not be imputed to them as their crime, that they did not that which it was never in their power to do. (2dly.) Hence it must follow, that Christ could not reasonably have invited Them to come to him, who were not given him of the Father; for this was to invite those to come, whom he well knew could never come, as being chosen to obtain that life: much less could he have told them, *this was the work which God*

required them to do, or that the Father had given them this bread from heaven; this being to require them, according to this supposition, to believe a lie, viz. that Christ was sent to be the bread of life, and a Saviour to them for whom the Father never did intend salvation by him. And yet Christ manifestly says to them who seeing him, did not believe, and therefore were not given to him by the Father, *Labour for that meat which nourisheth to life eternal, which the Son of Man shall give to you*, ver. 27, and that this is the work, i. e. the commanded of God, that *Ye believe in him that he hath sent; and my Father giveth you the true bread that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world*, ver. 32, 33; and therefore not only to the Elect. I therefore here enquire, Was our Lord truly willing that they to whom he spake should have life? If not, why doth he say, *These things I speak to you that ye might be saved*? If so, why did he say he did always those things which pleased him? seeing it was not the Father's will that they should come unto him that they might have life, whom he had not given to him, that is, had not elected to salvation. And 3dly. Were this so, the Jews must have had just occasion to complain of Christ, and his doctrine, as being that which revealed to them their eternal and inevitable Reprobation, and made it be not only necessary, but ever equitable to reject him, because the blessings which he tendered belonged not to them in general, but only to some few who by the Father should be given to him. 4thly. Observe that Christ here gives a reason why they believed not, viz. *Ye have seen, and believe not, because ye are not given to me of my Father*. Now it is reasonable to conceive this reason would agree with all the other reasons of their infidelity; which yet are manifestly founded, not on any thing wanting on the part of God, but on something wanting in themselves, that they might do so, viz.

1st. That they came not to the light, *Because their works were evil*, John v. 34.

2dly.

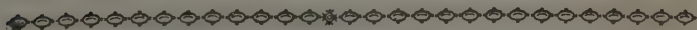
2dly. Because they preferred the praise of men before the praise of God, not *seeking that glory which cometh of God only*, John v. 44.

3dly. Because, through the perverseness of their hearts, they could not hear his word, *Why do ye not know my speech? even because ye cannot hear my word*, John viii. 43. And this they could not do because *they were of their father the devil, and his works they would do*; to assign therefore the true import of this phrase,

Observe, that *to be given of the Father*, doth not signify their actual faith who were thus given; but only that they were prepared to believe. For of them it is said, *they shall come to him*, i. e. they shall believe: first they are given, and afterwards they believe, as being by that act prepared so to do. And therefore *to be given of the Father*, is,

To be convinced by the miracles which God had wrought by him to testify the truth of his mission, that he was the Messias, and to be willing upon these testimonies to own him as such, laying aside all those prejudices which obstructed their coming to him.

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N XXVIII.

On JOHN i. 47.

[*Concluded from page 354.*]

II. 1. **M**EAN time as the heart of him that is an *Israelite* indeed is true to God, so his words are suitable thereto. As there is no guile lodged in his heart, so there is none found in his lips. The first thing implied herein is *Veracity*, the speaking the truth from his heart: the putting away all wilful lying, in every kind and degree. A lie, according

cording to the well-known definition of it is, *Falsum testimonium cum intentione fallendi*: a falsehood known to be such by the speaker, and uttered with an intention to deceive. But even the speaking a falsehood is not a lie, if it be not spoken with an intent to deceive.

2. Most Casuists, particularly those of the Church of Rome, distinguish lies into three sorts: the first sort is Malicious Lies; the second, Harmless Lies; the third, Official Lies. Concerning which they pass a very different judgment. I know not any that are so hardy as even to excuse, much less defend *Malicious* lies: that is, such as are told with a design to hurt any one: these are condemned by all parties. Men are more divided in their judgment, with regard to *Harmless* lies, such as are supposed to do neither good nor harm. The generality of men, even in the Christian world, utter them without any scruple, and openly maintain, that if they do no harm to any one else, they do none to the speaker. Whether they do or no, they have certainly no place in the mouth of him that is an *Israelite indeed*. He cannot tell lies in jest, any more than in earnest; nothing but truth is heard from his mouth. He remembers the express command of God to the *Ephesian* Christians, *Putting away all lying, speak every man truth to his neighbour*, Eph. iv. 15.

3. Concerning *Official* lies, those that are spoken with a design to do good, there have been numerous Controversies in the Christian Church. Abundance of Writers, and those men of renown for piety, as well as learning have published whole volumes upon the subject, and in despite of all opposers, not only maintained them to be innocent, but commended them as meritorious. But what faith the Scripture? One passage is so express, that there does not need any other. It occurs in the third chapter of the Epistle to the *Romans*, where the very words of the Apostle are (ver. 7, 8.) *If the truth of God hath more abounded through*

my lie unto his glory, why am I yet judged as a sinner? (Will not that lie be excused from blame, for the good effect of it?) And not rather, as we are slanderously reported, and as some affirm that we say, Let us do evil that good may come? Whose damnation is just. Here the Apostle plainly declares, 1. That the good effect of a lie, is no excuse for it. 2. That it is a mere slander upon Christians to say, "They teach men to do evil that good may come." 3. That if any in fact do this, either teach men to do evil that good may come, or do so themselves, their damnation is just. This is peculiarly applicable to those, who tell lies, in order to do good thereby. It follows, That Officious lies, as well as all others, are an abomination to the God of Truth. Therefore there is no absurdity, however strange it may sound, in that saying of the ancient Father, "I would not tell a wilful lie, to save the souls of the whole world."

4. The second thing which is implied in the character of *an Israelite indeed* is *Sincerity*. As *Veracity* is opposite to *Lying*, so *Sincerity* is to *Cunning*. But it is not opposite to *Wisdom* or *Discretion*, which are well consistent with it. "But what is the difference between *Wisdom* and *Cunning*? Are they not almost, if not quite the same thing?" By no means. The difference between them is exceeding great. *Wisdom* is the Faculty of discerning the best ends, and the easiest means of attaining them. The end of every rational creature is God: the enjoying him in time and in eternity. The best, indeed the only means of attaining this end, is, *The faith that worketh by love*. True *Prudence* in the general sense of the word, is the same thing with *Wisdom*. *Discretion* is but another name for *Prudence*: if it be not rather a part of it: as it sometimes is referred to our outward behaviour, and means, the ordering our words and actions right. On the contrary, *Cunning* (so it is usually termed amongst common men, but *Policy* amongst the great) is in plain terms, neither better nor worse than the art of Deceiving.

Deceiving. If therefore it be any wisdom at all it is *the wisdom from beneath*: springing from the bottomless pit, and leading down to the place from whence it came.

5. The two great means which Cunning uses in order to deceive are *Simulation* and *Diffimulation*. Simulation is, the seeming to be what we are not: Diffimulation, the seeming not to be what we are: according to the old verse, *Quod non est, simulo; diffimuloque quod est*. Both the one and the other we commonly term, The hanging out of false colours. Innumerable are the shapes that Simulation puts on, in order to deceive. And almost as many are used by Diffimulation for the same purpose. But the man of Sincerity shuns them, and always appears exactly what he is.

6. "But suppose we are engaged with artful men, may we not use Silence or Reserve, especially if they ask insidious questions, without falling under the imputation of Cunning?" Undoubtedly we may; nay, we ought on many occasions, either wholly to keep Silence, or to speak with more or less Reserve as circumstances may require. To say nothing at all is in many cases, consistent with the highest Sincerity. And so it is, to speak with reserve, to say only a part, perhaps a small part of what we know. But were we to pretend it to be the whole, this would be contrary to Sincerity.

7. A more difficult question than this is, May we not speak the Truth in order to deceive? Like him of old, who broke out into that exclamation, applauding his own ingenuity, "*Hoc ego mihi puto palmarium, ut vera dicendo eos ambos fallam.*" This I take to be my master-piece to deceive them both, by speaking the truth. I answer, A Heathen might pique himself upon this; but a Christian could not. For although this is not contrary to Veracity, yet it certainly is to Sincerity. It is therefore the most excellent way, if we judge it proper to speak at all, to put away both Simulation and Diffimulation, and to speak the naked truth from our heart.

8. Perhaps

8. Perhaps this is properly termed *Simplicity*. It goes a little farther than Sincerity itself. It implies not only, First, The speaking no known falsehood, and Secondly, The not designedly deceiving any one; but Thirdly, The speaking plainly and artlessly to every one when we speak at all: the speaking as little children, in a childlike, though not a childish manner. Does not this utterly exclude the using any *Compliments*? A vile word, the very sound of which I abhor: quite agreeing with our Poet,

“ It never was good day
Since lowly fawning was called Compliment.”

I advise men of sincerity and simplicity never to take that filly word in their mouth; but labour to keep at the utmost distance, both from the name and the thing.

9. Not long before that remarkable time,

“ When Statesmen sent a Prelate cross the seas,
By long-famed act of Pains and Penalties,”

several Bishops attacked Bishop *Atterbury* at once, then Bishop of *Rocheſter*, and asked, “ My Lord, why will you not suffer your servants to deny you, when you do not care to see company? It is not a lie for them to say, Your Lordship is not at home. For it deceives no one. Every one knows it means only, Your Lordship is busy.” He replied, “ My Lords, if it is (which I doubt) consistent with Sincerity, yet I am sure it is not consistent with that Sincerity which becomes a Christian Bishop.”

10. But to return. The Sincerity and Simplicity of him in whom is no Guile, has likewise an influence on his whole Behaviour; it gives a colour to his whole outward Conversation: which though it be far remote from every thing of Clownishness, and Ill-breeding, of roughness and furliness,

yet is plain and artless, and free from all disguise, being the very picture of his heart. The truth and love which continually reign there, produce an open front, and a serene Countenance. Such as leave no pretence for any one to say, with that arrogant King of *Castile*, "When God made man, he left one capital defect: he ought to have set a window in his breast;" for he opens a window in his own breast, by the whole tenor of his words and actions.

11. This then is real, genuine, solid Virtue. Not Truth alone, nor Conformity to Truth. This is a Property of real Virtue; not the Essence of it. Not Love alone: though this comes nearer the mark; for *love* in one sense is *the fulfilling of the law*. No: Truth and Love united together are the essence of Virtue or Holiness. God indispensably requires *truth in the inward parts*, influencing all our Words and Actions. Yet Truth itself, separate from Love, is nothing in his sight. But let the humble, gentle, patient Love of all mankind, be fixt on its right foundation, namely, the Love of God springing from Faith, from a full conviction that God hath given his only Son to die for *my* sins: and then the whole will resolve into that grand conclusion, *worthy of all men to be received. Neither circumcision availeth any thing nor uncircumcision, but faith that worketh by love.*

*A Short Account of the EXPERIENCE of the Rev. JAMES
CREIGHTON, B. A.*

[Written by Himself.]

[Concluded from page 359.]

JANUARY 23, 1781 I preached at *Ballyconnell* to a large congregation. Whilst I was meeting the Society afterwards, two persons were set at liberty, and a backslider healed.

healed. Shortly after, I preached again at the same place, there being then a great revival there.

April the 25th, I preached in the open air near the old walls of the Castle of *Enniskillen*, to a careless people. Some ladies strolled about and diverted themselves in talking aloud; and one gentleman kept his hat on, and seemed utterly insensible of what was saying. *God hath made foolish the wisdom of this world; it hath pleased him by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.*

In June following, at the Bishop's Visitation, two Doctors in Divinity, entering into conversation with me, passed some encomiums, which I did not expect, on the two Sermons which I had published. They said that my doctrines were scriptural and entirely consentaneous to the doctrines of our Church; but they disapproved of my preaching them any where out of my own Cure. I took occasion shortly after to write to them upon that subject, and received their answers. One of them was calm and friendly. After reminding me that I had a family, and that he, in a conversation with a Nobleman who was allied to a certain Bishop, had spoken favourably of me to his Lordship; he said I might shortly expect promotion in the Church. The other Doctor was very warm; but though his Letters concerning irregular preaching are voluminous; yet they did not contain any convincing argument. I told both the Gentlemen I never saw any fruit of my labours until I became irregular. And I still am persuaded that were I to confine myself to one congregation, I should not only soon become useless, but also lose the life of God in my own soul.

About this time, I began to preach at a place called *D——h*, near *C——n*, and generally did so once a fortnight, whilst I remained in the country. When many began to be awakened, I explained to them the nature of a Society, and joined fourteen of them together the first night; to whom more and more joined almost every week, till after some

time they were about fourscore. The greater part of these, in a little time, obtained remission of sins. Mean time the Vicar of the parish sent for me, and threatened to complain to the Bishop; adding moreover that if I and those Fellows who were Itinerants continued to go on thus, the Churches would soon be deserted. I replied, our preaching tended rather to bring men *into* the Church; that I must obey God rather than man, and therefore was determined to preach whenever and wherever it suited my convenience. Shortly after, many who had been Dissenters, attended at his Church, and received the Sacrament from him: I also sent two Papists to him to read their Recantation, as a proof that I was bringing men into, not driving them out of the Church. Satan seeing now that he was likely to lose some of his subjects, opposition arose from another quarter. Some Papists one night way-laid my Brother, who acted as a Leader to those that were awakened, in order to murder him; but having intelligence of it, returned by another way, and escaped them. The work flourished more and more after this, and I trust many of them stand fast to this day.—Whilst the work here was at the height, after I had preached one day at noon, and was riding to a town about two miles distant in order to preach in the evening, I was most violently attacked with my old temptation about preaching, and resolved to consult with my friends whether I should preach *any* more. But as notice had been given of my preaching that night, I was obliged to do it, and found more than ordinary liberty.

In August, 1781, I thought it necessary to bathe in the salt-water for some time near *Ballyshannon*, and preached some times, whilst I was there, in the Cabins on the sea shore, and also in a Methodist Society at some miles distance. Whilst I was preaching here in a Popish woman's house, several of her neighbours, who were Papists, assembled in the kitchen, threatening to come and beat out all that were in the room; but the bridle was in their jaws,

In the years 1781, and 1782, I preached occasionally in seven different counties, and rode and walked about four thousand miles during that time. Herein I did the utmost violence to my natural inclination; and went through such fatigue and hardships, and bore such contempt and mockery, as I would not have done for all that this world can bestow. But I was kept in this way, partly by fear, lest I should offend God if I desisted; and partly by a desire of doing some good to the souls of men.

In May, 1783, I was invited to come over to *London*, to labour in conjunction with Mr. *W*——. As I saw reasons both for and against this, I laid them before my christian friends, and with their advice, after I had received a second invitation, I consented to go in the strength of the most High. To part with my Parishioners, among whom I had laboured near fourteen years, was trying work both to them and me; indeed to myself it felt as if body and soul were parting, for my bowels yearned over even those who were still hardened. But I was convinced the time was come, and concluding it was the will of God, resolved to comply.

Having settled my affairs, I parted with my parishioners on the 28th of September. I met and administered the sacrament to one part of them early at the Chapel; then went at the usual hour to Church and administered it there. Thence I returned and preached in the Chapel in the evening. Whilst I was preaching, the cries of the people were so great, that my voice could scarce be heard: I trust some of them will remember that day, even to eternity.

It was my usual custom, chiefly for the five or six last years that I was among them, to meet them three times every Lord's-day; (not indeed the same congregation, for they could not all conveniently assemble at any one place, the parish being extensive, and the roads bad.) Some of them I met, exhorted, and prayed with early at my own house, or some other house most convenient for them: then I went to
the

the Church; and afterwards returned, read the service and preached in the Chapel in the evening. The week days I spent chiefly in visiting from house to house, and in preaching in other parts of the parish, or in more distant places.

October 3, I arrived in *Dublin* very weak in body, and with a heavy weight upon my mind. I seemed like *Abraham*, when being called, he obeyed, and went out, to sojourn in a strange country, not knowing whither he went. But what cannot an Almighty arm effect? And nothing less than this could have supported me, seeing difficulties, great and various stared me in the face, and were painted to my view in such direful colours! In *Dublin* I met Mr. and Mrs. F. both shining lights and flaming with the love of God, and love to all mankind. October 9, I landed safe with my family at *Chester*, and on the 14th, after much fatigue arrived in *London*. May I ever adore and serve that kind Protector, who has conducted me thus far, and delivered me from many impending dangers!

I can never indeed sufficiently love and praise that God who hath done such great things for me; who hath brought me out of darkness into his marvellous light, and given me a relish for spiritual enjoyments. Whatever Deists, or Devils may say, I not only believe, but experimentally know, that true religion, the religion of *Jesus Christ*, is ἐπιζωόμενον ὑπόστασις, the substantial reality of things hoped for; that it does not consist in speculative notions, or opinions; no, nor in any external thing; but in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. I see that the ways of this religion are ways of pleasantness, and her paths peace. I see that the commandments of God are not grievous to him that believeth. I see that those things, which ten years ago I thought impossible, are not only possible, but easy to be done through *Christ* strengthening us. I believe that *Jesus Christ* came to destroy the works of the Devil; to save us from pride, from every wrong temper, and every evil desire; to eradicate sin, and
implant

implant in its stead the *mind* that was in himself. I believe it is our privilege to be made *partakers of his nature, partakers of his holiness*, and to become *one spirit with the Lord*: that we must absolutely be *renewed here in the spirit of our mind*, and recover that *image of God* which we lost in and through the first *Adam*. I believe we must become *new creatures* in Christ Jesus, living *branches* in the living *vine*; and that in order to live and bring forth fruit, we must *abide in the Vine*. I believe that the remedy which God hath found out *for healing the nations*, was intended by him to extend as far as the malady. I never was fond of Controversy. I think, and let think. And yet I see it is necessary sometimes for those who have time and abilities, to *contend for the faith once delivered to the saints*. I see what havoc that notion hath made in the Church, both in the present and former ages, that "A man cannot fall from grace when once he hath received it." Satan hath by many other artifices slain his *thousands*; but by this, I believe, he has slain his *ten thousands*, nay, his millions. As angels fell in heaven; as *Adam* fell in paradise; so I believe a man may fall from the highest pinnacle of holiness attainable upon earth; and so fall, as to perish everlastingly; and that we are never beyond the possibility of falling on this side the grave. I trust, were I called to it, I could seal these truths with my blood. I wrote them chiefly for the use of my own children. And I hope this will prove profitable at least to *them*, when I am removed hence, and my body lies slumbering in the dust!

JAMES CREIGHTON.

LONDON,

January 20, 1785.

A brief Account of the Lord's Dealings with SARAH POWELL, who departed this Life, on Friday, May 21, 1784, aged Twenty-eight Years.

SARAH POWELL, of *Windmill-Street, Piccadilly*, was in a deep decline, when her situation was made known to the Amicable Society. Upon the report of her case, a female visitor was appointed to attend her, on Thursday evening, April 22d, 1784; at which time the following conversation took place.

Visitor. How do you find yourself?

S. P. "I am very bad."

V. What hope have you of being happy in a future state?
—No answer.

V. Are you a sinner?—She replied, "We are all sinners."

A Bible being brought, the visitor read the third chapter of *St. John's Gospel*, and endeavoured to explain the nature and necessity of the New-birth.

V. God in his holy word claims the heart: "My son, give me thy heart." Now can you solemnly say, you have given him your heart?—She made no reply.

V. There is no acquittal at the bar of God, for any sinner dying without an interest in Christ. Remember your time is, apparently, very short, and eternity is long! Therefore, pray to the Holy Spirit to shew you your sinful state by nature; and to lead you to Jesus Christ, who is the Saviour of sinners.—She made no reply; but heard attentively.

V. Shall I go to prayer for you?

S. P. "If you please."

After commending her to the Lord, the visitor left her until the Sunday following, when she was informed that *S. P.* had been enquiring who the visitor was, and where she could

could be found? The visitor then asked her the following questions:—How do you find yourself now?

S. P. “Much better all night; but not in body.”

V. In what manner are you better then?

S. P. “I had no rest for my body all night; but I have found rest for my soul.”

V. How have you found rest for your soul.

S. P. “Thinking upon the words you read and spoke to me, particularly the prayers you offered up, I felt as if the words went to my soul. I now find I have given my heart to the world, instead of God.” The visitor then read two or three chapters out of the New Testament; and when these words were read, Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out, John vi. 36, and, The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin, 1 John i. 7, she said, “They are promises I can rest my soul upon.” At the same time the visitor read the 51st and 102d psalm; the 53d, 55th, and 63d chapters of Isaiah’s prophecies, which treat of the work and sufferings of our blessed Lord; during which she prayed earnestly, and seemed to be much humbled.

After prayer, the visitor left her, until Thursday, April 29th, when, as usual, she asked her how she found herself?

S. P. “*I find*, said she, *my burden grow lighter as I am enabled to lean on the Lord Jesus Christ.*”—The visitor, not having much time to spare, left her soon. After exhorting her to look to Jesus, and to continue to pray, she added, the Lord Jesus be with you! To which she replied, with much apparent happiness, “*He is with me!*”

On the Lord’s day, May 2d, the visitor asked her, How do you find yourself?

S. P. “My blessed Saviour, said she, is working a good work in my soul, and will soon take me to himself. I find that Jesus Christ hath not left me a moment; nor have I left him.”

V. What! can you say you have not left him a moment?

She replied, she had not; but added, "Not that I am sufficient of myself; my dear Lord will not suffer me to leave him a moment."

The visitor, after saying many other things to her, read a few portions of God's word; commended her to the Lord in prayer, and left her.

On Tuesday, May 11th, she was visited by another member of the society who asked her the following questions:

Member. How is it with your soul?

S. P. "I am a sinner, Sir!—a great sinner!"

M. Do you know any thing of Jesus Christ?

S. P. "I have cast my all upon him."

M. Have you any doubts of your eternal happiness?

S. P. "I have doubts; but I find, the firm reliance I have on the Lord is a great comfort to me."

M. How long have you known any thing of Jesus Christ?

S. P. "Never till I saw that dear woman," pointing to the first visitor, who was then present; and said, with tears, "I have lost much precious time, and have neglected every thing that is good."

M. Had you rather live, or die?

S. P. "As the Lord pleases. But submitting to his will, I had rather die, and be with Him."

M. Shall I go to prayer with you?

S. P. "O, pray do, Sir!"

M. What would you have me pray for!

S. P. "That my sins may be washed away in the blood of Jesus."

On Wednesday, May 12th, she was visited by another member, who gives the following account:

I found her very weak in body; but apparently, very earnest about her eternal salvation. On asking if she had heard any thing of Jesus, previous to her being visited by the society, she answered, No; but had mis-spent many an hour
at

at a church she occasionally went to. She seemed at intervals to use earnest ejaculations to the Lord; and was heard to mention frequently, though with a low voice, "O, the the precious blood of Christ! The precious blood of Christ!" &c. Being asked why she thought that Christ had shewn any love to her? She answered, "Not for any thing in me; for I deserve nothing but wrath." As she had not been used to gospel-language, this answer gave great satisfaction; and I willingly hoped, flesh and blood had not taught it to her.

On Friday, May 14th, another member of the society asked her the following questions:

M. How do you find yourself?

S. P. "I am very happy in my dear Lord Jesus."

M. How long have you known him?

S. P. "Never till that dear woman visited me from the society."

M. What sort of a life have you formerly lived?

S. P. "Rebelling against God, and ignorant of myself." But she said, the Lord Jesus had shewn mercy to her, and her whole trust was in him. She also said, she was fully assured that the sufferings of her dear Lord had satisfied for her sins; and blessed God that she had found mercy in him so late in life. Being asked, if she had any fear of death? she answered, "No! for when I die I shall go to my blessed Lord."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Account of Mr. JOSEPH SHERWOOD.

MR. JOSEPH SHERWOOD was ejected from St. Hilary in Cornwall. He afterwards resided at St. Ives, and to the day of his death, which was in 1705, he was a faithful, constant Preacher at that place and at Penzance, alternately every Lord's-day, besides Lectures on the week-

days. He was of a sweet engaging temper; and though for a long time, he was under very great indisposition of body, and constant pains, yet he was unwearied in his work, both in his study and in the pulpit. Some little time after his ejection, he was cited into the Spiritual Court, for not going to Church. He appeared, and gave for a reason, that there was no preaching, and that as he was a Minister himself, he could not, with any satisfaction, attend there only to hear the Clerk read the Prayers; but promised to go there the next Lord's-day if there was a sermon. Finding upon enquiry that there was no Minister the next Lord's-day, he did not go, and so was cited again, and gave the same answer. The Lord's-day following, great multitudes came to Church in order to see Mr. *Sherwood*, who being informed by the Church-warden, who was his friend, that there would be no sermon, he went to Church and seated himself in the Clerk's desk, all the time of Prayers, and then went up into the pulpit, and preached from these words, *And I will avenge the quarrel of my Covenant*. This was soon spread abroad; but such was the people's affection for Mr. *Sherwood*, that although there was a crowded congregation, in a large Church, his enemies could get no one to give information against him, until by wheedling, they got an acknowledgement from the Church-warden, and then by threats frightened him into a formal information. He was then taken to a petty session of Justices, where one Mr. *Robinson* sat as Chairman, who greatly reviled Mr. *Sherwood*, and called him rebel, &c. which he bore patiently, with this reply: That as he was a Minister of the gospel, where there was so great an assembly, he could not but have compassion on the multitude, and gave them a word of exhortation. Mr. *Robinson* replied, But did ever man preach from such a rebellious text? Sir, replied Mr. *Sherwood*, I know that man is a rebel against his Creator; but I never knew that God could be a rebel against his creature. Mr. *Robinson* cried out, write his *Mittimus*,
for

for *Launceston* goal; and then turning to Mr. *Sherwood* said, I say Sir, it was a rebellious text. Mr. *Sherwood* looked him full in the face and said, Sir, if you die the common death of all men, then God never spake by me.

He was then sent to prison, where he found favour with the Keeper, so that he had liberty to walk about the castle and the town. Mr. *Robinson* returned home; and a few days after, walking the fields where his maid was milking the cows, a bull who was never known to do any mischief, and indeed was tame beyond what is common to those creatures, came up to a gate where he stood with the maid before him, and turned the maid aside with his horns, and ran directly upon Mr. *Robinson* and tore his bowels out. This strange providence, brought fresh to my mind, what had been said at the sessions. And in a little time Mr. *Sherwood* getting leave to return home, was sent for to *Penzance*, where some Justices met. He immediately went, though he expected no other but to be sent back to goal. But when he came there, Mr. *Godolphin* came out and took him into another room, and said, Sir, I sent for you to know how you came to express yourself in such a manner, when we committed you: you know Sir, what has since befallen Mr. *Robinson*, &c. To which Mr. *Sherwood* replied, Sir, I was far from bearing any malice against Mr. *Robinson*, and can give no other answer than that, When we are called before Rulers for his name's sake, whom we serve, it shall be given us in that very hour what we shall say. To which Mr. *Godolphin* replied, Well Sir, for your sake I will never more have a hand in prosecuting Dissenters. And he was as good as his word.

But Mr. *Sherwood* was not the only person that Mr. *Robinson* molested. He was also a great enemy to Mr. *Thomas Tregosse*; for after he had been committed by him to *Launceston* goal for three months, and been only four days at home, Mr. *Robinson* gave it out that he would speedily send him back again to the place from whence he came. In order

order thereto he went to the market to procure another Justice, to join with him in a warrant, for a second conviction of Mr. *Tregosse* for conventicals, and also to prosecute some others for the same crime: and it was at this very time that he was killed by his bull.



Account of Mr. JOHN SYMS.

MR. JOHN SYMS was ejected from *Dean Prior* in *Devon*. He afterwards lived at *Melley* in the parish of *West Ogwell*, where he preached in his own house as often as he could. He was a man of eminent piety, and a great sufferer for his non-conformity: often exposed to dangers, and sometimes reduced to great straits. But he trusted in God, and had experience of his goodness in delivering him and in providing for him. Once he hid himself in a hay-loft, in order to escape those who came to apprehend him. Some of his enemies thrust their swords into the hay, and yet the Lord mercifully preserved him. When his Wife hath gone to market, to procure necessaries for the family, she often met with unexpected supplies: and whereas she went out empty and sorrowful, she returned home full and joyful.

Mr. *Stawel*, Mr. *Cabel*, and others one Lord's-day, beset his house while he was preaching; and broke open the door and disturbed the meeting. When they had done, Mr. *Cabel* accompanied Mr. *Stawel* to his house. As he was going along, seeing a plank lie on the ground, he swore that it was long enough to make him a coffin, and could not be persuaded from lying down upon it to try. A short time after, he was seized with a distemper of which he died, and his coffin was made of that very plank.

Mr. *Stawel*, when he was about taking a journey to *London*, met Mr. *Syms*, and threatened that he would do his business when

when he returned. Mr. Syms replied, Sir, you should first ask God's leave. He went to *London*, but never returned.

Mr. Syms, on his death-bed, gave notice before-hand, of the very hour of his dissolution: and after he had for some time lain silent, he cried out on a sudden, Tell my friends I have overcome! I have overcome! and so quietly fell asleep in the Lord.

To —, from an *English Merchant*, giving an account of the
Adventures of his Voyage.

Sir,

I Am at last safely arrived in *Holland*, and have taken the first opportunity of giving you a relation, of the adventures that detained me so long in foreign countries.

In my return from the *Indies*, I had some affairs with a *Spanish* merchant, which, while I was managing in one of their sea-ports, there came in a *Spanish* corsair, who had taken a rich Turkish prize, with several *Turks* and *Moors* prisoners, whom he offered to sale, as slaves. I never had any traffic of this kind, from any view of interest; but from a motive of compassion I had purchased liberty for many a miserable wretch, to whom I gave freedom.

Among the captives, there was one distinguished by the richness of his habit, and more by the gracefulness of his person. He drew all my attention, of which he appeared sensible; and still directed all his looks to me. Our souls seemed to greet each other, as if our intimacy had been of long standing. There was something in the air of this young stranger, superior to adversity, and yet sensible of the present disadvantage of his fate: while I felt for him an emotion, soft as the ties of nature; and could not but impute it to the secret impression of some intelligent power, by an impulse on my soul, directing it to the accomplishment of some unknown design of providence.

The

The price set on this captive was extravagantly high; however, I listened to the monitor within, and paid the cor-fair his full demands.

As soon as I had conducted the youth to my lodging, I told him he was free; the price I had paid was for his friendship and liberty.

“ Then you have confined me, replied the stranger, by the most lasting engagements. I might have broke through any other restraint; but I am now your voluntary slave, and dare trust you with a secret yet unknown to the *Spaniards*. My name is *Orramel*, the only son of a wealthy *Bassa* in *Constantinople*, and you may demand what you will for my ransom.”

“ You will soon be convinced, said I, there was no mercenary view in this action. The amity I have for you is disinterested: it terminates in nothing below your immortal happiness. And were you inclined to examine those sacred truths, which would lead you to that felicity, and to share my fortune in a free and happy nation, the wealth of the *Indies* should not buy you from my affections; but if it is your choice to return to your own country, you are absolutely free.”

With a friendly, but dejected look he told me, it was impossible to dispense with his filial obligations to an indulgent parent; but he positively refused his freedom till he had given intelligence, and received an answer from his father; which he soon had with a *Carte Blanche* to me, on which I might make my own demands for his son's ransom. I returned it with no other terms but the liberty of all the Christian slave in his power; hoping by this conduct, to leave a conviction on the mind of my young friend, in favour of Christianity. He could persuade me to receive nothing but some little present, and left me with an apparent concern.

[To be concluded in our next.]

An IMPORTANT QUESTION answered.

BEING desired to give an Answer to the following Question, I have given both the Question and Answer together, viz.

Are all men that *hang*, or *drown*, or otherwise *make away* with themselves, distracted? My reason for this question is this; because in all such cases, I am informed, the law directs there shall be a Jury impanelled over the corpse, to consult and determine, on evidence, whether such person was really *distracted or no*.

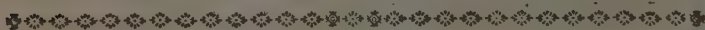
A N S W E R.

To this question the very terms of it* imply the answer; for if a Jury consults, whether such a person were distracted, it implies that sometimes such persons are not distracted; for if always so, what need of consultation? Thus much indeed must be granted, that such a thing is often the case: and it cannot be denied that it has been the opinion of great men, divines, and others, that no man could possibly destroy himself, were he not, at least in the very act, under a fit of distraction: but however this may hold in some instances, the contrary may be good in many, if not in most; for if we consider those among the *Romans*, who out of a mistaken bravery, or rather impotence of mind, threw away their lives; with what calmness, and temper did they often do it, and could answer with an *Imperator bene se habet*, even in the agonies of death. And much the same has been observed of many of those persons, who have gone the same way, in our time, some of whom have taken their leave of all their friends; adjusted all their accounts; which require sedateness and calmness of mind. But besides all this, did not the wisdom of our laws suppose the same thing, they would never have

* This is not quite accurate; for the terms here spoken of are not in the Question; but in the Reason of it:

stamped such a brand of infamy on the bodies of those who have thus come to their ends, as well as taken away the estate from their relations. The civil law goes yet higher, as quoted by Bishop *Barlow*, on a question near a-kin to this: "The soldier who hath laid violent hands upon himself; but not accomplished the fact, unless he did it from *impatience of pain, or disease, or grief*, shall be punished with death." Whereas the Bishop observes, the very *attempt of self-murder* is punishable; and that too with a capital punishment. It is true there are so many exceptions in the law, that would persuade one to believe it was not only made *in terrorem*; but if any thing be intended by it, that *impatience, &c.* must be construed as high as *distracted*, though even then they were to be dismissed ignominiously from their employment.

But would it not put an end to all self-murder were a law made, That all self-murderers, sane or insane, rich or poor, should be hung in chains?



A remarkable Story of a Gentleman walking in his Sleep.

PAYING a visit to a friend in the country, I met there an Italian gentleman, called *Agostino Fofari*, who was a night-walker; or a person who, whilst asleep, does all the actions of one awake. He did not seem to exceed the age of thirty; was lean, black, and of an extreme melancholy complexion; had a sedate understanding, a great penetration, and a capacity for the most abstracted sciences. His extraordinary fits used generally to seize him in the wane of the Moon; but with greater violence in the Autumn and Winter, than in the Spring and Summer. I had the curiosity to be an eye-witness of what was told me, and prevailed with his Valet de Chambre to give me notice when his master was likely

likely to renew his vagary. One night about the end of September, after supper, the company amused themselves with little plays, and Signior *Agostine* made one among the rest. He went to bed about eleven, and his valet came soon after and told us that his master would that night have a walking fit, and desired us, if we pleased, to come and observe him. I went to his bed-side with a light in my hand, and saw him lying upon his back, his eyes wide open, but fixed, which was a sure sign of his approaching disorder. I took him by the hands and found them very cold; I felt his pulse, and found it so slow, that his blood seemed to have no circulation. At or about midnight he drew the curtains briskly; rose, and dressed himself well enough. I approached him, and put the candle to his nose; found him insensible, with his eyes still wide open and immoveable. Before he put on his hat he took his belt, from which the sword had been removed for fear of an accident.

In this equipage did Signior *Agostine* walk backwards and forwards in his chamber several times. He came to the fire, sat down in an elbow chair, and went some little time after to a closet, where was his portmantua. He fumbled in it a long time; turned every thing topsy-turvey, and after putting every thing in order, he shut the portmantua, and put the key in his pocket: whence he drew a letter and put it over the chimney. He then went to the chamber-door; opened it, and proceeded down stairs. When he came to the bottom, one of the company falling, he seemed frightened at the noise, and mended his pace. The valet bid us walk softly, and not speak, because when any noise was made near him, and intermixed with his dreams, he became furious, and ran with the greatest precipitancy as if pursued.

He traversed the whole court, which was very spacious, and proceeded to the stable. He went in, stroaked and caressed his horse, bridled him, and was going to saddle him; but not finding the saddle in its usual place, he seemed very

uneasy, like a man disappointed. He, however, mounted his horse, and galloped to the house-door which was shut. He then dismounted, and taking up a cabbage-stalk, knocked furiously at the door. After a great deal of labour lost, he remounted his horse, guided him to the pond, which was at the other end of the court, let him drink, went afterwards and tied him to his manger, and then returned to the house with great agility. At the noise some servants made in the kitchen, he was very attentive, came near to the door, and clapped his ear to the key-hole; but passing on a sudden to the other side, he entered a parlour where was a billiard-table. He walked backwards and forwards, and used the same postures as if he was effectually at play. He proceeded to a pair of virginals, upon which he could play, and made some jangling. After two hours exercise, he returned up stairs to his chamber, and threw himself in his clothes upon the bed, where we found him the next morning at nine, in the same posture we had left him; for upon these occasions, he ever slept eight or ten hours together.

His valet told us there was but two ways to recover him out of these fits; one was to tickle him strongly upon the soles of his feet; the other, to sound a horn or trumpet at his ears.

A Strange Account,

[*Concluded from page 381.*]

7. **N**OW both the good and the evil angels, have stated times, of rendezvous: at which the principal angels (good and bad) that have the charge of towns, cities, or kingdoms (not to mention villages or individuals,) hear all that is transacted. Many things false are related among the living,

living, but nothing among the dead. Indeed an evil spirit would not scruple telling a falsehood, if he could gain any thing by it. But he cannot. Nay, in making his report, he must tell nothing but the truth, or woe be to him!

8. But beside their monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, departed spirits may take a trip to see each other when they please. Three of these informed me of what you said; * *Andrew Akeman*, that attends Mr. *Thurston's* family, *James Corbet*, that waits on Mr. *Paton's* family, (and was looking after Mrs. *Paton*, when she was at your house) and an original Emiffary, appointed to wait on yours. At this I was much surpris'd, and after a little thinking, ask'd, And is there an emiffary from hell that attends my family? C. You may depend upon it there is. O. And what is his business? C. To divert you from your duty, and make you do as many ill things as he can. For much depends upon having the Minister on his side. On this I was struck with a horror I cannot express. But after a time, recollecting myself, I said, But is there a devil that attends our family, though invisibly? C. As sure as you breathe. But there is also a good angel, that attends your family, and is stronger than him. O. Are you sure of this? C. Yes: and there is one just now riding on your right arm. But he might have been elsewhere: for I meant you no harm. O. How long has he been with me? C. Only since we pass'd *Branshie*: but now he is gone. O. I desire now to part with you, and to see you another time. C. Be it so. I want your help of another kind. Now I bid you farewell. So saying he went off, at the head of the path going to *Elmselough*.

9. On April 5, 1722, as I was returning from *Oldhamstocks*, *Cool* struck up with me at the ruinous inclosure. I told him, I am glad to see you: what now are your demands upon me? C. All I desire is, that you will go to my wife, who possesses

* These were lately dead.

all my effects, and inform her of the following particulars. First, I owed Provost *Crosby* 500*l.* Scots, with three years interest. On his death my brother and I forged a discharge, and when his heir wrote to me concerning this bond, I shewed him the discharge and silenced him. 2. When I heard of *Robert Kennedy's* death, I forged a bill of 190*l.* sterling, which was paid me. 3. When *Thomas Greor* died, to whom I owed 36*l.* sterling, I met with a poor lad, a writer, whom I told, I had paid *Thomas Greor's* account, but I had not a receipt, which I desired he would write for me. He flew into a passion, and said, he would rather be hanged, I said, Nay, I was but in jest, and desired he would never mention it to any. 4. I sent for your brother, who did all I desired for a guinea, and for a guinea and half more gave me a discharge for 200*l.* more (Scots.) which I owed to your father-in-law. But what vexes me more than all the rest, is the injustice I did to *Homer Maxwell*, for whom I was factor. I had borrowed two thousand marks from him, two hundred of which he had borrowed from another. For this I gave him my bond. He died that year, leaving nine children. His wife died a month before him. His eldest daughter desired me to look over the papers, and to give her an account of their stock and debts. I slit his bond into my pocket: whereby his circumstances proved bad, and the nine children are all starving.

These things I beg you would represent to my wife, and let them be rectified. She has funds sufficient. If this be done, I think I shall be easier.

10. After a short pause, I answered, "It is a good errand you would send me on, to do justice to the oppressed; and I might be a gainer myself; yet I beg a little time, to consider on the matter. You need not bid me take courage: for though I see what your state is, I am no more afraid of you, than of a new-born child. Tell me then, since your agility is such, that in the twinkling of an eye you can fly
a thousand

a thousand miles, why cannot you fly to your wife, empty her bags into your hat invisibly, and do these people justice? C. I cannot. O. But you say, If these things were redressed, you should be easier. I cannot understand that. For whatever justice be now done to the people, the guilt of the injustice still lies upon you. But why cannot you take money to pay your debts? C. I cannot touch any man's money, by reason of those that are the stated guardians of justice. O. Nay, but do not men take the money of others continually? And cannot you do it, that can put yourself into a hundred shapes? C. God will not suffer us thus to injure men. And indeed men may guard themselves against men; but not against spirits. Were not these restrained, nothing that a man had would be safe. O. But might not you go to the mines of *Mexico*, where is gold enough that would never be missed? C. No spirits, good or bad, have any power to touch money or gold. O. But what hinders bad spirits from doing it? C. A superior power, that guards and governs all. O. But why cannot you go to your wife yourself, and tell her what you have a mind? C. That is one of the questions. I will not answer. But if you will go, I will make you full satisfaction for your trouble.

11. On April 10, coming from *Old Cambus*, I met him again upon the post-road, on the head of the heath called *The Pees*. He asked, Whether I had considered the matter? I told him, "I have, and am in the same opinion still. For what a fool should I make of myself, if I should go to *Dumfries*, and tell your wife, that you had appeared to me, and told me of many forgeries and villanies you had committed, for which it behoved her to make reparation? Is it probable, she would part with her money? Would she not rather say I was mad? If she did not sue me for scandal. But dropping these matters till our next interview"—

Here

Here the manuscript ends. Whether Mr. *Ogylvie* did not see him any more; or whether death prevented his writing the rest of their conversation is not certain.

Although there are several things in the preceding account, which I do not understand, yet this is no considerable objection to me, as my understanding is not the adequate measure of truth.

J. W.

Newcastle upon Tyne, May 31, 1784.

Some Account of the Right Hon Laurence, late Earl FERRERS:

[Continued from page 385.]

MR. KIRKLAND then went down stairs to prepare some dressings; and my Lord soon after left the room. From this time, in proportion as the liquor, which he continued to drink, took effect, his passions became more tumultuous, and the transient fit of compassion, mixed with fear for himself, gave way to starts of rage, and the predominance of malice: he went up into the room where *Johnson* was dying, and pulling him by the wig, called him villain, and threatened to shoot him through the head. The last time he went to him, he was, with great difficulty, prevented from tearing the clothes off the bed, which he attempted with great fury, that he might strike him.

As soon as my Lord was in bed, Mr. *Kirkland* went to the Lount, and having fitted up an easy chair with two poles, by way of sedan, and procured a guard, he returned about two o'clock, and carried Mr. *Johnson* to his house without much fatigue, where he languished till nine the next morning, and then expired.

As

As soon as he was dead, the neighbours set about seizing the murderer; a few persons armed set out for *Stanton*, and as they entered the hall-yard, they saw him going towards the stable, as they imagined to take horse. One *Springthorpe*, advancing towards his Lordship, presented a pistol, and required him to surrender; but my Lord putting his hand to his pocket, *Springthorpe* imagining he was feeling for a pistol, stopped short, and suffered his Lordship to escape back into the house, where he fastened the doors and stood upon his defence. Soon after he was seen by one *Curtis*, a collier, upon the bowling-green: he was then armed with a blunderbuss, two or three pistols and a dagger; but *Curtis*, so far from being intimidated, marched up boldly to him, in spite of his blunderbuss; and my Lord was so struck with the determined resolution that appeared in this brave fellow, that he suffered him to seize him without making the least resistance; yet the moment he was in custody, he declared he had killed a villain, and gloried in the fact.

From *Ashby-de-la-Zouch* he was sent to *Leicester* gaol; from thence, about a fortnight afterwards, he was brought in his own landau and six horses, under a strong guard, to *London*, where he arrived on the 14th of February, about noon, dressed like a Jockey, in a close riding frock, boots, and cap, and a plain shirt. Being carried before the House of Lords; and the Coroner's Inquest read, he was committed to the custody of the Black Rod, and ordered to the Tower, where he arrived about six o'clock in the evening.

On the 16th of April, having been a prisoner in the Tower two months and two days, he was brought to his trial, which continued till the 18th; before the House of Lords assembled for that purpose: Lord *Henley*, Keeper of the Great Seal, having been created Lord High Steward upon the occasion. The fact was easily proved, and his Lordship, in his defence, examined several witnesses to prove his insanity, none of whom proved such an insanity as made him not accountable for

his conduct. He received sentence to be hanged, on Monday the 21st of April, and to be anatomized; but in consideration of his rank, the execution of this sentence was respited till Monday the 5th of May.

In the morning of that day, about nine o'clock, his body was demanded of the Keeper at the gates of the Tower, by the Sheriffs of *London* and *Middlesex*. His Lordship being informed of it, sent a message to the Sheriffs, requesting that he might go in his own Landau instead of the mourning-coach that had been provided by his friends; which being granted, he entered his Landau, drawn by six horses, with Mr. *Humphries*, Chaplain of the Tower, who had been admitted to his Lordship that morning for the first time. The Landau was conducted to the outward gate by the officers of the Tower, and was there delivered to the Sheriffs. Here Mr. Sheriff Vaillant entered the Landau, and expressing his concern at having so melancholy a duty to perform, his Lordship said he was much obliged to him, and took it kindly that he accompanied him.

He was dressed in a suit of light coloured clothes embroidered with silver, said to be his wedding suit; and soon after Mr. *Vaillant* came into the Landau he said, You may, perhaps Sir, think it strange to see me in this dress; but I have my particular reasons for it.

When his Lordship had got to that part of Holborn which is near Drury-lane, he said, he was thirsty, and should be glad of a glass of wine and water; but upon the Sheriff's remonstrating to him, that to stop for that purpose would naturally draw a greater crowd about him, which might possibly disturb and incommode him, he answered, "That is true; I say no more, let us by no means stop."

The Landau being advanced to the place of execution, his Lordship alighted from it, and ascended upon the scaffold. Soon after, Mr. *Humphries* asked his Lordship, if he chose to say prayers, which he declined; but upon asking him, If

he

he did not chuse to join with him in the Lord's Prayer? he readily answered, he would; for he always thought it a fine prayer: upon which they kneeled down together upon the cushions covered with black baize, and his Lordship with an audible voice, very devoutly repeated the Lord's Prayer, and afterwards with great energy, uttered the following ejaculation; "O God, forgive all my errors!—pardon all my sins!"

His Lordship then called for the executioner, who immediately came and asked him forgiveness; upon which he said, "I freely forgive you, as I do all mankind, and hope myself to be forgiven."

The executioner then proceeded to do his duty. His Lordship's neckcloth being taken off, a white cap which he had brought in his pocket being put upon his head, his arms secured by a black fash, and the cord put round his neck, he advanced by three steps to the elevated part of the scaffold, and standing under the cross-beam, which went over it, he asked the executioner, Am I right? Then the cap was drawn over his face, and upon a signal being given by the Sheriff (for his Lordship, upon being before asked, had declined to give one himself) that part upon which he stood instantly sunk down from beneath his feet, and left him entirely suspended.

For a few seconds his Lordship made some struggles against the attacks of death, but was soon eased of all pain by the pressure of the executioner. †

An Essay to prove that the CHINESE are an EGYPTIAN Colony: written in French by M. de Guignes, Member of the Royal Academy of Belles Lettres.

[Concluded from page 386.]

THE Egyptians had also three distinct ways of writing; epistolic, composed of alphabetical letters; the hieroglyphic, which represented the objects themselves; and the

† The following lines Gr² said to have been found on the table in his apartment in the Tower the Day he was executed.
 "In Doubt I liv'd, in Doubt I die,
 "And to a dread Eternity, in a dread bathos."

symbolic, which expressed them by metaphor and allegory : all these methods of writing passed into Chinese. And though at first it is not easy to believe that they ever had the knowledge of alphabetic letters, yet there is a very strong evidence of the fact. It appears, upon inspection of *Bartholemy's* Phœnician alphabet, that the figure of *Jod* and *Aleph* are among the ancient radical characters of the Chinese. The Phœnician *Jod* is formed like a trident, without a handle, and placed obliquely ; the Chinese use the same symbol to signify a hand ; and this is also the signification of the word *Jod*, the name of the letter in the Phœnician. *Aleph* is the first character in the Phœnician alphabet, and signifies pre-eminence, the action of leading ; it is formed by a right line crossed by two others, which form angles on the other side : the same figure is also the radical characters of the Chinese, the mark of unity, and used to express exactly the same idea.

From these instances *M. Guignes* was led to suspect that true alphabetical letters existed even in the Chinese hieroglyphic characters ; and that, if stripped of all the strokes that disguise them, an alphabet might be produced very ancient, and very analogous to the primitive alphabet of all nations. This universal alphabet is not indeed come down to us entire and uncorrupted ; but *M. Guignes*, supposing its constituent part to subsist in the Oriental alphabets, he placed all those alphabets in as many corresponding columns, in order to compare the form of the letters with that of the Chinese characters ; he then observed that the greater part of the Oriental letters had proper denominations and significations ; *Beth*, signified a house ; *Daleth*, a door ; *Ain*, an eye ; and *Schin*, a tooth ; and he soon found that the symbol used by the Chinese, to express a house was the same with the Hebrew *Beth* ; that the symbol which signified a door, representeth the *Daleth* ; that the *Ain*, whether Phœnician or Ethiopian, was used by the Chinese to represent an eye ;
and

and that the teeth are in the Chinese language expressed by a jaw furnished with points, very much resembling the Hebrew, Samaritan, and Phœnician *Schin*.

He concludes, what now becomes of the vast antiquity of which the Chinese boast, with so much confidence and pride! For the literati, who know the ancient characters of their writing, will from this time be obliged to bear testimony to this discovery which overturns it. If some Phœnician character, or word, is presented to them, the letter *Beth*, or the word *Jadah*, they must at once acknowledge, that one signifies a house, and the other to know. And what shall we think of all the efforts which have been made to attack and defend their chronology? of all the inductions that have been drawn from it, against the authority of the books of Moses, as containing only imaginary systems, contrived to establish him in the capacity of a legislator? and of that early wisdom, and universal superiority, which has been so often granted them? All these phantoms, says M. Guignes, must disappear at once, and one simple fact remain in their stead, viz. That the ancient savages of China were polished by the Egyptians, as well as those of Greece, with only this difference, that they were polished later because they were more remote.



Some REMARKS on Mr. H's account of the Gentoo Religion in Indostan.

1. **SOME** years ago a Gentleman published an exact translation of the *Koran of Mahomet*, with a design to contrast it with the Bible; to shew how far preferable the Mahometan Bible was to that of the Christians: and by a plain inference, how great the pre-eminence was of Mahometanism above that of Christianity.

2. As

2. As this had not the effect which the writer desired, another Gentleman has since published, an exact translation of the *Indian Koran*, that is, the *Shastah* of *Bramah*: undoubtedly with the same charitable design. To contrast this with the Bible, and to shew how great is the pre-eminence of Paganism above Christianity.

3. Letting alone a thousand wonderful assertions, scattered up and down his work, I would only at present, 1. Give the substance of this curious book in the words of its admirer. 2. Examine what he says concerning the Antiquity of it, and concerning the Nations that receive it as sacred: 3. Observe some instances of this writer's esteem for the Bible, and conclude with some cursory Remarks.

4. And first, I would give the substance of this curious book, in the words of its Admirer: "The rebellious angels groaned in hell for six millions of years. Then God relented. He retired into himself and became invisible to all the angels for five thousand years. Then he appeared again and said, "Let the fifteen regions of purgation and purification appear, for the residence of the rebellious angels: and let them be brought from hell, to the lowest of these regions?" And it was so. And he prepared bodies for their prison and said, "Herein they shall undergo eighty-seven transmigrations for their punishment and purgation. Then they shall animate the form of a Cow, and afterwards the form of a Man. This is their eighty-ninth transmigration. If they now repent and do good works, they shall pass hence into the second region of punishment and purification; and so successively through the eighth, and then through the ninth, even the first region of purification."

"The souls accordingly that animate every mortal form of man, beast, bird, fish or insect, are fallen angels, in a state of punishment for their rebellion against God.

"When God began to create the world, he fought with two giants for five thousand years. Then he commanded his first-born

first-born creature, *Birmah*, to create the fifteen regions of punishment and purgation. And *Birmah* straitway formed a leaf of beetle, and thereon floated on the flood Chaos. Then *Bistnoo*, his second made creature, transformed himself into a mighty boar, and descending into the abyfs, brought up the earth on his back. Then issued from him a mighty tortoise and a mighty snake. And he put the snake erect on the back of the tortoise, and put the earth on the head of the snake.

“Time from the Creation was divided into four ages, the first, of three millions, two hundred thousand years: the second, of one million, six hundred thousand: the third, of eight hundred thousand: and the fourth, of four hundred thousand; six millions in all. The world will continue three hundred, fifty-nine thousand, one hundred and twenty-six years longer.”

5. Such is the *substance* of this wonderful book! Doubtless fit to be paralleled with the Bible! As to the *origin* of it, it thus bears witness to itself. “Above 4874 years ago, an angel having received the laws of God, written in the language of angels, came down to *Indostan*, and assuming a human form, translated it into the language of the country, calling it *Chartah Bhade Shastah* of *Brumah*, that is, *The four scriptures of the mighty Spirit*, which he promulged as the only means of Salvation.”

I am in the second place to examine what Mr. H. says, concerning the *Antiquity* of this book, and concerning the *nations* that receive it as sacred.

As to its *Antiquity*, it bears this testimony. “For a thousand years the *Shastah* remained pure. But then some of the *Bramins* corrupted it, and still more about five hundred years after, which was three thousand, three hundred and seventy-four years ago.”

6. But what proof induced Mr. H. to receive, and to give this amazing system to the world! Why says he, “This
account

account we had from some of the *Bramins*, and from the most learned of the Laity. And in the earlieff ages the *Bramins* were famed for their virtue and wisdom, by the concurrent testimony of all antiquity." "Testimony of all Antiquity!" Pray cite a few of those testimonies, with the names of the Authors that lived four or five thousand years ago. You know there are no such in the world. Is there a line extant, of any Author before *Moses*? Or can we prove, that there were any letters in the world before him? And he lived little above three thousand years since.

7. But "*Pythagoras* and *Zoroaster* visited them, as early as the time of *Romulus*." I doubt the fact. But how early did *Romulus* live? Not six and twenty hundred thousand years ago. As to *Zoroaster*, a learned man has clearly proved him to be no other than *Moses* himself.

8. Equally doubtful is the *Antiquity* of those nations, who receive this book as sacred. Nay, "*Indostan*, you say, by their own accounts was peopled as early as most other parts of the known world. And the first invaders of it found the inhabitants a potent, civilized, wise and learned people." Doubtless their own accounts affirm this. But what Authors confirm these accounts? I know none. Therefore I rank them with the Tales of the Fairies.

9. But by what nations are they received as sacred? "They were universally profest, says Mr. H. by all the nations of *Gentoos*, some thousand years before Christ. The Metempsychosis, or Transmigration of souls in particular, which runs through their whole Divinity, was held in the most early ages, by at least four-fifths of the inhabitants of the earth: and the *Gentoos* were eminently distinguished in the most early times. Their great Antiquity is proved, by the perpetuity of their doctrine through a succession of so many ages;" i. e. The Antiquity of their doctrine proves its Antiquity!

[To be concluded in our next.]

*An Extract from a JOURNEY from Aleppo to Jerusalem; at
Easter, A. D. 1697.*

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. late Fellow of Exeter
College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.

[Continued from page 392.]

FRIDAY, March 19. Leaving *Beroth*, we came in one third of an hour to a large plain extending from the sea to the mountains. At the beginning of the plain is a grove of pine trees of *Faccardine's* plantation. We guessed it to be more than half a mile across; and so pleasant and inviting was its shade, that it was not without some regret that we passed it by. Continuing in this plain, we saw at a distance, a small village called *Suckfoat*. It belongs to the *Druses*, who possess at this day a long tract of mountains, as far as from *Castravan* to *Carmel*. Their present Prince is *Achmet*, grand-son to *Faccardine*; an old man, and one who keeps up the custom of his ancestors, of turning day into night: an hereditary practice in this family, proceeding from a traditional persuasion amongst them, that Princes can never sleep securely but by day, when men's actions and designs are best observed by their guards, and if need be, most easily prevented; but that in the night it concerns them to be always vigilant, lest the darkness, aided by their sleeping, should give traitors both opportunity and encouragement to assault their persons, and by a dagger or a pistol, to make them continue their sleep longer than they intended when they lay down.

Being arrived at *Sidon*, we pitched our tents by a cistern without the city; but were ourselves conducted by a French gentleman to the place of his habitation, which is a large

Kane close by the sea, where the Consul and all the nation are quartered together. Before the front of this *Kane* is an old mole, running into the sea with a right angle: it was of no great capacity at best, but now is rendered perfectly useless, having been purposely filled up with rubbish and earth by *Faccardine*, to prevent the Turkish galleys from making their unwelcome visits to this place. Near about *Sidon* begin the precincts of the *Holy Land*, and of that part of it in particular which was allotted to *Asher*. The borders of which tribe extended from *Carmel* as far as great *Zidon*, as appears from Josh. xix. 26. 28. But the people upon the sea-coasts were never actually mastered by the Israelites; being left by the judgment of God to be thorns in their sides, for a reason that may be seen, Jud. ii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

The person who is the French Consul at *Sidon*, has also the title of Consul of *Jerusalem*; and is obliged by his master, the French King, to make a visit to the holy city every Easter, under pretence of preserving the sanctuary there from the violations, and the Friars who have the custody of it, from the exactions of the Turks. But the Friars think themselves much safer without this protection. We were desirous to join with Monsieur *l' Empereur*, the present Consul, in his present pilgrimage; and accordingly had sent him a letter from *Aleppo*, on purpose to bespeak that favour; hoping, by his protection, to pass more securely from the abuses of the Arabs and Turks, who are no where so insolent, as in *Palestine*, and about *Jerusalem*. We had his promise to stay for us; but the remoras and disappointments we met with in the road, had put us so backward in our journey, that fearing to be too late at *Jerusalem*, he set out from *Sidon* the day before our arrival there: leaving us however some hopes, that if we made the best of our way, we might come up with him at *Acra*, where he promised to expect our coming to the utmost moment.

The next day we arrived at *Tyre*. This city standing in the sea upon a peninsula, promises at a distance something very magnificent. But when you come to it, you find no similitude of that glory, for which it was so renowned in ancient times, and which the Prophet *Ezekiel* describes, chap. xxvi. xxvii. xxviii. On the North-side it has an old Turkish ungarrisoned castle; besides which, you see nothing here, but a mere Babel of broken walls, pillars, vaults, &c. there being not so much as one entire house left. Its present inhabitants are only a few poor wretches, harbouring themselves in the vaults, and subsisting chiefly upon fishing; who seem to be preserved in this place by Divine Providence, as a visible argument, how God has fulfilled his word concerning *Tyre*, viz. *That it should be as the top of a rock, a place for fishers to dry their nets on*, Ezek. xxvi. 14.

In the midst of the ruins, there stands one pile, higher than the rest, which is the East end of a great Church, probably of the Cathedral of *Tyre*.

I cannot, in this place, omit an observation made by most of our company in this journey, viz. That in all the ruins of Churches which we saw, though their other parts were totally demolished, yet the East end we always found standing and tolerably entire. Whether the Christians, when over-ruled by Infidels, redeemed their altars from ruin with money; or whether, even the Barbarians, when they demolished the other parts of the Churches, might voluntarily spare these, out of an awe and veneration; or whether they have stood thus long, by virtue of some peculiar firmness in the nature of their fabric; or whether some occult Providence has preserved them, as so many standing monuments of Christianity in these unbelieving regions, and presages of its future restoration, I will not determine.

But to return from this digression; there being an old stair-case in this ruin last mentioned, I got up to the top of it: from whence I had an entire prospect of the island, part of *Tyre*, of the isthmus, and of the adjacent shore. I thought I

could from this elevation discern the isthmus to be a foil of a different nature from the other two; it lying lower than either, and being covered all over with sand, which the sea casts upon it, as the tokens of its natural right to a passage there, from which it was by *Alexander* the Great injuriously excluded. The island of *Tyre*, in its natural state, seems to have been of a circular figure, containing not more than forty acres of ground. It discovers still the foundations of a wall, which anciently encompassed it round, at the outmost margin of the land.

Coming out of these ruins, we saw the foundation of a very strong wall, running cross the neck of land, and serving as a barrier, to secure the city on this side. From this place, we were one third of an hour in passing the sandy isthmus, before we came to the ground which we apprehended to be the natural shore. From hence passing over part of a very fertile plain, which extends itself to a vast compass before *Tyre*, we arrived in three quarters of an hour at *Roselayn*.

[*To be continued.*]



A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

SOME years ago a Lady of considerable rank in *Dublin*, having appointed a drum and card-assembly, for a Sunday evening, received a billet on the Friday before, subscribed *The Mob*, in which they acquainted her Ladyship with their intending themselves the honour of being of the party. In consequence of which, an assembly of those gentlemen appeared before the house on the evening, about the time that the company might be expected to arrive; but without seeming by their behaviour to intend any kind of outrage. On the approach however of a sedan which contained a
certain

certain Lady, distinguished for taking the lead in all these kinds of meetings, they surrounded the chair, and ordering the chairmen to set it down, they, with great civility, yet with an apparent firmness and resolution, insisted on her quitting it. This, after some remonstrances, being complied with, one of them who was spokesman for the rest, acquainted her, that she had been a very wicked woman; had been frequently known to play at cards on a Sunday, and was, they well knew, at that time going on the same business; but that for her own sake they had determined on a thorough reformation of her conduct; for which reason she must immediately engage herself by oath (for which purpose they tendered her a Bible) never to pursue that practice for the future. This was for a long time refused; but being peremptorily insisted on, the oath was administered, the words dictated, the repetition clearly pronounced, and the book kissed. On this, her Ladyship thinking herself now at liberty, was returning to her chair, when she was informed that as humility was one branch of religion, her designed reformation must commence with an act of such humility; for which reason she must walk to her own house (which was upwards of half a mile) while it should be their charge to conduct her safe and secure her from insult: which she upon compulsion acquiescing with, she was escorted by them in great parade to her own door, when civilly taking their leave of her, they dispersed, and all quietly returned to their several habitations.



A Remarkable Instance of COURAGE.

A Young French Nobleman, not quite twenty years old, (the Count de B. Lieutenant of Cavalry) was attacked by a wolf of an extraordinary size. The furious animal first seized the horse, and tore off such large pieces of his flesh, that

that M. de B. was soon dismounted. Then the wolf flew at him, and would certainly have torn him in pieces, had he not had great presence of mind. With one hand he seized the wolf's foaming tongue, and with the other hand one of his paws. After struggling awhile with the terrible creature, the tongue slipped from him, and his right thumb was bitten off; upon which, he leaped upon the wolf's back, clapped his knees fast to his flanks, and called out for help to some armed peasants who were passing by; but none dared to advance. "Well then, said he, fire: if you kill me, I forgive you." One of them fired, and three bullets went through the brave Officer's coat, but neither he nor the beast were wounded. Another bolder than his comrades, seeing the Cavalier was intrepid, and kept firm upon the wolf, came very near and fired at him; the animal was mortally wounded, and after a few more furious motions expired. In this dreadful conflict, besides the losing of his thumb, the young Count's left hand was torn, and he got several bites in his legs and thighs.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCLXXV.

[From Mrs. P. Newman, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Cheltenham, August 23, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

I Thank you for your kind letter, wherein you request me to speak without reserve. Glory be to God! I find my spirit quite free to declare all his loving-kindness to me.

In my childhood I was restrained from many evils which children fall into; but as I grew up, my evil nature often betrayed me into folly.

When

When I was about fourteen, my sister was convinced of sin, and attended a Baptist-Meeting, which inclined me to do the same, though much against my father's will. But when I understood that some of that profession did such things as I had formerly abandoned, I took to them again, and thought I did no harm in so doing.—For two years I continued going to the Baptist-Meeting; sometimes sinning and then repenting. At length, not knowing what to do (for no one said any thing to me) as I understood by their preaching that there were two sorts of people in the world, some who were to be saved, and some who were not, I thought, if I am to be saved, I shall; and if not, all my care about it is to no purpose. But as the pain my soul often endured cannot be described; and finding no relief here, I resolved to go to Church again.—At sixteen, I was confirmed. When the Bishop put his hand on my head, and repeated the words of the office, I felt something extraordinary. When I got home I prayed much; and was very strict for some time. I had also a great desire to go to the sacrament; but feared I was not good enough. I then read and prayed much, and often resolved to be better; but found my heart inclined more and more to wickedness. But, blessed be God! his restraining grace kept me from outward evil.

When I heard people dispute about religion, my mind would be perplexed to know which of them was right: which sent me to my knees to intreat the Lord to send some one to guide me in the right way. I often prayed with great fervor, and found some satisfaction; but still I wanted something; and did not know what it was.

In 1769, the Lord sent his servants to this place. But I found a great dislike to the name of a Methodist; as I had often heard they drove people mad. However, at last I ventured to hear Mr. *Mather*, and found a great liking to what he said; but yet thought, I would not go much. But a young woman, with whom I sometimes went to the Baptists,

came

came to me and said, *P* — I wish you would hear young *Mr. Wells*; for he talks better than all the Preachers I ever heard. I said, I wish I could; and then consented to go. When I went, he was reading in the epistle to the Hebrews; but presently he sat down and began to speak to those present, one by one. At last he looked at me, and said, Well, *P*—— have you a mind to save your soul? I said, Yes. Then said he, Do you see yourself a sinner? I said, No; (with great resentment.) He said, No? 'not see yourself a sinner! I answered, Neither you nor any one in the town can say any evil of me; for I have always shunned bad company, and have been civil to all. He then strove to convince me that I was a sinner by nature, and that God was angry with me notwithstanding all my civility. But I was resolved not to believe him: for I thought, if I did, I should run mad, and distress my parents. He then prayed God to give me the cup of his wrath to drink; but not to suffer me to drink it. On hearing this, my soul seemed as if it was pierced through; and I thought, if I did believe what he said, I should lose my senses; and if I did not, perhaps I should lose my soul.

I then went home and shut myself in my room, and prayed and strove for more distress; for I now feared I should not be distressed enough. However I went mourning and praying, night and day for a fortnight, for the pardon of my sins. At last God spoke peace to my soul: on which I could hardly forbear opening the window to tell my joys to the people who passed along.

After this I continued happy for some months: though in that time I suffered much opposition from my father and others; but my soul was so delighted in the ways of God that nothing seemed to disturb me. At last the Lord shewed me my inbred sin: when I saw clearly the necessity of a deliverance from the carnal mind, and fought it earnestly.

In

In 1769, I received the witness of full sanctification. August, 1770, I thought I began to be careless, and was going to write to a friend to tell her wherein I found myself deficient. But before I began, I thought, Is not Jesus present to make up every deficiency? I then retired; and as soon as I fell on my knees, I found myself emptied, stripped naked, and helpless, before a holy God! I could not move nor speak! I lay motionless, without a sigh or a groan. At last, Jesus appeared with such a glorious lustre as caused all evil to vanish before him. My soul was then filled with pure love to him and all mankind. I cried out, Jesus is all in all! I was in such an extasy, I thought I should expire in the visions of my God! I could not lift a hand, I was so weak; I could only pray and give thanks wherever I went. I had a continual longing to depart and to be with Christ, which made life a burden; and I was much tempted to destroy my health gradually. I also prayed for a consumption, or any thing that would wear out or cut the thread of life; death was become so pleasant.

But now, glory be to my God! all these temptations are gone. I am willing to depart, yet willing to live as long as my Lord sees good. I find my will swallowed up in his will in all things. I have only to live *for* him and *to* him: to eat and drink, and do all I do to his glory.

I am, your affectionate Servant,

P. NEWMAN.

L E T T E R CCCLXXVI.

[From Miss M. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Bath, October 25, 1772.

Dear Sir,

YOUR last was a word in season. I have been enabled to take your advice, and the Lord has graciously blessed my weak efforts, and made my exercises far less than usual.

VOL. VIII.

3 I

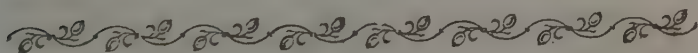
You

You will be glad to hear that we have a prospect of good days. Our Room is crowded, and the congregation in general sinks under the word, and finds it attended with the Spirit's demonstrative power. Mrs. H. (whose husband keeps an inn) and her sister, and two Ladies of their acquaintance, have been at my Class, when Mrs. G. met it, and found it a means of grace. I believe they intend to continue. I find their souls inexpressibly dear to me; but was I not kept thankfully conscious, that it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord, I should sink at the thought of having them to watch over. O, who knows the worth of souls! Who can point out the ten thousand, thousand, subtle snares that hinder spiritual prosperity! What piercing eye can discover! What tongue warn them to shun all the *little, little* foxes! I see my duty as a Leader is *very great*; and often fear I shall not at the last give up my account with joy.

Will you, Sir, be so kind as to give me some instructions herein, and lay down such rules as will facilitate the practice of them. It is what I very much need: and it will, I trust, be of use to me; not only now, but perhaps when your spirit is returned to God. I often think I shall regret my not asking you more questions; gaining more help, and more frequently using, and more faithfully improving, the opportunities you so kindly put into my hands. Indeed I should be glad to write much oftener, did my time admit; but the children demand almost the whole of it; and I cannot in conscience steal it from them: no, I did not leave them even to hear you preach here, (at noon) which you may well suppose was not a little piece of self-denial. I endure many heart-achs through fear that they will not improve to their parents satisfaction. O, may my life be such as will shew forth his praise! "It is but right that I should live to him who died for me." I know I need every motive to urge me so to do. For some days past the Holy Ghost has made use of that, "Fear Him, who after he hath killed, hath power to

cast into hell." It seems a strange one to *me*; but I am willing to accept, and use any motive that leads to that great end; *entire devotion to God*. Life appears a mere vapour! Time exceeding precious. Every morning I purpose to improve it; but upon retrospection at night, I find I have broke my rule. You Sir, seem to have found the happy art of keeping it. Help me by your prayers, and directions to do the same, in my small sphere of action: and permit me to subscribe myself your willing and obedient Servant,

M. B.



P O E T R Y.

A N E L E G Y

*On the Death of Mrs. MARGARET JOHNSTON,
late of Lisleen.*

SO long as vital blood glides through my veins,
Or with the saints I keep my happy lot;
If gratitude inspires celestial strains,
This dear lovèd name can never be forgot.

Her real worth out-lives her mouldèring frame,
And shall not mingle with forgotten dust;
When dying worlds are all consumèd in flame,
Her deathless name is written with the Just.

An only child, as *Isaac*, much belovèd,
While Nature's charms were opening to the sight;
The kindest care of heavèn and earth she provèd,
And sought, and found in God supreme delight.

Her heav'n-born soul was early taught to rise,
 Where mingling sweets in boundless rivers flow;
 Where strife, with earth-born pain and sorrow dies,
 And blissful fruits in endless progress grow.

Though Fortune strew'd her path with sweetest flowers,
 And Pleasure strove to' attract her soaring mind;
 She did not dare to waste her flying hours,
 Nor forfeit Bliss, by heavenly love design'd.

Meekness, and Modesty, and sacred Love,
 Liv'd in her looks, and deck'd her blooming face:
 She seem'd, as sent from some bright throne above,
 To shew the beauties of her Saviour's grace,

Indulgent Heaven inspir'd her tender heart,
 With more than common pity for the poor;
 The steward of her Lord did freely part
 With what she freely had receiv'd before.

Behold the maim'd, the halt, the lame, the blind,
 Feast on her stores, and bless her as they go;
 To friends and foes, and helpless strangers kind;
 She lessen'd or remov'd their every woe.

Preparing to rebuild * her mould'ring walls,
 The welcome Messenger of Death drew nigh;
 The mortal body into ruin falls
 And lets the soul to brighter regions fly!

Now rising floods of grief glide through the vale,
 Where many a monument of woe is seen
 Lamenting after her, they lov'd so well,
 With many a tear bedew the mournful green!

* She was looking at the workmen pulling down part of her house, in order to rebuild it, when seized with her last sickness.

The seat of innocence, and sacred joy,
Some call'd another Eden here below!
But Death all earthly comforts can destroy,
And fill our paradise with real woe!

The garden crown'd with fruitful trees, and flowers,
Where oft we offer'd incense to our King;
The pensive mourners shelter in its bowers,
Where groans and sighs, and lamentations ring.

Ye strangers to the sovereign power of love,
Charge not with guilt the sympathizing grief:
Jesus who fills with joy the hosts above,
Wept while he brought his wretched friends relief!

Mourn, without murmuring, ye sons of God,
And call forth Salem's daughters to your aid:
She who walk'd foremost in the heavenly road,
Bewail her number'd with the silent dead.

Beneath the weight our fainting spirits bend,
As in the dust we lay her bones to rest:
But O, what joy when Israel's steeds ascend,
And God pronounces her for ever blest!

Welcome He cries, my chaste, my spotless bride!
Now take possession of thy native home:
Behold thy mansion near my wounded side;
Enter my joy, and share my glorious throne.

Well done thou good and faithful servant,—now!
Wear these white robes of righteousness divine:
This sparkling wreath shall grace thy cloudless brow;
And all I have and am be ever thine.

Yes;

Yes; central glories, never setting beams,
 On our dear friend direct their brightest rays!
 And love and joy, in overflowing streams,
 Fill all her powers with heaven's eternal praise.

The mutual love that made our spirits one,
 (A knot which death itself can ne'er untie)
 Says, we shall meet again before his throne,
 And cherish friendship that can never die.

This blooming hope outlasts my ebbing grief;
 Surely these tears shall soon be wiped away;
 This brings to countless mourner's sure relief,
 Who look to find her in eternal day!

A HIGHLAND FRAGMENT.

DARK Autumn now assumes its fading reign;
 The blue-grey mist creeps slowly o'er the hill;
 Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain,
 And from the uplands bursts the new swollen rill,

On yonder heath there stands a lonely tree,
 And there, O Connal! thy sad grave is found;
 And still its falling leaves it strews on thee,
 Still by the whirlwind borne in eddies round,

Here oft, at twilight grey, or purple dawn,
 As o'er the heath the musing hunter hies,
 The sheeted ghost stalks o'er the dewy lawn,
 Or haunts the dreary grave where Connal lies,

Thy race, O Connal! who shall strive to trace?
 Or who through ages past thy fires can tell?
 As the tall oak, torn from its native place
 They grew, they flourished, and in thee they fell.

Mournful

Mournful thy wars, O Fingal ! 'Midst the slain,
Where groan'd the dying weltering in their gore,
Where Connal fell, the terror of the plain,
There fell the mighty to arise no more !

Thy arm, a tempest from the bellowing main ;
Thy sword, a meteor in the evening sky ;
Thy height, a rock that overlook'd the plain ;
A glowing furnace was thy wrathful eye :

Loud as a storm, thy voice confounding all ;
Dire as thy sword, and eager to destroy ;
Beneath thine arm, the mighty warriors fall,
As falls the thistle by the playful boy.

As lowering thunder o'er the mid-day skies,
Dargo, the bold, Dargo the mighty came,
Dark was his brow ; two hollow caves his eyes,
Bright rose their clashing swords with sparkling flame.

Crimora—Rinoval's beauteous daughter, near
Her much lov'd Connal—could she stay behind ?
A bow her shoulder grac'd, her hand a spear,
And loose her waving locks flow'd in the wind.

At Drago's breast the fatal shaft she drew ;
Swift from her arm the mortal weapon flies :
Alas ! the erring dart her Connal slew !
Alas ! he bleeds ! alas ! her Connal dies ;

So falls a rock torn from the shaggy hill ;
So falls an oak, the glory of the plain ;
What shall she do ? What griefs her bosom fill !
“ By me is Connal, hapless Connal slain ! ”

All day she wanders by some nameless stream,
Connal, my love ! Connal, my friend ! she cries ;
At night, thy pathless vale, by Cynthia's beam :
For grief, the lovely, musing mourner dies.

The loveliest pair cold earth doth here inclose
 That ever slept within her clay-cold womb;
 Alone they rest in undisturbed repose,
 The green grass rankling o'er their narrow tomb.
 I, musing in the melancholy shade,
 (The rank weed rustling to the whistling wind,)
 Still mourn the ill-fated youth, and hapless maid,
 And still their memory rushes on my mind.

The COMFORTS of RELIGION.

O Blest Religion, heavenly fair!
 Thy kind, thy healing power,
 Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
 And gild each gloomy hour.
 When dismal thoughts, and boding fears
 The trembling heart invade;
 And all the face of nature wears,
 An universal shade:
 Thy sacred dictates can assuage
 The tempest of the soul,
 And every fear shall lose its rage,
 At thy divine controul.
 Through life's bewildered, dreary way,
 Thy hand unerring leads;
 And o'er the path thy heavenly ray,
 A cheering lustre sheds.
 When feeble Reason, tired and blind,
 Sinks helpless and afraid;
 Thou blest supporter of the mind,
 How powerful is thy aid!
 Then let my heart confess thy power,
 And find thy sweet relief;
 To brighten every gloomy hour,
 And soften every grief.



MR. GEO. WHITFIELD

Ætatis 39.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER 1785.



An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY's Discourses on the
FIVE POINTS.

CHAP. III. Concerning Predestination or Absolute Election.

[Continued from page 393.]

5. **I**F all that believe are ordained to eternal life, then none believe but they who are thus ordained: but it is said, *As many as were ordained to eternal life believed*, Acts xiii. 48.

I answer. These words cannot signify that there is a fixed number of persons, absolutely ordained to eternal life, so that they, and they only shall obtain it, and all others be excluded from it, as upon this supposition they must be, as will be evident from these considerations.

1st. That if the reason why these men believed was only this, that they were men ordained to eternal life, the reason why the rest believed not, can be this only, that they were

not so ordained; and if so, what necessity could there be, *that the word of God should be first preached to them?* as we read ver. 46. Was it only that their damnation might be the greater? This charges the Lover of souls, whose *tender mercies are over all his works*, with the greatest cruelty; seeing it makes him determine, not only that so many souls, as capable of salvation as any other, shall perish everlastingly; but also to determine that the dispensations of his Providence shall be such towards them as necessarily tends to the aggravation of their condemnation: and what could even their most malicious and enraged enemy do more? What is it that the Devil aims at by all his temptations but this very end? viz. the aggravation of our future punishment. And therefore to assert that God had determined that his word should be spoken to these Jews for that very end, is to make God as instrumental to their ruin as the Devil.

2dly. The Apostle gives this reason why he turned from the Jews to the Gentiles, because the Jews *had thrust away the word of God from them, and judged themselves unworthy of eternal life*, ver. 46. Whereas, according to this supposition, that could be no sufficient reason of his going from them to the Gentiles; for it was only they among the Jews whom God had not ordained to eternal life who thus refused to believe: and as many among the Gentiles as were not thus ordained, must necessarily do the same; and so there could be no sufficient cause why he should turn from the Jews to the Gentiles upon that account. *Ans.*

3dly. Were this the reason why the Jews believed not, that they were not by God ordained to eternal life, why doth St. Paul, by God's commission, speak here to them thus, *Be it known to you men and brethren, that by this Jesus is declared to you the remission of sins?* why doth he add, *and by him every one that believeth is justified?* &c. Why doth he vehemently exhort them to beware lest that saying of the Prophet Habakkuk should be verified in them, *You will not believe though one declare*

declare it to you? For could God have determined that these very persons should not believe, and yet commission his Apostles to offer them *remission of sins, and justification to life*? Could it be revealed to St. Paul, that they could not believe, as being not ordained to it, and yet would he so passionately exhort them to that faith in Jesus, which he well knew belonged not to them, and which they could not possibly exert? These things clearly evince, this cannot be the import of the words; but they will very well admit of these two senses:

1st. As many as were *disposed for eternal life* believed; for the word *τεταγμένος*, which we here render *ordained*, is used in this very book to signify a man not outwardly ordained, but *inwardly disposed*; or one determined, not by God, but by his own inclinations, to do such a thing: as when it is said, St. Paul went on foot from Assos, *ἦτο γὰρ ἦν διατεταγμένος*, *for so he was disposed*; the son of Sirach says, that the conduct, or government of a wise man is *τεταγμένον*, not ordained by God, but *well ordered* or *disposed* by himself. Thus Philo saith to Cain, *thou needest not fear being killed by them who are ἐν τη τεταγμένοι, συμμαχία* *ranked on thy side*, or of the same dispositions and inclinations with thee; and he saith to those children who having had vicious parents, were themselves virtuously inclined, that they *ἄμεινον τεταγμένοι τάξει*, *were placed in a better rank*: and speaking of Esau and Jacob, he represents Esau as fierce, subject to anger and other passions, and governed by his brutish part; but Jacob as a lover of virtue and truth: and so *ἐν βελτίονι τεταγμένον τάξει*, *placed in a better rank*, or of a better temper and disposition: and adds, that Samuel was *τεταγμένος τῷ θεῷ*, *well disposed towards God*. So Simplicius interprets this word; for when Epictetus had said, *If thou desirest to be a Philosopher, so retain the things that seem best to thee*, *ὡς ὑπὸ Θεοῦ τεταγμένους εἰς ταῦτα τῇ τάξει*, *as being by God placed in that rank*; that is, saith he, *ὡς ὑπὸ Θεοῦ προπεπονημένους ὁπὶ ταῦτα*, *as being by God incited to these things*; and to this sense, the context leads the person opposite to those *disposed for*

eternal life, being those who through their indisposition to embrace the offer of it, were *unworthy of eternal life*.

2. The second sense is this: That as many as were *well-disposed, believed to eternal life*; accordingly we are said to believe in Christ *to eternal life*, and *to the saving of the soul*, because we, by believing, obtain a full right to that life of which we cannot fail, but by departing from the faith, or suffering it to become unfruitful in those works of righteousness which make us meet to be partakers of eternal life.

Argument 3. If all that love God are called according to his purpose, then hath he no purpose of calling them that do not love him: if they who are *fore-known*, are *predestinated to be conformed to this image of his Son*, they who are not conformed to it are not fore-known: if they who are called are *justified and glorified*, then all that are not justified, and will not be glorified, are not called according to his purpose.

Answer. The whole of this Argument may be granted; they who by God are permanently justified, and who will be glorified, are such only as love God, and are conformed to the image of his Son, and who are called according to his purpose of making them *holy before him in love*. And let it farther be observed, that when the Apostle saith, *for whom he fore-knew*, this verse gives the reason of what was spoken in the former. It therefore is necessary to interpret these words thus, Whom he fore-knew to be persons called according to his purpose, and therefore qualified for this adoption, ver. 23, them he predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son. And it deserves to be considered that all antiquity, till the time of St. *Austin*, do with one consent concur in the interpretation of Ambrosius on the place, *Quos præcivit sibi fore devotos, ipsos elegit ad promissa præmia*, those whom he fore-knew would be devoted to
his

his service, he chose to the reward promised them; those whom he fore-knew to be worthy to be called: so Theodoret and Theophylact.

Those whom God fore-saw would be true lovers of him, he predetermined to render conformable to the image of his Son, that is, to be like him in glory, ver. 17. them also in due time he called to the salvation offered in the gospel; and they believing in Christ upon this call, he justified them, and them he also glorified, by giving them the Spirit, which is the earnest of that glory, Eph. i. 13. and by participation of which Spirit Christians are said not only *to behold the glory of the Lord, but also to be changed into the same image with him from glory to glory.*

Argument 4. If God knoweth who are his, then hath he a select number whom he hath chosen to be his; but *God knoweth who are his, 2 Tim. ii. 19.*

Answer. The text runneth thus, *Hymenæus and Philetus have erred from the truth, saying that the resurrection is past already, and have overthrown the faith of some, ver. 19. But the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth who are his; and let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.* Where observe,

1st. That by the foundation of God, we are to understand the doctrine of the Resurrection which is the foundation of the Church, it being built upon this promise, that *the gates of hell shall not prevail against it*, or that the living members of Christ's body shall after death obtain a happy resurrection; this also is the foundation of our faith and hope, 1 Cor. xv. 19. Now to this fundamental doctrine God saith he hath set this seal, for confirmation of it, viz. *the Lord knoweth who are his*, that is, 1st. He loveth and approveth of them; so God knew his people *Israel*, Deut. ii. 7. Amos iii. 1. and so *if any man love God, he is known of God*, 2 Cor. viii. 3.

2dly. To

2dly. To reward them; so *God knoweth the way of the righteous*, Psalm i. 6. and so *Christ knows his sheep*, John x. 14. 27, as to *give unto them life eternal*. But,

2dly. It is observable that these words are taken from Numbers xvi. 5. where *Corah, Dathan, and Abiram* rise up against *Moses* and *Aaron*, declaring *they took too much upon them*, the one to be their Prophet and God's Vicegerent over them; the other to be their High-Priest, whom God had consecrated to his peculiar service above all others of the house of *Levi*. Now to this imputation, saith the *Septuagint*, *Moses* replies, *ἐγὼς ὁ θεὸς τὴς ἐκλογῆς αὐτῶν*, *God knoweth who are his*, and by him separated to his service, and will maintain their cause against all opposers, as in that instance he did in a wonderful manner, causing the earth to open and swallow them up; so also will God own us his Apostles and Ministers, against *Hymenæus* and *Philetus*, against all that set up against us and our doctrine. As therefore *Moses* said them to the *Israelites*, *Depart ye from the tents of these men, and be ye separated, and they departed*; so say I now to all Christians, *let them depart from iniquity*, and so from these pernicious doctrines which *increase to ungodliness*, and cause men to *make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience*: so that this text taken in either sense, hath no relation to the doctrine of Absolute Election.

[To be continued.]



S E R M O N XXIX.

ON PHILIPPIANS ii. 12, 13.

Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

1. **S**OME great Truths, as the Being and Attributes of God, and the difference between Moral Good and Evil, were known in some measure to the Heathen world;
the

the traces of them are to be found in all nations: so that in some sense it may be said to every child of man, *He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; even to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.* With this truth he has in some measure *enlightened every one that cometh into the world.* And hereby they that *have not the law*, that have no written law, *are a law unto themselves.* They shew the work of the law, the substance of it, though not the letter, *written in their hearts*, by the same hand which wrote the commandments on the table of stone: *their conscience also bearing them witness*, whether they act suitably thereto or not.

2. But there are two grand heads of doctrine, which contain many truths of the most important nature, of which the most enlightened Heathens in the ancient world were totally ignorant; as are also the most intelligent Heathens, that are now on the face of the earth: I mean those which relate to the eternal Son of God, and the Spirit of God; to the Son, giving himself to be *a propitiation for the sins of the world*; and to the Spirit of God, renewing men in that image of God wherein they were created. For after all the pains which ingenious and learned men have taken, that great man, the Chevalier *Ramfay* in particular, to find some resemblance of these truths, in the immense rubbish of Heathen Authors, the resemblance is so exceeding faint, as not to be discerned but by a very lively imagination. Beside that even this resemblance, faint as it was, is only to be found in the discourses of a very few, and those were the most improved and deeply thinking men, in their several generations, while the innumerable multitudes that surrounded them, were little better for the knowledge of the Philosophers; but remained as totally ignorant even of these capital truths, as were the beasts that perish.

3. Certain it is, that these truths were never known to the vulgar, the bulk of mankind, to the generality of men in any

any nation, till they were brought to light by the gospel. Notwithstanding a spark of knowledge glimmering here and there, the whole earth was covered with darkness, till the Sun of Righteousness arose, and scattered the shades of night. Since this Day-spring from on high has appeared, a great light hath shined unto those, who till then, sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. And thousands of them in every age have known, *that God so loved the world, as to give his only Son, to the end that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish but have everlasting life.* And being entrusted with the oracles of God, they have known that *God hath also given us his Holy Spirit, who worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.*

4. How remarkable are those words of the Apostle, which precede these? *Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who being in the form of God, the incommunicable nature of God from eternity, counted it no act of robbery, (that is the precise meaning of the word) no invasion of any other's prerogative; but his own unquestionable right, to be equal with God.* The word implies both the *fulness* and the *supreme height* of the Godhead. To which are opposed the two words, *he emptied, and he humbled himself.* He *emptied himself* of that divine fulness, veiled his fulness from the eyes of men and angels, *taking, and by that very act emptying himself, the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man, a real man like other men. And being found in fashion as a man, a common man, without any peculiar beauty or excellency, he humbled himself to a still greater degree, becoming obedient to God, though equal with him, even unto death, yea the death of the cross, the greatest instance both of humiliation and obedience.*

Having proposed the Example of Christ, the Apostle exhorts them to secure the salvation which Christ hath purchased for them. *Wherefore work out your own salvation with*
fear

fear and trembling: for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

In these comprehensive words we may observe,

First, That grand truth, which ought never to be out of our remembrance, *It is God that worketh in us both to will and do of his own good pleasure:*

Secondly, The improvement we ought to make of it, *Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling:*

Thirdly, The connexion between them: *It is God that worketh in you: therefore work out your own salvation.*

I. 1. First we are to observe that great and important Truth which ought never to be out of our remembrance, *It is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.* The meaning of these words may be made more plain, by a small transposition of them. *It is God that of his good pleasure worketh in you both to will and to do.* This position of the words, connecting the phrase *of his good pleasure* with the word *worketh*, removes all imagination of Merit from man, and gives God the whole glory of his own work. Otherwise we might have had some room for boasting, as if it were our own Desert, some Goodness in us, or some good thing done by us, which first moved God to work. But this expression cuts off all such vain conceits, and clearly shews, his motive to work lay wholly in himself: in his own mere grace, in his unmerited mercy.

2. It is by this alone he is impelled to work in man both to will and to do. The expression is capable of two interpretations; both of which are unquestionably true. First, *To will*, may include the whole of Inward; *to do*, the whole of Outward Religion. And if it be thus understood, it implies, That it is God that worketh both Inward and Outward Holiness. Secondly, *To will*, may imply every good Desire; *to do*, whatever results therefrom. And then the sentence means, God breathes into us every good desire, and brings every good Desire to good effect.

3. The original words *το θέλειν* and *τό ενεργεῖν* seem to favour the latter construction *τὸ θέλειν*, which we render *to will*, plainly including every good Desire, whether relating to our Tempers, Words, or Actions; to inward or outward Holiness. And *τὸ ενεργεῖν*, which we render *to do*, manifestly implies all that power from on high; all that energy which works in us every right Disposition, and then furnishes us for every good word and work.

4. Nothing can so directly tend to hide pride from man, as a deep, lasting conviction of this. For if we are thoroughly sensible, that we have nothing which we have not received, how can we glory as if we had not received it. If we know and feel, that the very first motion of good is from above, as well as the power which conducts it to the end: if it is God that not only infuses every good desire, but that accompanies and follows it, else it vanishes away; then it evidently follows, that *he who glorieth must glory in the Lord*.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Some Account of Mr. JOHN PRITCHARD.

[Written by Himself.]

I Was born in December, 1746, at *Arthbay*, in the county of *Meath*, in *Ireland*. My father was a Protestant; my mother was of the Romish persuasion: and both were zealous for their Religion.

My father brought up his children according to the best light he had.—One evening, while I was playing with the other boys, he heard me swear. On this he took me by the hand, led me into the house, laid me on his knee, and whipped me till the blood came. From that hour to this I believe I never swore one profane oath.

While

While very young, I was put to school. While learning to read, I met with these words, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The impression they made on me never wore off, till I knew experimentally what they meant.

Whilst I was a lad, I prayed earnestly night and morning. I also prayed at other times, when my mind was drawn out after God, as it very sensibly was from the age of five or six, to that of fourteen. During these years I could weep and pray for hours together.

About this time I was much awakened by a horrid murder committed near *Castle-pollard*, in the county of *West-Meath*. The manner was nearly as follows:—Three men, *Gerroughty*, *Hughes* and *Murray*, with two women, went one dark and tempestuous night, about eleven o'clock, to the house of one *Mr. Nangle*. Upon their entering, they found the Cook-maid, Kitchen-maid, and Scullion-boy, whom they killed on the spot. From thence they went up stairs, entered the chamber where the Master and Mistress lay, and finding them asleep, *Gerroughty* with an iron bar, of an inch square, made a blow at *Mr. Nangle's* right arm, which broke it in two. On this *Mrs. Nangle* rushed out of the room, and in the hurry, the candle which *Murray* held went out, and he fainted away; (for *Murray* was compelled by the other two to go with them.) *Hughes* ran down stairs to light the candle, whilst *Gerroughty* and *Mr. Nangle* were engaged with each other: and although his arm was broke, he got his antagonist under him; and had but *Mrs. Nangle* staid to assist him, he would probably have conquered them. All this time, *Gerroughty* was calling upon *Hughes* to come and help him; who coming at last, stabbed *Mr. Nangle* nine times before he left his hold. *Gerroughty* then dispatched him with a blow. Their next work was to go in pursuit of *Mrs. Nangle*, whom they found with the Child and Nurse in the Nursery. They cut her's and the Nurse's throat. Then they came to the Child, about five years old, who cried out in the Irish tongue,

“James! James! (*Hughes* had lately been a servant in the family; and his mother nursed Mr. *Nangle* and him at the same time, so that the child knew him well) surely you will not kill me, as you have killed my Mamma!” The words so penetrated the savage’s heart, that he would have spared him; but *Gerroughty* would not, saying, what he says to-day, he can say to-morrow. So he caught him by the legs and dashed his head against the wall. Returning to the maid, and striking her with the iron bar, he left her (as he thought) for dead. After this they went in search of the Men-servants, but found none.

They had now only to plunder the house, handing out what they found to the women that waited to receive the plunder, after which they set the house on fire. At that time there was a Gentleman, a relation to the family, lying in one of the upper apartments; but they did not think it worth their while to lose any time upon him, concluding he would be consumed in the flames: and so he must have been but for a greyhound that was in the same room with him; which, when the fire came toward it, got upon his Master, who was fast asleep, and tore off the bed-clothes from him. When he awoke, he climbed up to the window, and sat there till help should come.

Soon after, a servant that was abroad, returning home, found the house in flames. He concluded the family were asleep; and getting in through one of the windows, ran up stairs to his Master’s chamber. But on opening the door, and going in, fell over him, while he lay gasping out his last. Hence he was convinced the house was not accidentally set on fire. On this, he carried his Master out, and laid him against the wall; and went in search of his Mistress. Not finding her in her own bed, he went to the Nursery, where he found three of them in a deplorable condition; but the Child and the Maid were not quite dead; these he carried out also. He then went to seek the Maids, but in vain, being murdered in the kitchen, which was by this time almost in ashes. He
then

then ran better than a mile to awaken the adjacent village. When he returned, he found the good, old man, sitting in the window, whom he just saved, by reaching him a ladder. All this time the murderers were in the garden.

The next day, the country being alarmed, the inhabitants came together; found the house in ruins; the Master and Mistress dead; the Child half dead, but who yet lived thirty hours after. The two Maids and the Kitchen-Boy were dug out of the ruins; the Nurse only was in a possibility of recovery. But God would not suffer the wicked to go unpunished. For *Hughes* got drunk on the very day of the funeral, and wanting to be rude with the servant of the public house, on his offering her a purse of money, she told her Mistress, who sent a young man to the room who knew him. On this, he strove to escape, but was quickly taken and carried before Lord *Longford*; to whom, after awhile, he related the whole affair, and impeached his accomplices, who were soon apprehended, and sent to *Mullingar*, and at the next assizes were condemned, and hung in chains near the place where the murder was committed. This awful event made a deep impression on my mind, and was a means of stirring me up to seek the Lord with greater earnestness.

I was about fifteen when Providence led me to *Longford*. My father being a Builder, was employed by the Lord of the place to carry on some buildings for him. It was here I first knew the Methodists, of whom I took particular notice: their going to Church constantly pleased me much; being myself regular in attending all the ordinances. Yet I was often uneasy, which I strove to cure, by doing something more. But afterwards, by going into loose company, I was soon led away from my former exercise of Prayer and receiving the Sacrament. In awhile I could walk the streets at night, and run from one excess of folly to another. Yet I could find no rest. There was a bitter herb mingled with all my
sweets,

sweets. Nay, the concern of my mind still increased, and every method I took to satisfy it proved abortive.

About this time I was sent to the Academy for Drawing, in *Dublin*; and through it I got a new set of acquaintances, which gave me a disrelish to every thing in the country: so that nothing would now do but a City-life; and yet I was not happy.

[*To be continued.*]

A brief Account of the Lord's Dealings with SARAH POWELL, who departed this Life, on Friday, May 21, 1784, aged Twenty-eight Years.

[*Concluded from page 407.*]

LORD'S-DAY, May 16th, she was visited by two other members of the Amicable Society, who asked her the following questions.

Member. How is it with your soul? Your body seems very weak.

S. P. "Jesus Christ is very precious to me, and has not left me a moment."

M. Dare you then venture your soul on Him?

S. P. "O, yes if I had twenty souls!"

Being asked if she found herself a sinner?—She answered, "Yes, the chief of sinners!" She said, "I thank God that he ever, in his good Providence, sent any of the society to visit me; for if I had died in the state I was in before, I should have perished for ever."

M. You said just now you were a sinner; are you not then afraid to die?

S. P. "No. My Jesus has answered for me."

M. Do you wish to recover?

S. P.

S. P. "If it is the Lord's will, I had rather not."

M. Why have you no desire to recover?

S. P. "For fear my evil heart should lead me from the Lord."—They then went to prayer with her: and before they left her, took her by the hand, and said, The peace of God be with you! She answered, "His peace is with me."

On Monday, May 17th, she was visited by Mr. G. and another member. Upon their entering the room she seemed so intense in prayer as not to observe them. After several questions put to her, she answered, in the language of the most exalted faith, that she knew Jesus to be *her* Saviour—that she had not the *least doubt* of her interest in him—that his blood had *cleansed* her—that he was *very precious* to her—that death was *no terror* to her—and that *her desire* was to be with him.

It was then said to her, You may yet suffer much more in your body—are you willing to bear it? She replied, "Yes." Would you not be ready to think hard of Jesus, was he to lay heavier sufferings upon you? After a short pause, she said, "No." Being then asked, Why? What would you think if such was the Lord's will? She replied with amazing firmness, "I should think he did it to increase my blessings."

Wednesday, May 19th, she was visited by a member of the society, who had visited her before with Mr. G. who asked the following questions.

M. Well, sister, how do you find yourself?

S. P. "Happy!—happy!—very happy!"

M. What, is the Friend of sinners still precious in your sight?

S. P. "O, yes! He is, indeed, very precious!"

M. What makes him so to you?

S. P. "Because he hath loved me, and washed me in his own blood."

M. Do you think it is in consequence of your loving him, that he has loved you so?

S. P. "Oh, no; I should never have loved him, if he had not loved me first."

She was this morning very weak, and hardly able to answer any more questions; but her soul seemed happy in the love of Jesus. She was frequently offering up prayers and praises to her blessed Lord; and in a low voice often singing. Being asked by her attendant, if she would have something to moisten her mouth; she declined it, saying, "Nothing will do my perishing body any service." When asked, if the member should spend a few moments in prayer; she smiling, thanked him and begged he would.

The following are a few of the many expressions she used in her last moments, taken down in writing by a lady who visited her, who communicated them to the Society. She said she was all sin;—but her Saviour had washed her in his precious blood; that his grace was sufficient for her—and she should want it to the last moment. She spoke about Lazarus and the rich man, and said, "If the Lord Jesus had not opened my eyes, I should have gone to hell; for I deserved it." She said, "The wisest of men are as ignorant of God as the most foolish, until their eyes are opened:"—and added, "O, who would have thought my blind eyes should see my dear Lord so clearly! and my heart be opened to him!—I am very weak; but I can hear if you will talk, though I cannot speak." She then had a convulsion-fit, and struggled hard. As soon as she recovered she said, "One step more to my blessed Lord! But I could take a thousand steps; yet I can wait his time; and I am ready to go this minute. She prayed continually; and said, "I praise God for sending the person who first visited me. O, I am happier than a King or a Queen, because I am washed in my Saviour's blood." Upon leaving her, she began to sing—Jesus, Lover
of

of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, &c. a verse of a hymn she had learned since first visited.

Being asked, if she freely forgave a person who had used her very unkindly? She answered, "O, yes; I am now praying for him: and added, Do you pray for him, and desire the Lord's people, who visited me, to pray that the Lord would change his heart."

A little before her death, she said to her attendant, "I am now going to leave you.—I leave the washing of my dying body to you; but my blessed Jesus hath washed my soul in his own precious blood. I would be clean within and without." She then sent for one to come to her, and desired him to go to prayer:—and after taking an affectionate leave of those who attended her, like holy *Stephen*, she sweetly slept in the arms of her beloved Jesus, *calling upon the name of the Lord!*



Account of Mr. THOMAS WADSWORTH.

MR. THOMAS WADSWORTH, was born in *London*, Dec. 15, 1630. He was so weak in the first month of his life, by a thrush in his throat, that the milk, for want of passage, came out at his nose, and he was given over for dead: but by a wonderful Providence, beyond all expectation, he was on a sudden recovered. About the sixteenth year of his age he was sent to *Christ-College in Cambridge*, under the tuition of *Dr. Outram*, who had a great value for him to his dying day. While he was there he made a good proficiency in that learning which might help to promote his usefulness in the service of God and his Church, which he was designed for; and he was useful while he was at the College. For a young scholar of good parts falling sick, did on his death-bed send for him, and owned him, for his

spiritual father. He very much improved in spiritual knowledge while at the University, and when but Bachelor of Arts, gained great respect by his Academical Exercise; but being called home upon the sickness of his father, he employed his talents near home as opportunity offered. He gave evident proof of his excellent gifts and endowments; and on the death of Mr. *Morton*, of *Newington-Butts*, he was fixed in that Rectory, Feb. 16, 1652. The parishioners were divided into two parties, and both went up to *Westminster* with their petitions, though neither party knew the other's mind, yet he was the person that was pitched on by both sides. At this time he was chosen Fellow of Christ-College, and accepted of the charge at *Newington*, where he was unanimously desired; and it pleased God to give him abundant success. But in August 1660, Mr. *Meggs* vouched himself to be the legal Rector of *Newington*, and forced Mr. *Wadsworth* to resign it to him. Though Mr. *Meggs* acknowledged sometime before his death, that he had no such title to *Newington* as he had pretended. He now preached on the Lord's-day in the morning; and at five o'clock in the evening at St. *Antholine's*, and on Monday nights at St. *Margaret's* on *Fish-street-hill*, where he had a great concourse of hearers. He was chosen by the parishioners of St. *Laurence, Poultney*, to be their Minister; and so he continued till he was ejected in 1662. His parishioners desired him to give them a sermon on the Saturday night before the act of Uniformity took place; and he complied, though they did not make the motion till he was at dinner that day. They named a text, which was Malachi iii. 16: *Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, &c.* He accordingly preached his farewell sermon from those words, which was no very difficult thing to him, who often told his friends that if he had but a little time for premeditation he never wanted words in his Master's work. He was indeed an extraordinary person, one of singular piety, and constantly bent upon promoting

promoting holiness wherever he came. He would reprove sin in any person of what rank or quality soever: but had no great fondness for conversing with the rich; unless he could prevail with them to acts of Charity. If he heard one Christian speak with warmth against another, he would often say, that in all likelihood they meant better than they had expressed themselves. And would frequently give this as a rule upon another's words or actions. "If a good sense can be put upon them, never take them in a bad one." He was betimes inclined to sanctify the Sabbath, and continued in that disposition all his days: as soon as he was out of his bed on that day, it was his constant practice for many years, with a cheerful heart and voice to sing a psalm or hymn, or the acclamation of the heavenly host, Glory to God in the highest! &c. in order to get into a spiritual frame for the work of the day. And in his family, his heart was greatly raised in singing psalms on the Lord's-day, and would often say to his wife and other relatives, "Do not you find a sweetness in this day? Certainly it is the sweetest day in all the week!" In all his relations he was greatly beloved, and singularly useful. He was a mighty man in prayer, and often used to admonish his friends, to watch for opportunities to seek God by prayer in private. His health required him to be much in the country. Mr. *Parsons* was his assistant; and divided himself between two congregations. His charity to his distressed Brethren in the ministry was great, and he frequently made collections for them; and had a singular faculty to dispose his hearers to give liberally. When in perfect health he was thoughtful about changes, and often prayed that the Lord would prepare him and his, for sickness, death and parting. About half a year before his last sickness he was visited with exceeding sharp pain: and said when it was over, "I would not have been without it, to have been without those joys I have felt by it." For many years he performed his hard, but pleasing work under a sore disorder

from the stone in the reins, which at last brought him to his end. After preaching his last sermon he endured a week of extreme pain both day and night, in which he possessed his soul in more than ordinary patience. His pains returning after an interval of ease, he said, "Ah, vile sinner! God is carrying me back again into the wilderness to afflict me." When his pains were sharpest, he said, "I am in an agony, but not a bloody one: Lord, what are all my pains to what Christ underwent for me!" The evening before he died, Mr. *Bragge* asked him how he did? He said, "I have been under a sharp rod, but it was what my heavenly Father saw good to lay upon me; for he said, As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. This is a paradox to the world, but his everlasting arms are underneath me: and I bless God he hath taken all the terror of death quite away from me." He said to Mr. *Parsons*, his fellow-labourer, "All my self-righteousness I disown, and I trust only in Christ, and hope that I have a gospel righteousness." When one asked him if he had not the testimony of a good conscience? He replied, "I have served God in sincerity, and can truly say, I have believed and therefore have I spoken." When those about him pitied him on account of his great pains, he repeated those words, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, &c. You, said he, see what my pains are, but you do not know the consolation I feel. O how sweet will my glory and triumph be after these sharp pains!" When his relations wept about him, he said, "What! are you troubled that God is calling home his children! If you think that I am afraid of death, you are mistaken, for I have no fear of death upon me." And when his pains were the sharpest, he only said, "Father pity thy child!" He died on the Lord's-day, October 29, 1676, when he was near forty-six years old.

Account of Mr. RICHARD WAVEL.

MR. RICHARD WAVEL, was born at *Lemeston* in the *Isle of Whight*, April 3, 1633. His father was a strong cavalier, but bred up his son to learning, to which he was much inclined. After he had made a good proficiency at a Grammar-School, he was sent to *Magdalen-College, Oxon*, where he continued till he was Bachelor of Arts; and then he was sent to live with Mr. *Rayner*, of *Eggham*, in *Surrey*: where he studied Divinity under his direction. When he was duly qualified for the pulpit, Mr. *Rayner* employed him to preach for him one part of the Lord's-day; and as he married his wife's daughter, he assisted him as long as he continued to officiate in his Church. When the Act of Uniformity took place, he was wholly left to seek a livelihood. He was offered a living of two hundred pounds a year if he would have conformed. But not being able to satisfy his conscience to do that, he cast himself upon the Providence of God. Being asked by a friend about that time, whether he could live upon a good conscience? his answer was, that a little with a good conscience would satisfy him. He therefore fixed in a Grammar-School, and for a while met with good encouragement; but afterwards was so molested with Citations, that he was obliged to give it up: though he continued still to preach privately at *Eggham*, in his own house, where he had a small auditory that helped to support him. But herein he was narrowly watched; and intimation was given from some above, that it was not well taken of Mr. *Thynne*, (who carried it very civilly to Mr. *Wavel*) to suffer a Conventical under his jurisdiction. Whereupon a warrant was issued out against his body and goods, and he was obliged to desist from preaching. But sometime after, upon the decease of Mr. *Palmer* he became preacher

to his people at *Pinner's-Hall*. The laws being then executed with great rigour against the Dissenters, he told the people he would venture his person, if they would venture their purses, which they did, and it was no small expence they were put to. For Mr. *Wavel* would preach three times a day at different places, and was often taken. Once he was obliged to give bail for his appearance at the sessions, and when the time came, held up his hand at the bar as a criminal, but came off by the favour of Sir *Henry Tulse*, who was at that time Lord Mayor. The title of Gentleman being given to Mr. *Wavel* in the indictment, one that sat upon the bench said, he knew not why he should be called a Gentleman. Sir *Henry* said, he is a Gentleman and my kinsman too, and I have coveted his acquaintance, but could never obtain it; and respectfully blamed Mr. *Wavel* for his reservedness. Sir *Henry* so wisely ordered matters that during Mr. *Wavel's* trial, the gentleman who was disposed to bear the hardest upon him was kept engaged in company, not expecting that the trial would come on so soon, and was not a little displeased when he found that the trial was over. He was one of a pleasant conversation, and much given to charity. He would often say, "If I cast my bread upon the waters, I am sure to find it after many days." When any sought to restrain him by reminding him of the number of his children, he would reply, "Mine will never want; their heavenly Father will provide what is necessary; and more than that is but hurtful." For the fortnight that he was ill before his death, he enjoyed a continued serenity of mind, expressing to those about him, his desire to depart, and rejoiced that his work was finished. A Minister who visited him, telling him that he had suffered much for Christ, his Master; his answer was, "He owes me nothing."—As he sat in his chair, he lifted up his hands and blessed his children: and as he was going to bed, he departed in great peace, December 19, 1705, in the seventy-second year of his age.

One who knew him well, gives this account of him. He was a person of great integrity. The many judicious observations he had made upon persons and things, which he was always ready to communicate, rendered his conversation very instructive. His preaching was plain and tended very much to exalt Christ and the grace of God through him: and yet it was his dying advice to the Church he had the care of, that they would choose one to succeed him, of whom they should have good ground to hope that he would preach Christ crucified more than he had done. He excelled in prayer: more especially upon particular occasions, to which he would apply scripture expressions, with a great deal of propriety. His income was never very considerable: and yet by the blessing of God upon his discreet management, he brought up a numerous family, to which he shewed a great tenderness to his dying day. It was his principle and constant practice to receive all whom Christ had received, without quarrels and controversies about doubtful things. It was a constant petition in his prayer, "Father glorify thy Name! Father glorify thy Son!" Often would he express these words with a warmth of desire, and a relish of delight, that is very remarkable.



To —, from an English Merchant, giving an account of the
Adventures of his Voyage.

[Concluded from page 412.]

IT was some months after he was gone, before I could finish my negotiations in Spain; when I embarked for Holland. We had not been long at sea before the ship was taken by a Turkish pirate, and all the men carried to Constantinople to be sold as slaves. My lot fell to a master from whom

whom I was like to receive most barbarous treatment; however, I was resolved that no hardship should reduce me to give *Orramel* an account of my distress, till I was again in circumstances not to need his kindness.

But Heaven had kinder intentions, nor left me long without redress. As I was talking in a public place to one of my fellow-slaves, *Orramel* came by; he passed beyond me, but instantly returned, looked on me with very great attention, till some melting sorrow dropped from his eyes; when making enquiry of some that were near, to whom I belonged, and being informed, without speaking a word to me, he flew to my new master, paid my ransom, and immediately conducted me to his house, where he welcomed me with the warmest marks of affection: he spoke—he paused—and was in the utmost perplexity to find language suitable to the sentiments of his soul.

“My brother! said he, my friend! or if there are more sacred ties in nature, let me call you by some gentler appellation: we are now united by the bonds of celestial amity, one in the same holy faith, and hopes of a glorious immortality: your charity rescued me from a worse than *Spanish* slavery, from the bondage of vice and superstition; your conduct banished my prejudices to the *Christian* name, and made way for the entrance of those heavenly truths, to which I now assent. But this is a secret, even to my own domestics; and whether such a caution is criminal, I am not yet able to determine.”

With what rapture did I listen to this language! I blessed the accents that told me my friend, my *Orramel* had embraced the Christian faith: an angel's song would have been less melodious; I looked upward, and with a grateful elevation of mind, gave the glory to the supreme Disposer of all human events. The instinct was from above, that moved me to ransom this young captive; thence was the
spring

spring of my compassion: it would be the most criminal arrogance, not to ascribe this action to the assisting Deity.

The illustrious *Orramel* made it his joy, his study, to evidence his affection: he told me his father died since we were in *Spain*, and that he had left five daughters, which he had by several of his wives. He offered me the choice of his sisters, if I had any thoughts of matrimony, and promised a dowry with her to my own content: one of them, he said, was privately bred a Christian, by her mother, a beautiful woman of *Armenia*. I was pleased with the proposal, and impatient to see my fair mistress. In the mean time he made me a present of several rich habits, and two negroes to attend me.

The next day, he conducted me to a fair summer-house, whither he sent for his sisters; they were all so handsome that I knew not where to chuse, had not a principle of piety determined me to the young Armenian; who was not superior in beauty to the rest, but there was a decorum in her behaviour which the others wanted. My choice was fixed, and the more I conversed with my fair mistress, the more reason I found to approve it. We were privately married by a Chaplain belonging to the British Envoy. My generous friend gave her a fortune, which abundantly repaid all my losses.

I have sent you this relation, as a memorial of my gratitude to Heaven; whose clemency has returned me more than measure for measure, and largely recompensed that liberality which it first inspired.

=====

A Question concerning Dew on Coach-Glasses.

WHEN two or three persons are in a coach, and draw up the glasses, it is observed they become so covered with dew, that we can scarce see through them:

but when that is once wiped off, there is no more dew gathered upon the glass, but it continues transparent. You will oblige your Readers with the reason of this phœnomenon.

The ANSWER.

The reason is, that in comparison of the moist vapours that come from the persons in the coach, the glass is cold and condenses them, remaining cold longer than any other part of the coach; as we find in damp weather, that marble will become wet by condensing the moisture of the air. Then by degrees, the glass partaking of the warmth of the persons in the coach, is no longer able to condense the floating vapours into water. The proof of this is plain by letting down the glass into its place, because there it cools, and then being brought up, it again condenses the vapour and gathers a dew; without which it would not condense the vapour, though in many hours travelling.

An Account of an EXPEDITION.

IN March 1655, Admiral *Blake* repaired to *Tunis*, and demanded satisfaction for the ravages they had committed on the English; together with the release of the English captives taken by their Corsairs during the civil war. The Dey depending on the strength of his fortifications, returned him an insolent answer: bid him seek redress from the castles of *Goletta* and *Port Ferino*; and even refused to supply them with water. Upon which *Blake* curled up his whiskers, as his manner was when any thing stung him to the heart; and in a council of war, resolved to attempt the destroying nine Moorish frigates then lying in the bay of *Porto Ferino*, and to dismount their fortifications.

This

This appeared to be a work of great difficulty; for batteries were raised along the shore, planted with a hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, and the harbour was also defended by a castle, which mounted twenty pieces more; and by several other smaller forts well provided both with small arms and ordnance. But all this was so far from discouraging our English heroes, that it did but animate them the more. Thus the Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and Rear-Admiral, warped up and cast anchor within musket-shot of the main fort, and fired whole broad-sides into the forts and batteries with great fury, while the rest of the men of war brought on the fire-ships.

By which means their cannon were soon silenced, their forts and batteries rendered useless, the guns all dismounted, and a great part of their works beaten down. So that the English without further interruption, sent their long-boats and shallops, which with the fire-ships entered the harbour, set fire to the nine ships, and burnt them to the very water-edge, with the loss only of twenty-five men killed, and forty-eight wounded.

The fleet then sailed for *Tripoli*, whose inhabitants readily submitted to the terms *Blake* thought convenient to impose upon them. Then returning to *Tunis*, and threatening to renew hostilities, the *Tuniscens* implored his mercy, and begged him to grant them peace; being ready to submit to whatever terms he should demand. And accordingly he obliged them to sign a peace, which was profitable and glorious to this country; and to deliver up all the English and Dutch slaves.

This daring action spread the terror of his name through *Africa* and *Asia*, whose piratical expeditions had been for a long time formidable to *Europe*; nay, the dread of his arms was so great, that the *Algerines*, when they met with any *Sallee* men of war, which had any English on board of them, forced those Rovers to deliver them up, and brought the captives to Admiral *Blake*, in order to gain his favour.

For some years this drubbing kept the Corsairs of *Barbary* within bounds; but in 1667, the *Algerines* commenced hostilities against the English and Dutch. Upon which Sir *Thomas Allen* was ordered to block up *Algiers*, who presently took and destroyed several of their ships; besides those that were sunk and forced on shore by the Dutch squadron, and some more English frigates, which scoured the seas of those pirates, though they had several ships from forty to sixty-six guns, and obliged the government of *Algiers* to release all the English captives, and to renew their treaties with the addition of some new articles to our advantage.

They again violated this treaty in 1672; and Sir *Edward Spragge*, being ordered to punish their perfidy, sailed to *Algiers*, and demanded satisfaction; but not receiving the satisfactory answer required, he sailed from thence with six frigates and three fire-ships, to make an attempt on a considerable number of the Corsairs which lay at *Pingia*, the most considerable of their towns next to *Algiers*. Being come before the place he broke the boom, which lay across the entrance; and though he had lost company of two fire ships, forced the Barbarians ashore; and then going in he burnt nine of their best ships, from twenty-four to thirty-four guns, with three prizes under the guns of their castle. After which he burnt another of their ships of war near *Tadellis*; and Capt. *Beach* brought in another ship of forty guns and three hundred and fifty men, which he had taken.

These advices so terrified the *Turks*, and put them into such confusion and disorder, that they struck off the head of their Dey, and set up another, whom they obliged to come to an agreement with our Admiral.

And no doubt were the same means used to punish the piracies and insolence of these Barbarians in our time, we should obtain the same satisfaction as our fore-fathers. And it is also evident that nothing but force can give weight to any treaty with such perfidious enemies.

Sir ROBERT SOUTHWELL's *Method to make FRUIT and FLOWERS grow in the Winter; also his manner of preserving Fruit and Flowers the whole year.*

TAKE up trees by the roots in Spring, just as they put forth their buds, preserving some of their own earth about the roots; set them standing upright in a cellar until Michaelmas; then put them into vessels, with an addition of more earth, and bring them into a stove, taking care to moisten the earth every morning with rain water, in a quart of which you must dissolve the bigness of a walnut of *salt armoniac*; and about Lent fruit will appear.

As to flowers take good earthen pots, and therein sow your seed at Michaelmas, watering in the same manner with the like water, and by Christmas you will have flowers, as tulips, lilies, &c.

This and the other may be done in a good warm kitchen, and such days as the sun shines you may set them] forth for some hours.

Take salt petre one pound, bole armoniac two pounds, ordinary clean sand three pounds; mix all together, and observe this proportion in other quantities. Then in dry weather take fruit of any sort that is not fully ripe, each with its stalk; put them one by one, into an open glass till it be full; then cover it with an oily cloth, close tied down; then in a dry cellar put each four fingers under ground, and so as that quite round each glass, and above and below, there remain two fingers thick of the said mixture. Flowers also may be used in the same manner.

Some REMARKS on Mr. H's Account of the Gentoo Religion
in Indostan.

[Concluded from page 428.]

10. **I** Am in the third place, to observe some instances of Mr. H's esteem for the Christian Bible. "I profess myself, says he, an unworthy, though zealous subscriber to the pure original scripture." But for fear you should not understand him, he immediately adds, "And propagate no system, but what coincides with *every religious creed, that has been or is now professed*, throughout the known world." With *every religious creed*! Nay, if it coincides with Paganism or Mahometanism, it certainly does not coincide with Christianity. For both of these, you well know, are irreconcilable with that book which the Christians receive as the word of God.

11. Let us observe more particularly, what esteem Mr. H. has, for Moses, the Law, the Prophets, and the New Testament.

As to the first, he avers, "The detail which *Moses* gives of the Creation and the Fall of Man, is clogged with too many incomprehensible circumstances, to gain our belief that it can be understood literally." Hence arises his anger at what he calls *Milton's diabolical conceits*: because *Milton* has shewn that detail to be not only simple, easy, and comprehensible, but consistent with the highest reason, and altogether worthy of God. Again. "To suppose the Indians less the care of God than the Israelites,"—that is to suppose he ever had a peculiar people, whom He regarded more than other nations, which it is certain *Moses* every where supposes, "this is to arraign his justice."

12. As to the law of *Moses*, he decently affirms, "Nothing but the devil himself could have invented bloody sacrifices, so manifestly repugnant to the true Spirit of Devotion, and abhorrent to (abhorred of) God."

This is a home thrust both at the Mosaic Law, and at *St. Paul*, who asserts, that *Without shedding of blood there is no remission*.

13. As to the Prophets, he cuts them all off at a stroke. For "God's prescience of the actions of Free-Agents, is utterly repugnant and contradictory to the very nature and essence of Free-Agency." If so, either man is a mere machine, or there never was any prophecy from the beginning of the world. Consequently *Isaiah* and all the Prophets were mere impostors; yea, and *Jesus of Nazareth* too.

This strikes at the New as well as the Old Testament; for it contains numerous prophecies. So here the mask quite falls off. Accordingly he laughs at the "reveries of *Paul*," and tells us, in express terms, that "only the words of *Christ* are the pure original scripture." Nay, and not all of them, for some of them are predictions of the actions of Free-Agents.

14. And lest you should draw any argument in favour of Christianity, from the death of the martyrs, he tells you (and they may believe it that can) "The contempt of death, is the character of the Gentoo nation. Every Gentoo meets death with a steady, noble, and philosophical resignation. But how can we reconcile this, with the character he gives of them elsewhere? His words are, "The Gentoos in general are as degenerate, crafty and wicked a people, as any in the known world, if not eminently more so."

15. To finish all, and to compleat the full contrast between the doctrines of the Bible and the *Shastah*; he adds, "The *fundamental points* of religion were imprest on the heart of man at his creation. The *principles of these primitive, original*

original truths, graven on the souls of all men are these, 1. The being of a God, who is the Creator and Preserver of all things : 2. The existence of three prime, created Beings : 3. The creation of Angels : 4. The rebellion of part of them, and their fall from heaven : 5. The immortality of the Soul : 6. A state of future Rewards and Punishments : 7. That man is now in a state of punishment, for sins committed in a prior state : 8. That one Angel tempted the other Angels, and is now the Tempter of men : 9. That one or more Mediators are necessary, to bring men back to God : 10. That there is an intermediate State of Punishment and Purification, between Death and Heaven : 11. The existence of a Golden Age, wherein men used no Animal Food : and 12. The ministration of Angels. These were the primitive Truths revealed by God to man, and the *only one necessary to men's salvation.*

16. What a strange Hotchpotch is here ! What a wonderful jumble of truth and falsehood together ! Are these twelve Articles of his Creed the *fundamental points of Religion* ? And are they all so impress'd on the heart of every man as never to be effaced ? Why, they never were impress'd on my mind yet : several of them I no more believe than I do the *Koran*. I never met with an American Indian who believed half of them ; nor an uninstructed African who believed one of them ; unless perhaps the being of a God. And is the belief of these Propositions *necessary to man's salvation* ? I cannot but repeat the observation, wherein Experience confirms me more and more, viz : " They that do not believe the Bible, will believe any thing." They may believe *Voltaire* : or the *Shastah*. They may believe, that a man is able to put himself into a Quart Bottle.

PHARAMOND'S *Edict against* DUELS.

*Pharamond, King of the Gauls, to all his loving Subjects,
sendeth greeting:*

WHEREAS it has come to our royal notice and observation, that in contempt of all laws, divine and human, it is of late become a custom among the nobility and gentry of this our kingdom, upon slight and trivial, as well as great and urgent provocations, to invite each other into the field, there, by their own hands, and of their own authority, to decide their controversies by combat; we have thought fit to take the said custom into our royal consideration, and find, upon enquiry into usual causes whereon such fatal decisions have arisen, that by this wicked custom, maugre all the precepts of our holy Religion, and the rules of right Reason, the greatest act of the human mind, *forgiveness of injuries*, is become vile and shameful; that the rules of good society and virtuous conversation are hereby inverted; that the loose, the vain, and the impudent, insult the careful, the discreet, and the modest; that all virtue is suppressed, and all vice supported, in the one act, of being capable to dare to the death. We have also further, with great sorrow of mind, observed that this dreadful action, by long impunity, (our royal attention being employed upon matters of more general concern) is become honourable, and the refusal to engage in it ignominious. In these our royal cares and enquiries, we are yet farther made to understand, that the persons of most eminent worth, and most hopeful abilities, accompanied with the strongest passion for true glory, are such as are most liable to be involved in the dangers arising from this licence. Now

taking the said premises into our serious consideration, and well weighing that all such emergencies (wherein the mind is incapable of commanding itself, and where the injury is too sudden or too exquisite to be borne) are particularly provided for by laws heretofore enacted; and that the qualities of less injuries, like those of ingratitude, are too nice, and delicate to come under general rules; we do resolve to blot this fashion, or wantonness of anger, out of the minds of our subjects, by our royal resolutions declared in this edict as follow:

No person who either sends or accepts a challenge, or the posterity of either, though no death ensues thereupon, shall be, after the publication of this our edict, capable of bearing office in these our dominions.

The person who shall prove the sending or receiving a challenge, shall receive to his own use and property, the whole personal estate of both parties; and their real estate shall be immediately vested in the next heir of the offenders, in as ample a manner as if the said offenders were actually deceased.

In cases where the laws (which we have already granted to our subjects) admit of an appeal for blood; when the criminal is condemned by the said appeal, he shall not only suffer death, but his whole estate, real, mixed, and personal, shall from the hour of his death be vested in the next heir of the person whose blood he spilt.

That it shall not hereafter be in our real power, or that of our successors, to pardon the said offences, or restore the offenders to their estates, honour, or blood for ever.

Given at our Court, at Blois, the 8th of February, 420, in the second year of our reign.

*The above words be signed of
A. U. S.*

OF PEDANTRY.

[*Extracted from a late Author.*]

A Man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and peculiar way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the playhouses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court? He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of ombre. When he has gone thus far he has shewn you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any farther conversation. What are these but rank pedants? And yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant who always talks in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodgements and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the law-pedant, that is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster-Hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances

of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state-pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either the Kings of *Spain*, or *Poland*, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Gazette*, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere any thing, is an insipid pedantick character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants, the book-pedant is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised understanding, and a head which is full, though confused, so that a man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of pedants among learned men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common sense, and have read a number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of solid and useful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuscript, you would take him for the glory of the Commonwealth of Letters, and the wonder of his age; when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a sentence in proper commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

run up to rank weeds, which were, at the time when we passed it, as high as our horses backs.'

Acra had anciently the name of *Accho*, and is one of the places out of which the Children of *Israel* could not drive the primitive inhabitants, *Judges* i. 31. Being in after-times enlarged by *Ptolemy* the first, it was called by him, from his own name, *Ptolemais*. But now, since it hath been in the possession of the Turks, it has (according to the example of many other cities in Turkey) cast off its Greek, and recovered some semblance of its old Hebrew name again; being called *Acca*, or *Acra*.

This city was for a long time the theatre of contention between the Christians and Infidels; till at last, after having divers times changed its masters, it was by a long siege finally taken by the Turks, and ruined by them in such a manner, as if they had thought, they could never take a full revenge upon it for the blood it had cost them. As to its situation, it enjoys all possible advantages both of sea and land. On its North and East sides it is compassed with a spacious and fertile plain; on the West it is washed by the Mediterranean sea, and on the South by a large bay, extending from the city, as far as *Mount Carmel*.

But notwithstanding all these advantages, it has never been able to recover itself, since its last fatal overthrow. For besides a large *Kane*, in which the French factors have taken up their quarters, and a mosque, and a few poor cottages, you see nothing here but a vast and spacious ruin. It is such a ruin however, as sufficiently demonstrates the strength of the place in former times. It appears to have been encompassed, on the land-side, by a double wall defended with towers at small distances: and without the walls are ditches, ramparts, and a kind of bastions with hewn stone. In the fields without these works we saw, scattered up and down upon the ground, several large balls of stone, of at least thirteen or fourteen inches diameter; which were part of
the

the ammunition used in battering the city ; guns being then unknown. Within the walls there still appear several ruins, which seem to distinguish themselves from the general heap, by some marks of a greater strength and magnificence. As first, Those of the Cathedral Church dedicated to *St. Andrew*, which stands not far from the sea-side, more high and conspicuous than the other ruins. Secondly, The Church of *St. John* the tutelar saint of this city. Thirdly, The Convent of the Knights, Hospitallers ; a place whose remaining walls sufficiently testify its ancient strength. And not far from the Convent, the palace of the grand Master of that Order. The magnificence of which, may be guessed from a large stair-case, and part of a Church still remaining in it. Fourthly, Some remains of a large Church formerly belonging to a Nunnery, of which they tell this memorable story. The Turks having pressed this city with a long and furious siege, at last entered it by storm, May 29, 1291. In which great extremity, the Abbess of this Nunnery, fearing lest she, and those under her care, might be forced to submit to such beastialities, as are usual in cases of that deplorable nature, used this cruel, but generous means for securing both herself and them. She summoned all her flock together, and exhorted them to cut and mangle their faces, as the only way to preserve their virgin purity : and to shew how much she was in earnest, she immediately began before them all, to make herself an example of her own counsel. The nuns were so animated by this heroical resolution, and pattern of the Abbess, that they began instantly to follow her example, cutting off their noses, and disfiguring their faces, with such terrible gashes, as might excite horror, rather than lustful desires in the beholders. The consequence of which was, that the soldiers breaking into the Nunnery, and seeing, instead of those beautiful ladies they expected, such tragical spectacles, took a revenge for their disappointed lusts by putting them all to the sword. Thus restoring them, as in
charity

charity we may suppose, to a new and inviolable beauty. But to go on; many other ruins here are of Churches, Palaces, Monasteries, Forts, &c. extending far more than half a mile in length; in all which you may discern marks of so much strength, as if every building in the city had been contrived for war and defence.

But that which pleased us most at *Acra*, was to find the French Consul, Monsieur *l'Empereur* there; who had been so generous, as to make a halt of two days, in expectation of our arrival. But he had staid to the utmost extent of his time, and therefore resolved to set forward again the next morning. Our greatest difficulty was to determine which road to take, whether that upon the coast by *Cæsarea* and *Joppa*; or that by *Nazareth*, or a middle way between both the other, over the plain of *Esdraelon*.

The cause of this uncertainty was, the embroilments that were then amongst the Arabs; which made us desirous to keep as far as possible out of their way. It is the policy of the Turks, always to sow divisions amongst these wild people, by setting up several Heads over their tribes, often deposing the old, and placing new ones in their stead: by which art they create contrary parties amongst them, preventing them from ever uniting under any one Prince; which if they should have the sense to do, (being so numerous and almost the sole inhabitants thereabouts) they might shake off the Turkish yoke, and make themselves supreme lords of the country.

But however useful these discords may be to the Turks in this respect, yet a stranger is sure to suffer by them; being made a prey to each party, according as he happens to come in their way: avoiding which abuses, we resolved to take the middle way, as the most secure at this time.

[To be continued.]

A STORY taken from JOSEPHUS.

GLAPHYRA, the daughter of King *Archelaus*, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her thus; "*Glaphyra*, thou hast made good the old saying, That women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and a third; nay, to take for thy husband a man who has so shamefully crept into the bed of his brother? However for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever." *Glaphyra* told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after.

I thought this story might not be impertinent, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of divine Providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue.

Of the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

THE proofs of the Immortality of the soul are drawn, *First*, From the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, From its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that sweet satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full grown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself
with

with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

——— *Hæres*

Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.

Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 175.

—— Heir crowds on heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave.

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious beings for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom that shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

There is not a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on

from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim that now appears as a god to a human soul, knows that the period will come, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and preserves his distance, and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands prepossessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge? such inexhausted sources of perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw near to another to all eternity, without a possibility of touching it. And can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness!



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCLXXVII.

[From the Rev. R. M. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Harbour-Island, Sept. 16, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

A Few days ago I received your kind letter, and count it a privilege to have an opportunity of telling you the cause of my heavy afflictions.

On the 26th of December 1741, I was married to M. R——, a Widow: not by choice; but partly by constraint. For she told me, that if I did not come on that day and marry her, she would the next day poison herself, and the child; and added, that she had the dose prepared: solemnly protesting she would not have a bastard. I being young and inexperienced believed her: and only to prevent her doing such a horrid thing, went and married her; and then left her the same day, and came to London.

Sometime after, I heard she had a son, who died; and that presently after she was brought to-bed, was married to an Irishman, who took her with him into Ireland. From that time I never heard of her being in England.

The reasons why I left her were, First, She betrayed me into sin at the time I committed it. Secondly, I could never love her. And Thirdly, The day we were married she told me, she had made herself miscarry before then; but could not do it now, or she would not have troubled me. I asked, When? She said, When her first husband died she was with child, and then she made herself miscarry: which, when I heard, compleated my resolution of leaving her. This, Sir, is the naked truth, which I never desired to lessen
or

or darken. I have spoken of it to several persons, before ever I spoke to Mr. J——'s daughter concerning marriage.

Now, Sir, supposing M. R—— had been my wife, (which strictly speaking she was not; for I never co-habited with her after marriage) the laws of England do not condemn any man for marrying again, if his wife goes and stays beyond the sea for seven years together; even if he knows she is alive: Burn's Justice, vol. iii. page 248. But it was more than seven years, that she was beyond sea before I married again. Therefore the laws of my country do not condemn me. Neither does the word of God blame a man for marrying again, if his wife is known to commit whoredom. Now suppose, M. R. to have been my wife, for as much as she went away and lived with another man, as his wife, without doubt she lived in whoredom. Therefore the word of God does not condemn me.

Notwithstanding this, I am deeply sensible that the sin of my youth, has brought great reproach upon religion.* For which I cannot forgive myself. Dear Sir, pray for me, and favour me with your opinion and advice in this matter, so you will lay, under still greater obligations,

Your most unworthy Servant,

R. M.

L E T T E R CCCLXXVIII.

[From the Rev. L. Coughlan, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Harbour-Grace, Newfoundland, Nov. 4, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

I Bless God, my poor labours in this land have been attended with some little success: some precious souls are gone to glory, and a few more are walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost.

* Very likely. But is it not ridiculous to blame Religion for faults which an individual committed before he made any pretence to it!

I am

I am now in the seventh year of my servitude, as Missionary, at the end of which I hope to return to England. Could I travel up and down in this land, so as to be useful any longer, I would gladly stay ; but as I cannot, except by water, in small boats, I am not able to stand it.

I am, and do confess myself, a Methodist. The name I love, and hope I ever shall. The plan which you first taught me, I have followed, as to doctrine and discipline. Our married men meet apart once a week ; and the married women do the same. This has given great offence ; so that repeated complaints have been made to the Governor. But truth is mighty, and will prevail.

In the Winter I go from house to house, and expound some part of God's word. This has also given great offence. "But God is above men, devils and sin."

The Society,† I make no doubt, have many complaints against me ; but in this I shall commit all to God : for I am conscious to myself, that what I do is for the glory of God, and the good of souls. We have the sacrament once a month, and have about two hundred communicants. This is more than all the other Missionaries in the land have : nor do I know of any who attend our sacrament, who have not the fear of God ; and some are happy in his love. There are some also whose mouths God hath opened to give a word of Exhortation. I hope he will raise up more.

About this time twelvemonths I hope to be on my passage for England. If I come by the way of Ireland, I should like to see my old friends there. I shall be glad to know if it will be agreeable to you for me to speak in your Societies.

I beg leave to ask you one thing more. Having served the Society seven years, as their Missionary, upon my return to England, with a strong Testimonial from my parish, is the Society obliged to find me a living ? And if I could get a place in the Church, would you advise me to accept of it ?

† For propagating Christian Knowledge.

If I know my own heart I would be where I could be most useful. To be shut up in a little Parish-Church, and to conform in every little thing for sixty or a hundred pounds a year, I would not; no nor even for a thousand.

My talents, you very well know, Sir, are but small; so that to be shut up here any longer will not do. I am sure it is high time that I should be removed. Who God will provide for this people I know not. But he opens and none can shut. I have informed good Lady Huntingdon of my coming next year. Her plan is somewhat agreeable to me: that is, in going from one place to another. Yet there is one thing wanting, viz. Discipline; which I look upon, under God, has been the preserving of my Society. My preaching in this land would do but little good, were it not for our little meetings.

A line from you next Spring will be very acceptable, to
Rev. and dear Sir,

Your dutiful Son in the Gospel,

L. COUGHLAN.



P O E T R Y.

To the MEMORY of Lady LITTLETON.

[*By Lord LITTLETON.*]

AT length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief,

Of

Of grief surpassing every other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love,
 Can on the ennobled mind bestow,
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more.

Nor will she now with fond delight,
 And taste refined your rural charms explore;
 Closed are those beautiful eyes in endless night:
 Those beautiful eyes, where beaming used to shine
 Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft did I in these woods rejoice
 To hear her heavenly voice;
 For her despising, when she deigned to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring:
 The woodlark and the linnet pleased no more;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And every shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets now resume your song,
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell,
 For death hath stopt that tuneful tongue,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around,
 O'er all the well-known ground,

My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer's sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound.
 No more my mournful eye
 Can ought of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast!
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts,
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
 Her modest virtue shunn'd the public eye:
 To your sequester'd dales,
 And flower-embroider'd vales,
 From an admiring world she chose to fly;
 With Nature there retir'd and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of Wisdom trod,
 And banish'd ev'ry passion from her breast,
 But those the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal, and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?

*Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny way of truth?

O loss beyond repair!

O wretched father, left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that I doubly owe,

Now she alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,

She search'd the wit of Greece and Rome?

And all that in her later days
To emulate her ancient praise

Italia's happy genius could produce;

Or what the Gallic fire

Bright sparkling could inspire,

By all the graces temper'd and refin'd;

Or what in Britain's Isle,

Most favour'd with your smile,

The powers of reason and of fancy join'd

To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?

Ah! what is now the use

Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To blank oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!

How eloquent in ev'ry look,
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!

* True prophet! What became of her Son?

Tell how her manners all refinéd
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polishéd courts agree,
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence!
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She joinéd the softening influence
 Of more than female tenderness:
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of other's good destroy,
 Her kindly melting heart,
 To ev'ry want, and ev'ry woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!
 Even for the kid or lamb that pouréd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,
 But clear and strong her mind:
 A spirit that lookéd superior down
 On Fortune's smile, or frown;
 A wit that temperately bright
 With inoffensive light,
 All-pleasing shone, nor ever past
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceived,
 That nor too little, nor too much believed,
 That scornéd unjust suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
 Amidst the acclaim of universal praise,

In life's and glory's freshest bloom
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

Arise, O Petrarch, bring the silver lyre,
Tuned by the skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may even things inanimate,
Rough mountain-oaks, and desert-rocks, to pity move.

What were, alas ! thy woes comparèd to mine ?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand :
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that festered there :
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee ; and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain :
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a Father's tender name.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee !

How

How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandonéd, and alone,
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can palléd ambition give?
 Evén the delightful scene of well-earnéd praise,
 Unsharéd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?
 On whom for consolation shall I call?
 Support me, ev'ry friend,
 Your kind assistance lend
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.

My books, the best relief
 In ev'ry other grief,
 Are now with your idea faddenéd all:
 Each favourite author we together read
 My tortured mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead,

We were the happiest pair of human-kind!
 The rolling year its varying course performéd,
 And back returnéd again,

Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchanged remain;
 Still in her golden chain

Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
 Our studies, pleasures, tastes the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had raiséd
 Of rare felicity,

On which evén wanton Vice with envy gazéd,

And

And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
 With soothing hope for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke!—

Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,
 Nor dare th' all-wise disposer to arraign,
 Or 'gainst his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain :

That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
 Was his most righteous will ; and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain

Her pure exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain ?
 No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight
 Is ev'ry mortal bliss :

Even love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight,
 Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
 No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss.
 There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his power, ne'er to divide us more.

The E P I T A P H.

Made to engage all hearts and charm all eyes;
 Though meek, magnanimous ; though witty, wise ;
 Polite, as all her days in courts had been ;
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen ;

The

The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle, female tenderness combin'd.
 Her Speech was the melodious voice of Love,
 Her Song the warbling of the vernal grove;
 Her Eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her Reason strong:
 Her Form each beauty of her mind express'd,
 Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

Desiring a firmer Affiance in God under Afflictions.

[By Miss Steele.]

WHY is my heart with grief oppress'd?

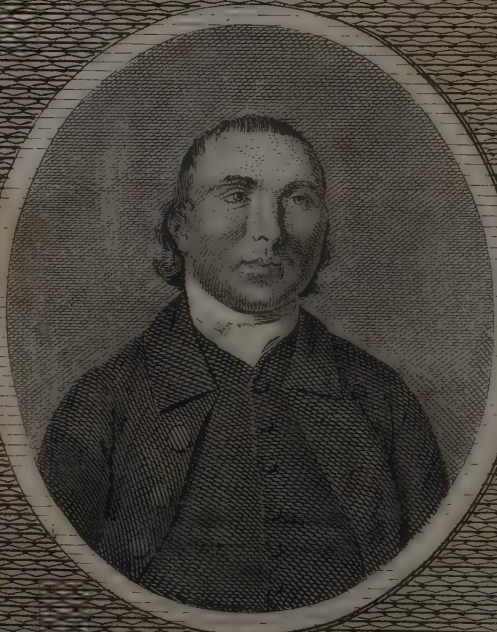
Can all the pains I feel, or fear,
 Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest,
 Forget that God, thy God is near?

Hast thou not often called the Lord
 Thy refuge; thy almighty friend?
 And canst thou fear to trust that word
 On which thy hopes of heav'n depend?

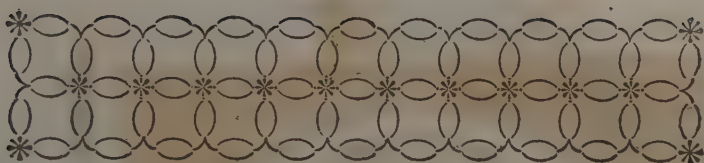
Mortality's unnumber'd ills
 Are all beneath his sov'reign hand;
 Each pain which this frail body feels
 Attends, obedient, his command.

Lord, form my temper to thy will!
 If thou my faith and patience prove,
 May every painful stroke fulfil
 Thy purposes of faithful love.

O may this weak, this fainting mind
 A Father's hand adoring see;
 Confess thee just, and wise, and kind,
 And trust thy word, and cleave to thee!



MR. AND^w. INGLIS
Ætatis 31.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1785.



An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY's *Discourses on the FIVE POINTS.*

[Continued from page 450.]

CHAP. IV. *Arguments against Absolute Election to Salvation.*

I Need not multiply arguments in confutation of this opinion, seeing it will effectually be done in all the subsequent discourses; for,

1st. By proving that Christ was sent to be the Saviour of the world, and that he tasted death *for every man*, even for them that *perish*; it will be evident that God could not decree absolutely the saving of some few persons, elected to it from all eternity, since then it is impossible he should design the salvation of any other by the death of Christ.

2dly. By proving that all men to whom the knowledge of the gospel is vouchsafed are put into a capacity, and have

sufficient means of obtaining the blessings promised, and that none shall be able to plead at the last day, I never was in a capacity of obtaining that salvation, for the neglect of which I am condemned, or of avoiding the misery to which I am sentenced. It follows that God cannot have absolutely decreed to afford the means necessary to salvation to some few only, and with-hold them from all the rest, even of those to whom the gospel is vouchsafed. But, to make this still farther evident, I argue thus :

I. Argument. 1. He who would have all men, to whom the gospel is vouchsafed, to believe in Christ, to come to repentance, and yield sincere obedience to his will, hath not prepared this saving grace only for some few Christians, leaving the rest under a necessity of perishing; for to all such persons he hath promised that they shall not perish, saying, *He that believeth in me shall never perish; repent and turn yourselves from all your iniquity, so iniquity shall not be your ruin; To him who by patient continuance in well doing seeks for glory and immortality, shall be eternal life.* These are the means by him appointed for the remission of their sins, and their salvation, as in these words, *repent and be converted that your sins may be blotted out; believe to the salvation of your souls; blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have right to the Tree of Life;* and he who wills they should use the means, can never be unwilling, they should obtain the end, salvation. Now that God seriously wills that all to whom the gospel is vouchsafed should repent, believe and obey his laws, is evident beyond all possibility of doubting. For,

1st. The Scripture very frequently, and most expressly hath declared the doing of these things to be the doing of the will of God, and the neglecting of them to be the neglecting, and even resisting of his will; it is his will they should believe, because this is his commandment, *That we believe in the name*
of

of the Son of God; it is his will they should repent, because he hath commanded *all men every where to repent*; it is his will they should obey him, if that be necessary to be proved, because that is in scripture filed, *the doing of the will of our Father which is in heaven!* And seeing the Apostles were sent to preach salvation to every creature that believed, to call all men to repent for the remission of sins, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, that they might escape the wrath of God; how can we reasonably think that the same words spoken to all that heard them as God's message to them, and *as if God did beseech them* by their mouth, should not be looked upon as God's commands to all to whom they spoke, i. e. to the whole world, to every *rational creature*, and why else do they say *he that despiseth us*, thus speaking, *despiseth not man, but God?* Doth not the whole Christian world agree in this, that it is the will of God that they should do what he commands? Do they not look upon his precepts as a sufficient indication of his will and pleasure? Are not all men obliged to believe God would have them do what he requires of them? And can they be obliged to believe this if it be not true? Do not all nations conclude from the commands of their superiors, that what they require they would have done, and what they forbid they would not have done? And shall it only be otherwise in the commands of the great Ruler of the world?

Moreover those whom God calls to Faith, Repentance, and Obedience, he is truly willing that they should repent, believe, and be saved. Now it is certain that God calls and invites all those, to whom his word is preached, to Faith, Repentance and Salvation; and therefore it is certain that he is truly willing they should believe, repent and be saved.

To think to save all this, as Bishop *Davenant* doth, by saying there is in God a true will revealed in the gospel of saving all men that shall believe, and a true will liking, and

rewarding Faith, Holiness and Perseverance in all men whatsoever; but that when the Apostle saith, *God will have all men to be saved*, the meaning only is, *if all men shall believe in Christ*; and that to believe in Christ is an act so well pleasing to his will, that wheresoever it is found, it will be rewarded. I say, it seemeth strange to me, that any man should think this a sufficient answer to this Argument. For,

1st. How incongruous is it to ascribe such a will to God as this? viz. “Holiness is a thing so agreeable to my nature, that it is absolutely necessary for me to be well pleased with the holiness of all men, and therefore to reward them for it with the enjoyment of myself; but yet I absolutely purpose not to afford to the greatest part of mankind, that aid which I see to be absolutely necessary to enable them to be holy. And my will is to leave them, though they equally want, and equally are capable of it, and equally fit to be the objects of my grace and favour, under an absolute incapacity of being holy.” No man can think that man hath a true love for holiness, who will not do all that is in his power to make others holy. Can then that God, whose love to holiness doth infinitely transcend the love which the most holy man bears to it, and who commands us *to be holy as he is holy*, have passed a decree from all eternity, which renders the want of holiness in most men an infrustrable event?

2dly. If his decree of not giving that repentance, which can alone rescue men from perishing, hath left them in an utter incapacity of repenting, Why doth he send his Ambassadors to *beseech them to be reconciled to him*, because he hath made his Son to be a *sacrifice for sin that they might be made righteous with the righteousness of God in him*? Why doth he call them to repent, that *their sins may be blotted out*, and encourage them to do so by this gracious promise, that *then all their iniquities shall not be remembered against them any more*? Why doth God, as he says, *patiently expect their conversion*, when he hath decreed to deny them those means which

which can alone effect it? To say God seriously invites, exhorts, and requires all men to *work out their salvation*, and yet by his decree of reprobation hath rendered that event to the most of them impossible; that he requires all men to repent that they may not perish, and yet by his decree, or secret will, hath rendered that event to most of them to whom he speaketh in his word impossible, is to make the gospel of Christ a mockery, by making it to require a condition in order to an end, which his own secret will of denying to them that faith, and that repentance which can alone produce that end, hath made impossible to be obtained; and if this be not to make the secret will of God to contradict his revealed will, it is to make his revealed will following that secret one a mere falsehood, unless his revealed will can make contradictions true: for to make God to will this or that for such an end, which by virtue of his secret will can never come to pass, makes contradictions at the same time to be the object of his will; and to say he wills this or that to exempt men from that event which his secret will hath made necessary to come to pass, is also to will at the same time a contradiction: so that if God's declared will is, That all men should believe unto salvation, and his secret will is, that most of them should not be saved, it being his will to with-hold what is necessary to their salvation; if his revealed will be this, that the reprobate should repent that he may not perish; and his secret will be this, that he should die, and not live, as being a will to with-hold that grace from him without which he cannot live, but must die; the contradiction betwixt these two wills is as evident as words can make it.

[*To be continued.*]

S E R M O N XXIX.

ON PHILIPPIANS ii. 12, 13.

[Concluded from page 454.]

II. 1. **P**ROCEED we now to the second point. If God *worketh in you, then work out your own salvation.* The original word rendered, *Work out*, implies the doing a thing thoroughly. *Your own*—for you yourselves must do this, or it will be left undone for ever. *Your own salvation*—Salvation begins with what is usually termed (and very properly) *Preventing Grace*; including the first wish to please God, the first dawn of light concerning his will, and the first slight, transient conviction of having sinned against him. All these imply some tendency toward life, some degree of salvation, the beginning of a deliverance from a blind, unfeeling heart, quite insensible of God and the things of God. Salvation is carried on by *Convincing Grace*, usually in scripture termed *Repentance*, which brings a larger measure of Self-knowledge, and a farther deliverance from the heart of stone. Afterwards we experience the proper Christian Salvation, whereby *through grace, we are saved by faith*: consisting of those two grand branches, Justification and Sanctification. By Justification we are saved from the guilt of sin, and restored to the favour of God: by Sanctification we are saved from the power and root of sin, and restored to the image of God. All experience as well as scripture shew this salvation to be both instantaneous and gradual. It begins the moment we are justified, in the holy, humble, gentle, patient Love of God and man. It gradually increases from that moment, as a grain of mustard-seed, which at first is the least of all seeds, but gradually puts forth large branches, and becomes a great tree;

tree; till in another instant the heart is cleansed from all sin, and filled with pure love to God and man. But even that Love increases more and more, till we grow up in all things into Him that is our Head, till we attain the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

2. But how are we to work out this salvation? The Apostle answers, *With fear and trembling*. There is another passage of St. Paul wherein the same expression occurs, which may give light to this. *Servants, obey your masters according to the flesh*, according to the present state of things, although sensible that in a little time, the servant will be free from his master, *with fear and trembling*. This is a proverbial expression, which cannot be understood literally. For what master could bear, much less require his servant, to stand trembling and quaking before him? And the following words utterly exclude this meaning: *In singleness of heart*, with a single eye to the will and providence of God, *Not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart*: doing whatever they do as the will of God, and therefore with their might, Eph. vi. v. 5, &c. It is easy to see, that these strong expressions of the Apostle clearly imply two things: First, that every thing be done with the utmost earnestness of spirit, and with all care and caution; (perhaps more directly referring to the former word *μετὰ φόβου* with fear) Secondly, that it be done with the utmost diligence, speed, punctuality and exactness: not improbably referring to the latter word *μετὰ τρόμου* with trembling.

3. How easily may we transfer this to the business of Life, the working out our own salvation? With the same temper and in the same manner that Christian servants serve their masters that are upon earth, let other Christians labour to serve their Master that is in heaven: that is, First, with the utmost earnestness of spirit, with all possible care and caution,
and

and Secondly, with the utmost diligence, speed, punctuality and exactness.

4. But what are the steps which the scripture directs us to take, in the working out of our own salvation? The Prophet *Isaiah* gives us a general answer, touching the first steps which we are to take, *Cease to do evil; learn to do well.* If ever you desire that God should work in you that Faith, whereof cometh both present and eternal salvation, by the grace already given, fly from all sin as from the face of a serpent: carefully avoid every evil word and work; yea abstain from all appearance of evil. And *learn to do well*: be zealous of good works, of works of piety, as well as works of mercy. Family Prayer, and crying to God in secret. Fast in secret, and *your Father which seeth in secret, He will reward you openly.* Search the scriptures: hear them in public, read them in private, and meditate therein. At every opportunity be a partaker of the Lord's Supper. *Do this, in remembrance of Him,* and He will meet you at his own table. Let your Conversation be with the children of God, and see that it *be in grace, seasoned with salt.* As ye have time do good unto all men, to their souls and to their bodies. And herein *be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.* It then only remains, that ye deny yourselves and take up your cross daily. Deny yourselves every pleasure which does not prepare you for taking pleasure in God. And willingly embrace every means of drawing near to God, though it be a cross, though it be grievous to flesh and blood. Thus when you have redemption in the blood of Christ, you will *go on to perfection*; till walking in the light as He is in the light, you are enabled to testify, that *he is faithful and just,* not only to forgive your sins, but to cleanse you from all unrighteousness.

III. 1. " But say some, what connexion is there between the former and the latter clause of this sentence? Is there
not

not rather a flat opposition, between the one and the other? If it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do, what need is there of our working? Does not his working thus supersede the necessity of our working at all? Nay, does it not render our working impracticable, as well as unnecessary? For if we allow that God does all, what is there left for us to do?"

2. Such is the reasoning of flesh and blood. And at first hearing it is exceeding plausible. But it is not solid, as will evidently appear if we consider the matter more deeply. We shall then see there is no opposition between these, "God works: therefore do ye work:" but on the contrary, the closest connexion, and that in two respects. For first God works; therefore you *can* work: secondly, God works, therefore you *must* work.

3. First. God worketh in you; therefore you can work: otherwise it would be impossible. If he did not work, it would be impossible for you to work out your own salvation. *With man this is impossible*, saith our Lord, *for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven*. Yea, it is impossible for any man; for any that is born of a woman, unless God work in him. Seeing all men are by nature not only sick, but *dead in trespasses and sins*, it is not possible for them to do any thing well, till God raises them from the dead. It was impossible for *Lazarus to come forth*, till the Lord had given him life. And it is equally impossible for us, to *come* out of our sins, yea or to make the least motion toward it, till He who hath all power in heaven and earth, calls our dead souls into life.

4. Yet this is no excuse for those who continue in sin, and lay the blame upon their Maker, by saying, It is God only that must quicken us; for we cannot quicken our own souls. For allowing that all the souls of men are dead in sin *by nature*, this excuses none, seeing there is no man that is in a state of mere nature: there is no man, unless he has quenched the

Spirit, that is wholly void of the grace of God. No man living is entirely destitute of what is vulgarly called *Natural Conscience*. But this is not natural: it is more properly termed *Preventing Grace*. Every man has a greater or a less measure of this, which waiteth not for the call of man. Every one has, sooner or later, good desires, although the generality of men stifle them before they can strike deep root, or produce any considerable fruit. Every one has some measure of that light, some faint and glimmering ray, which sooner or later, more or less, enlightens every man that cometh into the world. And every one unless he be one of the small number, whose conscience is seared as with a hot iron, feels more or less uneasy when he acts contrary to the light of his own conscience. So that no man sins, because he has not grace, but because he does not use the grace which he hath.

5. Therefore in as much as God works in you, you are now able to work out your own salvation. Since he worketh in you, of his own good pleasure, without any merit of yours, both to will and to do, it is possible for you to fulfil all righteousness. It is possible for you, to *love God*, because he hath first loved us, and to *walk in love*, after the pattern of our great Master. We know indeed that word of his to be absolutely true, *Without me ye can do nothing*. But on the other hand we know, every believer can say, *I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me*.

6. Mean time let us remember, that God has joined these together in the experience of every believer. And therefore we must take care, not to imagine they are ever to be put asunder. We must beware of that mock Humility, which teacheth us to say, in excuse for our wilful disobedience, "O, I can do nothing:" and stops there, without once naming the grace of God. Pray, think twice. Consider what you say. I hope you wrong yourself. For if it be really true, that you can do nothing, then you have no faith. And if you have not faith, you are in a wretched condition:

you are not in a state of salvation. Surely it is not so. You can do something, through Christ strengthening you. Stir up the spark of grace which is now in you. And he will give you more grace.

7. Secondly. God worketh in you: therefore you *must* work: you must be *workers together with him*, (they are the very words of the Apostle) otherwise he will cease working. The general rule on which his gracious dispensations invariably proceed is this, *Unto him that hath, shall be given: but from him that hath not, that does not improve the grace already given, shall be taken away what he assuredly hath.* (So the words ought to be rendered.) Even St. *Augustine*, who is generally supposed to favour the contrary doctrine, makes that just remark, *Qui fecit nos sine nobis, non salvabit nos sine nobis*: "He that made us without ourselves, will not save us without ourselves." He will not save us, unless we *save ourselves from this untoward generation*: unless we ourselves *fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life*: unless we *agonize to enter in at the strait gate, deny ourselves, take up our cross daily, and labour, by every possible means, to make our own calling and election sure.*

8. Labour then, Brethren, *not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth to everlasting life.* Say with our blessed Lord, though in a somewhat different sense, *My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.* In consideration that He still worketh in you, be never weary of well-doing. Go on, in virtue of the grace of God, preventing, accompanying and following you, in the work of faith, in the patience of hope, and in the labour of love. Be ye *stedfast and immovable; always abounding in the work of the Lord.* And the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of the sheep [*Jesus*] make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you what is well-pleasing in his sight, through *Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever!*

Some Account of Mr. JOHN PRITCHARD.

[Written by Himself.]

[Continued from page 485.]

FROM my earliest years I had a strong inclination to travel. I took the first opportunity, and with some more wild than myself, I left my native soil, without acquainting father or mother, sister or brother, with my intentions, and set off for *London*. I was not long here, before the Almighty found me out again. Being visited with a violent fever, I came to myself and said, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." I now found myself in a strange land, and among a strange people. I knew none save one man, a distant relation, who proved a friend indeed. The Lord's hand was heavy on me: my body, soul and substance felt the weight thereof. He cut off every comfort at a stroke. He smote me with a fever, a consumption, and a guilty conscience. My sickness continued so long as not to leave me a groat in the world, and hardly a morsel to eat. For three weeks I had to live upon two-pence a day, and this at a time when just risen out of a fever. I could say in the words of Job, "Terrors are turned upon me; they pursue my soul as the wind, and my welfare passes away as a cloud. My bones are pierced within me, and my spirit is poured out. I go mourning without the sun; a brother to the beasts of the field." In this condition I sought unto the Lord; but had no answer. He smote me with astonishment; he scared me and terrified me with dreams, and made the night to come upon me at noon, and my sun to go down in the morning of my life; he covered me with shame, and

caused

caused me to cry out, "A man may bear his infirmities, but a wounded spirit who can bare! I am vile; I am oppressed; Lord undertake for me!"

I now saw my whole heart polluted: my understanding darkened, my will corrupted and destitute of its native freedom. I therefore made my bed in sorrow and watered it with my tears. The multitude of sins, whereof my whole life was full, the heinousness of them I feared would one day be laid open, before him that is to judge the quick and dead. My confusion increased as I dwelt upon what God had done to bring me to heaven; and what I had done to oppose his gracious design. I wept to see his goodness which I had abused. The great day of trial appeared full in view; and that the rich man could not then save himself by his riches, nor the mighty man by his might, nor the crafty man by his wiles: only the just shall stand before him with joy. The just appeared to me as sitting upon their thrones, condemning me by their holy lives; together with many of those who had committed equal sins with myself; because they knew their time of repentance, which I had despised and rejected: the just Judge pronouncing the sentence, "Go ye cursed:" which sentence must remain when once past, unalterable. This appeared most terrible of all; and I trust, profitable, in that it led me to the fear of the Lord.

I now appeared as one waking out of a dream in which I continued all my days. My sins stared me in the face: the consideration of my estrangement from, and opposition to God was set home on my mind; so that I was tried, cast and condemned in my own breast. Under this sore burthen and distress of mind I called upon the Lord. I also enquired after the Christians. I went to Church, and to the Dissenters of almost all kinds; but still found no peace. I then went to the people called Quakers, and under their testimony

testimony I found a little consolation. At last I dropt into the Old Foundry, in *Moorfields*, and heard a man who told me all that was in my heart. And now it might be said of me, as Milton said of our first Parents,

“ Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood,
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above,
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts; and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breathed
Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer
Inspired and winged for heav’n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory.”

I now, both night and morning, sat under a powerful and faithful ministry, which led me gradually through the hidden mazes of corrupt nature, into grace. I found it instrumental in turning me to Christ, the true Shepherd, the Law-giver coming out of Sion, that turns away ungodliness from Jacob. I soon found my understanding enlightened; my judgment informed; how to find favour with God. But my sense of sin was so great, I could not think of finding mercy so soon: years, yea my whole life I thought was too little to repent and weep before I could with any face expect pardon. Thus I often rejected the counsel of God. *I would not be yet healed*, until I heard Mr. *Jaco* preach from these words, “ There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God!” O, how did my heart bound! It was like the hart upon the mountain. “ My chains fell off at a stroke! my soul was free! and found redemption Lord in thee!” My wilderness soul became a pleasant field, and my desert heart like the garden of the Lord; the promises flowed in upon me. I found, in consequence of this, great tenderness of mind, and much peace and joy through believing. I now began to taste the sweets of Religion; and was enabled to
pity

pity those who were curious in their enquiries after many things, but *that* the most needful to know. What I counted gain before, I now counted loss; for doubtless, I esteemed all things but as dung, in comparison of Christ and him crucified. My daily study and contrivance was, how I might manifest my love and thankfulness to him who had called me out of darkness into his marvellous light. My every meal was a kind of sacrament: the food I ate was life to my soul, as well as marrow to my bones. I found a double sweetness in all I possessed. In private the Lord poured his blessing upon me. He washed away my tears when weeping at the throne of grace, and called me his child; enabling me comfortably to look up and call him Father. I read his word daily, and wept over it. I looked into my heart, (for fear a plant of unbelief should spring up) and beheld the lineaments of God's image, the transcript of his laws, the harmony of his gifts and graces, the witness, earnest and foretaste of eternal joys.

Soon after this, I met with many things to try my patience, but none of them moved me. I had my room robbed one evening while I was at the Foundry; but I could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." I rejoiced exceedingly in that they could not rob me of Christ, and the privileges of the gospel. Immediately I joined the Society; and the first night of meeting Class, I thought it the greatest emblem of heaven, of any meeting I was ever in. My soul was much humbled under a deep sense of my great unworthiness, and of being permitted to sit and hear such as feared God relate his loving-kindness to them. I was now united to a happy people, who walked (the general part of them) in the light of God's countenance, and counted it all joy at any time to suffer for His name's sake: where discipline was for walls and bulwarks, and where his doctrine dropt as the rain, and his words distilled as the dew. Yet I saw the need of watching and praying.

praying, that I might maintain the life and power of God in my soul. I saw that the best way to be free was to lay the axe at the root of the tree, and to spare neither root nor branch; but cut afunder all the cords which would tie the soul to earth: to deny every temper, passion and gratification that had the least tendency to indulge the evil nature: seeking, intending and desiring nothing during my long or short stay in this world, but to find in Christ what I lost in Adam: holiness of heart and heavenly tempers which become those who are called by Grace to be children of God, and heirs of glory.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of Mr. THOMAS VINCENT.

MR. THOMAS VINCENT, was born at *Hertford*, in May, 1634, and was educated in Christ's-Church, Oxon, and took the degree of M. A. there. He was ejected from St. Mary Magdalen's, *Milk-Street, London*, in 1662. He was one of the few Ministers who had the zeal and courage to abide in the city, amidst all the fury of the pestilence in 1665, and pursued his ministerial work in that needful, but most dangerous season, with all possible diligence both in public and private. When the plague first began in the city, he was settled with Mr. *Doolittle*, of *Islington*, and assisted him in giving some young persons an Academical Education, for which he was thought well qualified.

Upon the progress of the distemper, he acquainted his good friend with his design of quitting that employment, and of his intention to employ his time wholly in visiting the sick, and in instructing the sound in that time of pressing danger. Mr. *Doolittle* endeavoured to dissuade him, by representing the danger he must run; that he, thought he
had

had no call to it, being then otherwise employed; and that it was rather adviseable he should reserve himself for farther service in the rising age, in that station in which he was so usefully fixed. Mr. *Vincent* not being satisfied to desist from his intended service, they agreed to desire the advice of their Brethren in and about the city upon the case. When they met together on this occasion, he acquainted them that he had very seriously considered the matter, before he had come to a resolution: that he had carefully examined the state of his own soul, and found that he could look death in the face with comfort: that he found no fear or dread in his own temper, that he thought it was absolutely necessary such vast numbers of dying people should have some spiritual assistance: that he could have no prospect in the exercise of his ministry, through his whole life, like that which now offered itself: that he had often committed the case and himself to God in prayer: and upon the whole had solemnly devoted himself to the service of souls upon this occasion: and that therefore he hoped none of them would endeavour to weaken his hands in this work. When the Ministers present heard this, they unanimously declared their satisfaction and joy, that they apprehended the matter was of God, and concurred in their prayers for his protection and success. He then went out to his work with the greatest firmness and assiduity; and constantly preached every Lord's-day through the whole visitation in the Churches. His subjects were the most moving and important, and his management of them the most pathetic and searching. Multitudes followed him wherever he went, and he preached not a sermon by which there were not several awakened, and brought home to God. He visited without the least terror every one that sent for him, doing the best offices he could for them in their last extremities; being instant in season and out of season to save souls from death.

He gives the following affecting account * in his book called *God's Terrible voice to the City*. In May 1665, nine died of it in one week in the city, and eight in the suburbs. The next week the bill fell from nine to three. In the next week it mounted to fourteen, in the next to seventeen, in the next to forty-three. In the first week in June there died 112, the next 168, the next 167, the next 470. In the first week in July the number was 725, the next 1089, the next 1843, the next 2010. In the first week in August it increased to 2817, in the next 3880, in the next 4237, in the next 6102. In September a decrease of the distemper was hoped for; but it was not yet come to the height, for in the first week there died of it 6988, and though in the second week the number decreased to 6543, yet in the third week there died 7165, which was the highest. In the 130 parishes in and about the city, there were but four that were not infected; and in them there were but few people remaining that were not gone into the country. In the fourth week in Sept. there died 5538. In the first week in October the number fell to 4929, in the next 4327, in the next 2665, in the next 1421, and the next 1031. The first week in November there was an increase to 1414, but it fell the next week to 1050, and the week after to 652, and so lessened more and more to the end of the year. The whole number that died of the Plague in *London* this year was 68,596. But God was pleased to take a particular care of this good man. For he continued in perfect health all the while, and survived this sad providence, and was useful, by his unwearied labours in a numerous congregation, till the year 1678, when he entered into his Master's joy.

* Though we have some apprehension that this Account is already published in a former part of this Work; yet considering the awfulness of the subject, and, also, that the Printer had set it up before we had any suspicion concerning it: we hope the candid Reader will excuse a repetition of it, should it happen to be so.

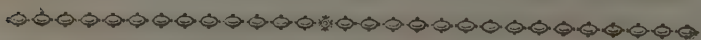
An Account of Mr. JOHN NOSWORTHY.

MR. JOHN NOSWORTHY, M. A. was born at *Manaton*, in *Devon*, Nov. 15, 1612, of religious parents, who put him to the Grammar-School. But as, at first, he did not make that progress which was expected, his parents intended to breed him up to a trade. To this he was greatly averse; and therefore applied himself to his book with such diligence, that Mr. *William Nosworthy*, at that time Master of the high School in *Exon*, hearing of his capacity and industry, took him under his own care till he was fit for the University; and then sent him to *Oxford*, where he continued ten years. After he left the University, he married Mr. *Irisli's* daughter of *Dartmouth*, by whom he had sixteen children. At first, he preached in *Northamptonshire*. He was there, when the war broke out; where his learning and piety exposed him to no small share of sufferings. For being driven from home, with above forty others he was imprisoned at *Winchester*, where he met with cruel and barbarous usage. Being removed from prison to prison, the rest went two and two chained together; and Mr. *Nosworthy* went single before them, with his hands so fast bound with a cord, that the blood burst out at the tops of his fingers. When his wife came to visit him, she was informed how his merciless enemies had used him but the day before, and that they designed to hang him the next day. This news surprised and almost sunk her. However she found him and his brethren comfortable and cheerful in the prison; but in a short time he was discharged. After this he and his wife were several times reduced to great straits: but he encouraged himself in the Lord his God, and exhorted his wife to do the same. Once when he and his family had breakfasted, and had nothing left for another meal, Mrs. *Nosworthy* lamented her

condition, and said, What shall I do with my poor children? He persuaded her to take a walk out with him: when seeing a little bird, he said, Take notice how that bird sits and sings, though we cannot tell whether it has been to breakfast; and if it has, it knows not whither to go to dinner. Therefore be of good cheer, and do not distrust the providence of God; for are we not better than many sparrows. Before dinner time they had plenty of provision brought them.—From *Northamptonshire* he removed to *Devon*, and preached at *Seaton* in 1655, where he met with great respect from the neighbouring gentry. After awhile Mr. *Jacob Hill* being sequestered from *Manaton* for drunkenness, Mr. *Nosworthy* was settled in that Rectory 1659, where he continued till the Restoration, when he gave up that place to Mr. *Hill* again. When he could no longer exercise his ministry in public, he did what good he could at *Manaton* in private. When the five-mile act drove him from thence, he lived at *Ashburton*, where he met with many enemies and much opposition. Mr. *Stawel* of *Bickington*, distinguished himself in his zeal against him. He came into the Meeting along with Mr. *Bogan*, who required Mr. *Nosworthy* to come down, and threatened to pull him out of the pulpit. Mr. *Caunter*, an Attorney being present said, Sir, keep your place; for you are preaching God's word. However at length the gentlemen obliged him to come down. At another time when he was preaching on a week-day, the 29th of May, Mr. *Stawel* entered the town in his coach, attended with his servants, and others with drums, muskets, &c. He went to the Meeting and commanded him to desist, who boldly told him that he had authority to preach the gospel. When Mr. *Stawel* was gone out, some of the hearers shut the door. Upon this the two drummers beat their drums, some discharged their guns, others sung, others shouted and made loud huzzas to disturb the congregation. When he had done this noble exploit he went out of the town in triumph. Mrs. *Nosworthy* was so
frighted

frighted with the passages of that day, that it was thought to occasion her death. Mr. *Stawel* at length had a mind to live in *Ashburton*, and no house would please him but that which was inhabited by Mr. *Nosworthy*; and although he had taken his house for a term of years, yet he quietly gave possession to him that nothing would satisfy. When he lived in the town he entered the meeting while Mr. *Nosworthy* was preaching, and required him to come down; but he did not. But Mr. *Stawel* trembled exceedingly. Some said that he was taken speechless upon the spot, and could never speak plainly afterwards. Others said that he was seized with a disorder in his mouth after he came home. Mr. *Stawel* and Mr. *Bogan* convicted Mr. *Nosworthy* for holding a Conventicle, and imposed a fine of twenty pounds upon him, and twenty more upon the house, which was paid by seven of the hearers. Mr. *Stawel's* disorder continuing he went to *London* in order to be cured, and threatened upon his return that he would effectually hinder old *Nosworthy* from preaching any more. Mr. *Nosworthy* said I fear him not; nor do I fear what any man can do unto me. He went to *London*, and was there taken sick and died. Mr. *Nosworthy* afterwards lived in peace, till he departed this life, Nov. 19, 1677, being just entered into his 66th year.—He was reputed a considerable Scholar. Besides Latin and Greek, he understood the Hebrew, Chaldee and Syriac tongues. He instructed three of his sons till they were fit for the University. The neighbouring Ministers paid a great deference to his judgment, and often made him Moderator in their debates. Mr. *Eastchurch* who succeeded him at *Manaton* (a very worthy man) often made honourable mention of his parts and piety. When any one spoke of the many religious families there had been in that parish, Mr. *Eastchurch* would say, many of the religious people die away, but few come up in their room: I fear the good work was done before I came hither. After Mr. *Nosworthy's* death several of his enemies were troubled

on account of the disturbance they had given him; and sent to his children, who were eminent for their piety, begging their prayers, and desiring forgiveness of the injury they had done their father. One *Reap* particularly sent for Mr. *Samuel Nosworthy* to pray with him and for him, and discovered much grief for abusing his father. And there was also one Mrs. *Mary Ford*, who used to accompany the rabble to the meeting-house, who fell into such poverty, that she came a begging to Mr. *Nosworthy's* children; and would have perished through want, had it not been for his eldest daughter.



A short Account of the Death of MICHAEL ONIONS.

ABOUT Christmas last, *Michael Onions*, of *Madeley*, then about sixteen, began to sicken of a decline. To that time he had been very carnal, and often expressed a dislike to the means of grace. His Uncle said, *Michael*, thou seemest to be ill; perhaps the Lord is about to take thee. What thinkest thou of another world? There are but two places, a heaven and a hell, and thou must go to one of them. He answered, "If I knew I should go to heaven I should not be unwilling to die." Well, said his Uncle, there is such a thing as knowing our sins forgiven *here*. "What!" replied he with some emotion, while we are alive can we know that?"

His desires for life being very strong, he made many promises how good he would be if the Lord would spare him. His mother-in-law often talked with him about his future state. After a little time his heart was much softened, and he would often weep because he had offended so good a God. In a few days the Lord revealed himself unto him. On which he cried out, "O, mam! what do I feel? O, what love is this!

My

My heart is full ! brim full ! O, it is sweet ! what would I give, mam, that you could feel it too ! O, how sweet !" She said, What ! sweeter than honey and the honey-comb ? He replied, " O, far away ! far away above it !"

From this time he appeared much changed. His desire for life was gone. He wanted nothing now but to die and be with Jesus. His bodily sufferings were very great. He often cried out, " O, I am afraid I shall be impatient ! but I cannot help it. Lord give me patience." He would beg of those who visited him to help him by their prayers to be patient. To his mother-in-law he expressed great thankfulness, saying, " I wish I could carry you with me. If God would let me, mam, I would take you in my arms ; but if not, I should like to die in your bosom." He had now frequent visits from the Lord ; particularly three manifestations, each of which seemed to exceed the other. But as he was very ignorant, being brought up in a coal-pit, and having never read the word of God, nor conversed with serious persons till the time of this illness, he had some difficulty in explaining his meaning : and at times, when the Spirit of God was poured out afresh upon him, he would cry, or rather groan, Oh ! Oh ! what is coming to me !—What is this ! what is this !" Then with his eyes fixt up, he seemed to be lost in deep contemplation.

One Sabbath-day some people came into the house, and were talking of worldly things. He looked at his mother and said, " I would go to bed." As she was helping him into bed, he lamented the hurt the company had done him. But his adorable Redeemer did not long leave him to mourn ; for in a few moments he was so overpowered with love, that his weak body was ready to die beneath the weight thereof.

About six days before his death his spirit seemed wholly taken up with prospects of glory. Sometimes there seemed to appear before him beautiful crowns. Sometimes companies of glorified spirits who appeared to him as men, women and children

children walking in a glorious place. "There is, said he, in that place something like a table, and angels sitting round it; and there is one taller than the rest who seems to be teaching the others; but I can't hear what he says." One day he said, "I see a river, over which I am to pass, and two angels standing on the other side, ready to receive me." Being quite overpowered he cried out, "O, what's a coming!" Then panting, as for breath, he called his mother to come and see too. Then with his eyes fixed upward, with a deep solemnity he said many times, "What do I see!—What do I see!—O, what do I see!—I see the gates of heaven!—They stand wide open!—How glorious! O, how glorious!—Why, they are brighter than gold!—Brighter than the most fine gold.—And there stands a woman in white." One present said, Who is she like? He answered, "I do not know; but she is a large, tall woman,* in a white dress; but O, mam! how much whiter than any thing here on earth, you cannot think! And I see *Isaac* and *Polly* too!† O, how pretty they look! How bright *Polly* shines! And now, said he, I am going over that river, and see such a beautiful green pasture beyond it as I cannot describe!"

Another time he mentioned a river so clear that the clearest glass on earth was not so bright. This he told them was in heaven, and that he must be washed in it. With the sight of this river he seemed quite ravished: saying, "I am washed! I have on that white robe! I am whiter than snow. And now, said he, to his Uncle, what do I stay for!" Then throwing open his arms, he said, "O, I long to be gone! Why do I stay! Nobody can think what pain I feel! Why do I stay!" His Uncle said, Perhaps there is more to be done in thee. "No, said he, Christ hath washed me! I am

* His own mother was a large and tall woman, who died before he could remember: her last words were, "I must go and meet Jesus."

† Two children who died a little before: the boy was killed in a pit; *Polly* died very happy since I came here.

whiter than snow!" But perhaps, continued his Uncle, there is yet something for thee to speak. With that he seemed quite content. After lying still sometime he seemed afresh overpowered, and said, "Call my mam, that she may see too." Then, as if just swallowed up with the power of God, he said, "O, the glory!—O, the glory!—Don't you see!" They answered, No; what is it like? After lying silent some moments he said, "Why ten thousand, thousand!—thousand instruments of music, sweeter than I ever heard! O, this is *most glorious of all!*" He then for three hours believed he was out of the body: and thought he was actually there; and said, "It is time now for this bit of clay to go down to *D—ly*" (their parish church.) During these three hours he complained of no pains; but afterwards though he found them in a measure return; yet he was quite calm, waiting for the happy moment. Soon after, with a low voice, he said, "*There is the most glorious place of all!* and I am going up the ladder into it!" and then, in a few moments stepped into eternity, and took possession of the glory prepared for him in the presence of God.

March 22, 1785.

MARY FLETCHER.

Of E X E R C I S E.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

BODILY labour is of two kinds; either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of these generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise; but differs only from ordinary labour as it arises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently

consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands : or to use a rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to each other after so wonderful a manner, as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves and arteries ; but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes and pipes, interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

With this general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of Anatomy, let us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a firm and more lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours ; casts them into their proper channels ; throws off redundancies ; and helps nature in those secret distributions : without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between the soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular, that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers ; as well as the vapours to which the other sex is so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, Nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part, as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions,

tensions, contorfions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are neceffary for the prefervation of fuch a fyftem as has been before-mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in fuch an exercife of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is fo ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and fweat of the brow. Providence furnifhes materials, but expects that we fhould work them up ourfelves. The earth muft be laboured before it gives its increafe; and when it is forced into its feveral products, how many hands muft they pafs through before they are fit for ufe? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the fpecies in twenty; and as for thofe who are not obliged to labour, they are more miferable than the reft of mankind, unlefs they indulge themfelves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of Exercife.

There is no kind of exercife which I would fo recommend as that of riding, as there is none which fo much conduces to health, and is every way fo accommodated to the body, according to the *Idea* which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham is lavish in its praifes, and if the *Engliſh* reader will fee the mechanical effects of it deſcribed at length, he may find them in a book published ſome years ſince, under the title of *Medicina Gymnaſtica*. For my part, when I am in town, for want of theſe opportunities, I exerciſe myſelf an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleaſes me the more becauſe it does every thing I require of it in the moſt profound ſilence. My landlady and her daughters are ſo well acquainted with my hours of exerciſe, that they never come into my room to diſturb me while I am ringing.

When I was ſome years younger, I uſed to employ myſelf in a more laborious diverſion; which conſiſted in the bran-

dishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing without the blows.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

EUDOXUS and LEONTINE.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

EUDOXUS and *Leontine* began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. *Eudoxus*, at his first setting out into the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. *Leontine* sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent Professors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts; in short, he had so well mixt and digested the knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court, by the intelligence which he received from *Leontine*, when

when they were both turned of forty (an age in which according to Sir *Walter Cowley*, *there is no dallying with life*) they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married about the same time. *Leontine*, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend *Eudoxus*, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands; they were both of them fathers about the same time: *Eudoxus* having a son, and *Leontine* a daughter. But to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had he not been comforted by the daily visits and conversation of his friend. As they were one day talking with their usual intimacy, *Leontine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and *Eudoxus*, reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be heir to a great estate, they agreed upon an exchange of children; namely, that the boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his son, and the girl with *Eudoxus* as his daughter, till they were arrived at years of discretion. The wife of *Eudoxus* knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of *Leontine*, was by degrees prevailed on to fall into the project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, and educated her as her daughter. The friends on each side had wrought themselves into such a habitual tenderness for the children, who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father. *Florio*, the name of the young heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of *Eudoxus*. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger

stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary diligence in the pursuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a Counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are few that make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not *Florio's* case; he found that three hundred a year was but a small estate for *Leontine* and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

[To be concluded in our next.]



The VISIONS of MIRZA.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

ON the fifth day of the Moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of *Badgat*, in order to pass the remainder of the day in meditation and prayer. I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, Man is but a shadow, and life a dream. While I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips and began to play. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety,
of

of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they reminded me of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had often been told that the rock was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it; but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that at once dispelled all my fears and apprehensions. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, *Mirza*, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it. Cast thy eyes Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest said he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.

it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life: consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed sometime in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of
bubbles

bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them, but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed. and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A THOUGHT *upon* MARRIAGE.

If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

1. **I** Am not now about to speak to men of the world, or to them that have only the form of Religion; but to you who *have* experienced, if you do not *now*, the *faith which worketh by love*. And in speaking to you I do not peremptorily assert any thing. I barely propose a thought that rises in my mind, and beg you to consider it.

2. You have some thoughts of altering your condition: and we know, *Marriage is honourable to all men*. But is your eye single herein? This is worthy your most serious consideration. Retire a little into yourself, and ask your own heart, "What is it moves me to think of this?"

3. I will tell you how it was with *me*. Though I do not know I was ever low-spirited, (my spirits being always the same, whether in sickness or in health) yet I was often uneasy. Even in vigorous health, in plenty, and in the midst of my friends, I wanted something: I was not satisfied. I looked about for happiness, but could not find it. Then I thought, "O, if I had but such a person with me, I should surely be happy." I mused with myself, "How lovely is her look? How agreeably she talks? I thought of *Sappho's* words:

“ Bleft as the immortal gods is he,
 The youth that fondly sits by thee ;
 And hears and sees thee all the while,
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.”

Surely this is the very thing I want ; and could I attain it, I should then no more be solitary ! For,

“ Thou from all shades the darkness wouldst exclude,
 And from a desert banish solitude :”

Therefore with her, I can be happy : without her, I never can.”

4. Perhaps your case is something like mine. Let me then ask you a few questions,

Were you ever convinced of sin ? of your lost, undone state ? Did you feel the wrath of God abiding on you ? If so, what did you then want to make you happy ? “ To know, my God is reconciled.” You had your wish. You were enabled to say boldly, “ I know that my Redeemer liveth.” And were not you then happy ? “ Indeed I was.” In what ? “ In the knowledge and love of God.”

5. And if you have now the same knowledge and love of God, does it not answer the same end ? Will not the same cause still produce the same effect ? If therefore you are not happy now, is it not because you have not that intercourse with God, which you then had ? And you are seeking to supply the want of that intercourse, by the enjoyment of a creature ? You imagine that near connexion with a woman will make amends for distance from God ! Have you so learned Christ ? Has your experience taught you no better than this ?

6. You *were* happy once : you knew you were : happy in God, without being beholden to any creature. You did not need

Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
 With drops of creature-happiness.

And

And is it wise to seek it now any where else, than where you found it before? You have not the same excuse with those who never were happy in God. And how little is the seeking it in any creature better than Idolatry? Is it not, in effect, loving the creature more than the Creator? Does it not imply that you are *a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God!*

7. O return to Him that made you happy before, and He will make you happy again. Repeat your prayer,

Keep me dead to all below;
Only Christ resolv'd to know;
Firm, and disengag'd, and free;
Seeking all my blifs in thee!

Seek, accept of nothing in the room of God. Let all the springs of your happiness be in him. *Seek first, just as you did before, the kingdom of God and his righteousness: the knowledge and love of God; fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ: and all other things shall be added unto you; particularly joy in the Holy Ghost.* Again,

Know God, and teach thy soul to know
The joys that from Religion flow:
Then every grace shall be thy guest;
And Peace be there to crown the rest!

Lisburn, June 11, 1785.

J. W.



A TABLE of SPECIFIC GRAVITIES.

FINE, or pure gold	—	—	19640
Gold of a guinea of George II.	—	—	17150
Gold of a moidore	—	—	17140
Silver, fine or pure	—	—	11091
	3 W 2		Silver

Silver of a shilling of George II.	—	10000
Lead	—	10130
Copper	—	9000
Brass Cast	—	7850
Steel tempered	—	7704
Iron	—	7645
Tin	—	7550

STONES, FOSSILS, &c.

Adamant, or diamond	—	3400
A Bohemian-granate	—	4360
A Cornelian	—	2568
An English agate	—	2512
Rock-crystal	—	2659
Glass of the common sort	—	2666
Flint	—	2542
A fine marble	—	2700
A pellucid pebble	—	2641
Hard paving stone	—	2460
Alabaster	—	1875
Chalk	—	2370
Slate	—	2740
China	—	2270
Talc	—	2657
Common sea-coal	—	1300
Magnet, or loadstone	—	1840
Bristol-stone	—	2510

ANIMAL SUBSTANCES.

Bone of an ox	—	1656
Ivory	—	1826
Oyster-shell	—	2092
Cockle-shell	—	2520
The quill-part of a feather	—	1330

A Translation of an Epistle from PHILIP MELANCTHON, to CASPAR PEUCER, (Book ii. Epistle 416) lamenting the state of the Church, at Geneva.

MOST dear *Caspar Peucer*, I beseech the Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, that he may bring you safe back to your wife, and dear daughter; and that He may defend you all. I most earnestly expect from you, an account of your return; of our family of the University; and of the report of war. Some think that the present disturbances, will be fatal to the empire. Let us therefore, in the midst of these confusions, meekly commend the Church, and our families in the Church, to the Son of God. *Laelius* writes to me, that disputes are so violent at *Geneva*, about Stoical Necessity, that a person dissenting from *Zeno*,* had been shut up in prison. O wretched case! The doctrine of salvation is obscured by exotic Controversies! But let us beseech the Son of God to guide us. Farewel! I wish health to you all.

A Translation of an Epistle from PHILIP MELANCTHON, to HERBERT LANGUET, (Book ii. Epistle 572) declaring that Madness is occasioned by evil Spirits.

ALTHOUGH madness may sometimes arise from natural causes, it is nevertheless most certain, that devils enter into the bodies of some men, and produce madness and diverse other agonies therein: either in conjunction with natural causes, or without them. Because it is manifest

* The Index to the Epistles informs us that by *Zeno*, he means *John Calvin*.

that such persons are sometimes delivered, even without natural remedies. And these diabolical phænomena often portend future events.

Twelve years ago there was a woman in *Saxony* who was wholly illiterate. Notwithstanding, when she was possessed by the devil, after her tortures subsided, she spoke in Latin and Greek, concerning the future war in *Saxony*, *Erit angustia magna in terrâ, et ira in hoc populo.* Ἐσται ἀνάγκη ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς καὶ ὀργὴ ἐν τῷ λαῷ. *There shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people.*

Sixteen years ago there was a young woman in *Marck*, who used to snatch hairs from her garments: and those hairs were metamorphosed into pieces of money, which the young woman devoured with a continued noise of her teeth. Those forms of money being sometimes suddenly snatched from her hands, were found to be real coins, and are still in the possession of some. And though frequently she suffered great tortures, she was entirely relieved from her disorder some months after, and is still alive and well. Indeed there were frequent prayers made for her by the pious, and all other ceremonies were purposely omitted.

I hear that there was a woman in *Italy*, who was also quite illiterate. And yet, when she was under the influence of a demon, being asked, which was the best verse in *Virgil*, she answered,

“ Discite justitiam, moniti, & non temnere Divos; ”

Be wise; learn justice; and the god's revere.

I could also mention many other examples, which demonstrate that madness arises from diabolical agency. So also concerning those unhappy virgins, who, I hear, are tormented with phrenzy at *Rome*: I judge that they are afflicted by evil spirits. And that calamities are thereby signified to *Italy*, and other nations. But still, I am sure, that That evil might

might be removed, and the devils be expelled, by the fervent prayers of the pious. Indeed men would do well if they would not be Epicureans; but fervently invoking the Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, would solemnly command the evil spirits to depart from those unhappy persons: and at the same time warn them of the approaching judgment of the Son of God, (when the malice of devils shall be openly exposed to the whole Church) and of the punishments which shall then overtake the spirits of darkness. But these things should be done with seriousness; and those ceremonies, of wafer-worship, holy-water, and the false invocations of Cornelius,* and such like, should be omitted. I know many instances in which it is certain, the prayers of the pious were available.

~~~~~  
*A Translation of an Epistle written by ERASMUS, about ten years before his Death.*

FOR these some years I have seriously, and with my whole heart endeavoured to approve my conscience to Christ my Judge. And with all my might have been preparing myself for that day, which my age and weakness persuade me is not distant: and I seem to myself, through the assisting grace of Christ, (which I do not cease to implore) to have made some little proficiency; for I expect that day with more and more tranquility of mind. Nor are any discourses more grateful to me, than those which promote or accelerate this my great business.

~~~~~  
A Translation of an Epistle written by ERASMUS, a little before his Death, to DARNIANUS a Goës.

FOR more than a month, I have been constantly confined to my bed with torture hard to be believed, and harder to be endured. And, as winter is just at hand, I have no hope

* Cornelius Agrippa, a writer on Magic.

of growing better. I do not dread death; but rather hope in the good pleasure of God. To my former periodical disorder, there is now added, an Ulceration of the extremity of the Spine, on which I am obliged to lean, whether I lie or sit. And this most distressing pain admits of no remedy, as the constant pressure must still fret the sore. I wish my pains were tolerable; but it is the Lord, let him cut and burn me here, so he spare me eternally.

An Extract from a JOURNEY from Aleppo to Jerusalem; at Easter, A. D. 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.

[Continued from page 484.]

MONDAY, March 22. We set out early the next morning from *Acra*, having with us a band of Turkish soldiers for our convoy.

Here we began to decline from the sea-coast, upon which we had travelled so many days, and in two good hours we arrived at its farther side, where it is bounded by *Mount Carmel*. Here you find a narrow valley letting you out of the plain of *Acra* into that of *Esdraelon*. Hereabouts is the end of the tribe of *Asher*, and the beginning of that of *Zabulon*.

Passing through the valley we arrived at that ancient river, the river *Kishon*, which cuts its way down the middle of the plain of *Esdraelon*, and then continuing its course close by the side of *Mount-Carmel*, falls into the sea. In the condition we saw it, its waters were low and inconsiderable: but in passing along the side of the plain, we discerned the tracks of many torrents, falling down into it from the mountains; which must needs make it swell exceedingly upon sudden rains,

rains, as doubtless it did at the destruction of *Sisera's* host, *Judges* v. 21. In three hours and a half from *Kishon*, we came to a good Kane, not far from which we took up our quarters. From this place we had a large prospect of the plain of *Esdraelon*, which is of a vast extent, and very fertile, but uncultivated. At about six or seven hours distance eastward, stood within view, *Nazareth*, and the two Mounts, *Tabor* and *Hermon*. We were sufficiently instructed by experience, what the holy Psalmist means by *the Dew of Hermon*, our tents being as wet with it, as if it had rained all night. At about a mile's distance from us was encamped *Chibly*, Emir of the Arabs, with his people and cattle; and below, upon the brook *Kishon*, lay encamped another clan of the Arabs; being the adverse party to *Chibly*. We had much the less satisfaction in this place, being seated between two such bad neighbours.

Tuesday, March 23. Leaving this lodging, we arrived in one third of an hour at the Emir's tents, who came out in person to take his duties of us. He eased us, in a very courteous manner, of some of our coats, which now (the heat both of the climate and season increasing upon us) began to grow, not only superfluous, but burdensome.

Getting quit of *Chibly*, we turned out of the plain of *Esdraelon* and entered into the half tribe of *Manasses*. From hence our road lay for about four hours through narrow vallies, pleasantly wooded on both sides. After which, crossing another small fruitful plain, we came in half an hour to *Caphar Arab*, where we lodged.

Wednesday, March 24. We came to *Sebasta*. Here you leave the borders of the half tribe of *Manasses*, and enter into those of the tribe of *Ephraim*.

Sebasta is the ancient *Samaria*, the imperial city of the ten tribes, after their revolt from the house of *David*. It lost its former name in the time of *Herod* the great, who raised it from a ruined, to a most magnificent state; and called it, in

honour of *Augustus Cæsar, Sebasta*. It is situate upon a long mount of an oval figure, having first a fruitful valley, and then a ring of hills running round about it. This great city is now wholly converted into gardens; and all the tokens that remain to testify that there has ever been such a place, are only, on the North side, a large piazza encompassed with pillars, and on the East, some poor remains of a great Church, said to have been built by the Empress *Helena*, over the place where *St. John Baptist* was both imprisoned and beheaded. In the body of the Church you go down a stair-case, into the very, dungeon where that holy blood was shed. The Turks (of whom here are a few poor families) hold this prison in great veneration, and over it have erected a small Mosque; but for a little piece of money they suffer you to go in and satisfy your curiosity at pleasure. Leaving *Sebasta* we passed on to *Naplosa*.

Naplosa is the ancient *Sychem*, or *Sychar*. It stands in a narrow valley between *Mount Gerizim* on the South, and *Ebal* on the North; being built at the foot of the former. The *Samaritans*, whose chief residence is at *Sychem*, have a small temple or place of worship, to which they are still wont to repair at certain seasons, for performance of the rites of their religion.

Our company halting a little while at *Naplosa*, I had an opportunity to go and visit the chief Priest of the *Samaritans*, in order to discourse with him about some difficulties occurring in the Pentateuch; which were recommended to me to be enquired about, by the learned *Monsieur Job Ludolphus*, Author of the *Æthiopick History*, when I visited him at *Francfort*, in my passage through *Germany*.

I enquired of him what sort of animal he thought those *Selavæ* might be, which the children of *Israel* were so long fed with in the wilderness? *Numbers xi*. He answered, they were a sort of fowls; and by the description which he gave of them, I perceived he meant the same kind with our quails.

I asked

I asked him what he thought of the locusts, and whether the history might not be better accounted for, supposing them to be the winged creatures that fell so thick about the camp of *Israel*? But by his answer, it appeared, he had never heard of any such hypothesis. Then I demanded of him, what sort of plant or fruit the *Dudaim*, or (as we translate it) *Mandrakes*, which *Leah* gave to *Rachel*, for the purchase of her husband's embraces? He said they were plants of a large leaf, bearing a certain sort of fruit, in shape resembling an apple, growing ripe in harvest, but of an ill flavour, and not wholesome. But the virtue of them was to help conception, being laid under the genial bed. That the women were often wont so to apply it, at this day, out of an opinion of its prolific virtue.

This Priest shewed me a copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch; but would not be persuaded to part with it upon any consideration. He had likewise the first volume of the English *Polyglott*, which he seemed to esteem equally with his own manuscript.

Naplofa is at present in a very mean condition, in comparison of what it is represented to have been anciently. It consists chiefly of two streets lying parallel, under *Mount Gerizim*; but it is full of people, and the seat of a *Bassa*.

Proceeding now in the same narrow valley, between *Gerizim* and *Ebal* (not above a furlong broad) we saw, on our right hand just without the city, a small mosque, said to have been built over the sepulchre purchased by *Jacob* of *Emmor*, the father of *Shechem*, *Gen.* xxxiii. 19. It goes by the name of *Joseph's Sepulchre*, his bones having been here interred after their transportation out of *Egypt*, *Josh.* xxiv. 32.

At about one third of an hour from *Naplofa*, we came to *Jacob's Well*; famous, not only upon account of its author, but much more for that memorable conference, which our blessed Saviour here had with the woman of *Samaria*, *John* iv. If it should be questioned whether this be the very well or no,

seeing it may be suspected to stand too remote from *Sychar*, for women to come so far to draw water; it is answered, that probably the city extended farther this way in former times than it does now: as may be conjectured from some pieces of a very thick wall, still to be seen not far from hence. Over the well there stood formerly a large church, erected by that devout patroness of the *Holy-Land*, the Empress *Helena*; but of this the voracity of time, assisted by the hands of the Turks, has left nothing but a few foundations remaining. The well is covered at present with an old stone vault, into which you are let down through a very strait hole; and then removing a broad flat stone, you discover the mouth of the well itself. It is dug in a firm rock, and contains about three yards in diameter, and thirty-five in depth: five of which we found full of water. This confutes a story, commonly told to travellers who do not take the pains to examine the well; viz. that it is dry all the year round, except on the anniversary of that day on which our blessed Saviour sat upon it; but then bubbles up with abundance of water.

At this well the narrow valley of *Sychem* ends; opening itself into a wide field, which is probably part of that parcel of ground, given by *Jacob* to his son *Joseph*, *John* iv. 5. It is watered with a fresh stream, rising between it and *Sychem*; which makes it so exceeding verdant and fruitful, that it may well be looked upon as a standing token of the tender affection of that good patriarch to the best of sons.

[To be continued.]

A wise FOOL.

WHEN *Francis* the First, King of *France*, was to march his army into *Italy*, he consulted with his Captains how to lead them over the *Alps*. Amonil his Fool lying hid in a corner, sprang out, and advised them rather to take care which way they should bring them back again!

AN

AN EXTRACT FROM THE
MINUTES of a CONFERENCE,

Held at LONDON, JULY, 1785.

Between the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, and Others.

Question 1. **W**HAT Preachers are *admitted* this Year?

Answer. William Adamson.—*Ireland*, Walter Griffith, John Clark, Hugh Moor.—*America*, Jesse Lee, James Hinton, Thomas Anderson, Thomas Humphries, Richard Swift, William Dameron, Thomas Bowen, William Phebus, William Ringold, Lemuel Green.

Q. 2. Who *remain* on Trial?

A. Alexander Suter, Thomas Bartholomew, Joseph Jerom, Edward Burbeck, John Ogylvie, Melville Horne, William Palmer, Charles Kyte, Benjamin Pearse, Timothy Crowther, Jonathan Crowther, John Muckarsy, William Butterfield, Richard Cornish.—*Ireland*, James Wilson, James M'Donald, William Hammet.—*America*, David Jefferson, Isaac Smith, John Smith, Elijah Ellis, John Robertson, William Jessop, James Riggin, Wilson Lee, Simon Pyle, Thomas Jackson, Samuel Breeze, Matthew Greentree, Thomas Ware, James Thomas.

Q. 3. Who are *admitted* on Trial?

A. John Phillips, Thomas Jones, James Ridel, John Gwaltier, Peter Walker, William Fisher, John Smith, Charles Bland, John Ramshaw, William Hunter, jun. William Blagborn, Robert Gamble, Alexander Kilham, Joseph Entwistle, John Rohotham, William Thirby.—*Ireland*, John Dinnen, Robert Lindsay, Andrew Coleman, Thomas Verner.—
America,

America, Mark Whitaker, Henry Bingham, George Nofeworthy, Stephen Johnson, Thomas Williamson, John Freeman, Michael Gilbert, Joshua Hartley, Jeremiah Maston, Hope Hull, Ezekiel Cooper, Hezekiah Bonum, Stephen Dickins, Levin Rofs, Shores Bright, Eleazor Hatheway, Robert Sparks, William Steens, John Street, Garret Thompson, Robert Ayres, Jacob Brush, Moses Hurley, Robert Carr.

Q. 4. Who *desist* from Travelling?

A. Thomas Cooper, William Moore, John Accut, Nathaniel Ward, John Hampson, Sen. and Jun.—John Fenwick, James Perfect.

Q. 5. Who have *died* this Year?

A. Thomas Mitchell, an old Soldier of Jesus Christ.

Q. 6. Are there any Objections to any of our Preachers?

A. They were examined one by one.

Q. 7. How are the Preachers stationed this Year?

A. As follows:

- 1 *London*, John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Thomas Coke, James Creighton, Henry Moore, Benjamin Rhodes, George Whitfield; Thomas Rankin, and John Atlay, Supernumeraries.
- 2 *Suffex*. William Boothby, J. Phillips.
- 3 *Kent*. George Shadford, W. Horner, Z. Udall.
- 4 *Colchester*. Joseph Algar, Thomas Shaw.
- 5 *Norwich*. Thomas Wride, T. Jones, J. Muckarsy.
- 6 *Yarmouth*. Samuel Hodgson, Geo. Button.
- 7 *Lynn*. William Palmer, Charles Bland.
- 8 *Bedfordshire*. William Ashman, John Ingham, John Wat-
son, jun. Supernumerary.
- 9 *Northampton*. Joseph Harper, Jon. Parkin.
- 10 *Oxfordshire*. Jonathan Cousins, Barnaby Thomas.
- 11 *Gloucester*. James Hall, William Church, J. Robotham.
- 12 *Sarum*. John Moon, John Wittam, R. Empringham.
- 13 *Bradford*.

- 13 *Bradford.* Christopher Watkins, Simon Day, Charles Kite, Timothy Crowther.
- 14 *Bristol.* Samuel Bradburn, John Murlin, Jeremiah Brettel.
- 15 *Taunton.* John Pritchard, John Pool.
- 16 *Devon.* George Wadsworth, Michael Moorhouse.
- 17 *Plymouth.* John Mafon, Adam Clark, J. King.
- 18 *St. Austle.* William Myles, Richard Cornish, Robert Pearse.
- 19 *Redruth.* Francis Wrigley, Charles Bond, J. Jerom.
- 20 *St. Ives.* William Green, Peter Walker, R. Gamble.
- 21 *Pembroke.* Joshua Kighley, Joseph Cole, W. Hoskins.
- 22 *Glamorgan.* William Saunders, W. Holmes.
- 23 *Brecon.* William Warrener, J. Cricket.
- 24 *Birmingham.* Andrew Blair, George Story, Robert Costerdine : John Brettel, Supernumerary.
- 25 *Borlsem.* Thomas Warrick, S. Edwards.
- 26 *Macclesfield.* Joseph Bradford, T. Dixon.
- 27 *Manchester.* William Thompson, Thomas Lee, William Eells : John Furz, Supernumerary.
- 28 *Chester.* John Fletcher, Richard Rodda, Melvill Horne, James Ray.
- 29 *Liverpool.* Jonathan Herne, William Percival, George Gibbon.
- 30 *Bolton.* Christopher Hopper, Jasper Robinson.
- 31 *Coln.* Charles Atmore, Edward Jackson, Robert Howard.
- 32 *Leicester.* John Easton, Thomas Corbet, Joseph Pescod.
- 33 *Nottingham.* Charles Boone, James Bogie.
- 34 *Derby.* Thomas Tattershall, J. Booth.
- 35 *Sheffield.* Joseph Benson, R. Hopkins, J. Barber.
- 36 *Grimby.* William Dufton, G. Holder, Launcelot Harrison, Alexander Kilham.
- 37 *Gainborough.* Thomas Carlill, Robert Scott, S. Botts.
- 38 *Epworth.*

- 38 *Epworth.* Thomas Longley, James Watfon, W. Butterfield.
- 39 *Leeds.* Thomas Taylor, Thomas Rutherford, Duncan Wright.
- 40 *Birfal.* John Broadbent, J. Goodwin.
- 41 *Dewsbury.* Robert Roberts, Tho. Tennant.
- 42 *Huddersfield.* Isaac Brown, Wm. Hunter, jun.
- 43 *Halifax.* John Allen, Thomas Johnson.
- 44 *Bradforth.* John Valton, Supernumerary, John Shaw, Henry Foster.
- 45 *Kighley.* Parfon Greenwood, Joseph Entwistle.
- 46 *Whitehaven.* Alex. Suter, Jos. Thompson.
- 47 *Isle of Man.* James Thom, John Ogylvie, John Gualtier, John Smith.
- 48 *York.* Alex. Mather, Jer. Robertshaw, William Adamson.
- 49 *Hull.* Peter Mill, Wm. Thom, Wm. Fish.
- 50 *Scarborough.* Wm. Collins, Samuel Bardsley, Jonathan Crowther.
- 51 *Whitby.* John Peacock, John Ramshaw.
- 52 *Thirsk.* Philip Hardcastle, Tho. Brisco, J. Crosby.
- 53 *Yarm.* Robert Swan, James Ridel.
- 54 *The Dales.* Thomas Ellis, George Mowat, E. Burbeck.
- 55 *Sunderland.* James Wood, John Beanland.
- 56 *Newcastle.* George Snowden, William Simpson, Andrew Inglis.
- 57 *Berwick.* Wm. Hunter, Wm. Blagborne.
- 58 *Edinburgh.* John Pawson, Rob. Johnson.
- 59 *Dundee.* Tho. Hanby, Duncan M'Allum.
- 60 *Aberdeen.* J. Taylor, R. Watkinson.
- 61 *Inverness.* T. Bartholomew, M. Lum.
- 62 *Dublin.* James Rogers, Christ. Peacock.
- 63 *Waterford.* James Jordan, Wm. M'Cornock, Walter Griffith.

} These two are to
change twice a Quar-
ter with Brother
Bartholomew and
Lum.

- 64 *Cork*. Daniel Jackson, Geo. Brown, John Dinnen.
 65 *Limerick*. Thomas Davis, Lawrence Kane.
 66 *Castlebar*. John Leech, J. Watson, sen.
 67 *Athlone*. Matthias Joyce, John Mealy, John Wilson,
 Thomas Halliday, Supernumerary.
 68 *Sligo*. George Dice, And. Coleman.
 69 *Balliconnell*. Rob. Bridge, Gustavus Armstrong, Thomas
 Verner.
 70 *Clones*. Nehemiah Price, John Clark, J. Rennick.
 71 *Iniskillen*. Thomas Barber, Tho. Hetherington, Samuel
 Mitchell.
 72 *Charlemount*. John Crook, John Miller, J. M'Donald.
 73 *Lisleen*. Jos. Armstrong, Rich. Cundy.
 74 *Londonderry*. Jon. Brown, Wm. West, Wm. Hammet.
 75 *Belfast*. Rob. Armstrong, R. Lindsay.
 76 *Lisburn*. John Karr, Hugh Moor, John Price.
Isle of Jersey. R. C. Brackenbury.
-

LONDON, July 30, 1785.

WE whose Names are underwritten, do declare that Mr. Wesley was desired at the last Bristol-Conference, without a dissenting Voice, to draw up a Deed which should give a legal Specification of the Phrase, "The Conference of the People called Methodists:" and that the Mode of doing it was entirely left to his Judgment and Discretion.

And we do also declare, That We do approve of the *Substance* and *Design* of the Deed which Mr. Wesley has accordingly executed and enrolled.

Thomas Coke
 Thomas Hanby
 John Pawson

Charles Boone
 John Barber
 Joshua Keighley

John Marlin	Joseph Harper
Thomas Taylor	William Collins.
John Broadbent	Thomas Tennant
George Shadford	William Ashman
Samuel Bradburn	Simon Day
Francis Wrigley	Thomas Warrick
Duncan Wright	William Myles
William Thompson	Isaac Brown
John Valton	Joseph Pescod
Alexander Mather	John Peacock
Thomas Rankin	John Moon
Richard Rodda	Christopher Watkins
Thomas Wride	William Green
Joseph Cole	John Easton
Joseph Taylor	George Whitfield
James Wood	Parson Greenwood
Benjamin Rhodes	

LONDON, July 30, 1785.

WE whose Names are underwritten, but who were not present at the last Bristol-Conference, do declare our Approbation of the Substance and Design of the Deed which Mr. Wesley has lately executed and enrolled for the purpose of giving a legal Specification of the Phrase "The Conference of the People called Methodists."

James Creighton	James Hall
Christ. Hopper	Joseph Bradford
Jeremiah Brettell	Thomas Longley
Jonathan Hern	Robert Johnson
William Boothby	Samuel Bardley
Samuel Hodgson	Melvill Horne
William Sanders	Joseph Algar
Jonathan Couffins	Charles Rogers Bond

Thomas

Thomas Carlill	John Furz
William Adamson	Jeremiah Robertshaw
Thomas Ellis	Barnabas Thomas
George Button	Jasper Robinson
Robert Swan	Henry Moore
William Warrener	John Crickett
William Simpson	Henry Foster

[To be concluded in our next.]



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCLXXIX.

[From Miss F. Owen, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Publow, Nov. 23, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

HOW great are the blessings which so unworthy a family enjoy through your means! Therefore the unfeigned gratitude and esteem with which I address you cannot be fully expressed.

I have reason to think, you wish to hear of our spiritual welfare. I trust my honoured mother daily grows in grace; while my sisters firmly maintain their ground. As for myself, alas! I am still hindermost in the glorious race. I am often groaning, "All my nature teems with ill;" nevertheless, I have of late been favoured with much divine enjoyment.

As for our School, we have cause to thank you for it; because if it had not been for your encouragement, I think we should not have undertaken it: however, the Lord is so at work among the children, that we have cause to be thankful on account of *every one* of them. One indeed is, against her will, lately taken from us, *for having too much religion!*

But it is given to her, in behalf of Christ, *to rejoice as well as to suffer for his sake.*

As several of our children's parents are not so spiritual, and consequently are pleased with trifles, we have, by way of encouragement, taught the children to make artificial flowers, net-work, and little pieces of embroidery. But as it is possible we may be wrong in this, we beg your opinion of the matter. In so doing you will greatly oblige us all: particularly your Friend and Servant,

F. OWEN.

L E T T E R CCCLXXX.

[From the Rev. F. Okely, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Upton, Dec. 10, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

I Received your favour of the 5th, and assure you that the loving freedom you use is not disagreeable to me. Were *this* more practised, it would be a good means of leading us more out of all Error, and into all Truth: nay, it would, in concurrence with the Holy Spirit, keep us in the Truth, and prevent all Error.

I also assure you, with the utmost sincerity, that the Bible is my choicest book; and that too in practice, more than in profession. I am not conscious of having any meaning of a single text, but what I believe the Holy Ghost intended by it; and for that purpose I read and pray daily for the true meaning of it. Let other spiritual languages, or dialects of our days be what they will, I cannot regard them as being better than that of Christ and his Apostles. If I weigh myself, or others, in any other balance than that of the Sanctuary, I am not conscious of it. But knowing my own spiritual blindness and fallibility, I am thankful to any body, and especially to Mr. J. W. for putting me upon so beneficial

ficial a trial. Whatever sweet things any other person may say about being nothing, and how much soever they may exalt themselves under so specious a cloke; I can assure my dear Mr. W. with truth, that I have no such intention. I really mean to become nothing, as a deliverance from all unhappiness, that Christ may be all in all to me; to be crucified daily to myself, that He may live in me: which is, I heartily allow, an humble, gentle, patient mind: and that such walk as he walked, and to the utmost of their power do good unto all men. How far this prevails in me, becomes me not to say. I know I have some little experience of it, and daily sigh after more.

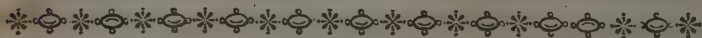
Baron Swedenborg is to me a riddle. Certainly, as you say, he speaks many great and important truths; and as certainly seems to me to contradict scripture in other places. But, as he told me, I could not understand his *Vera Religio Christiana*, without a divine illumination; and I am obliged to confess, that I have not yet a sufficiency of it for that purpose. I am thankful, my present course does not seem absolutely to require it. We conversed in the High Dutch; and notwithstanding the impediment in his speech, I understood him well. He spoke with all the coolness and deliberation you might expect from any, the most sober and rational man. Yet what he said was out of my sphere of intelligence, when he related his sight of, and daily conversation in the world of spirits, with which he declared himself better acquainted than with this.

I heartily wish, that all the *real* designs which an Omnipotent and Omniscient God of Love might have, either by him or by any other of his sincere servants of whatsoever sort or kind, may be truly obtained. May his kingdom come, and his will be done once in earth, as it is done in heaven!

I thought it proper to express thus much in answer to yours, without desiring you to adopt any of my sentiments.

I am, Rev. Sir, your affectionate Brother, F. OKELY.
P. S. Indeed

P. S. Indeed you say well, That Love is the fulfilling of the Law: viz. the loving God with all our heart, &c. and our neighbour as ourselves; according to St. *Paul's* description of Charity, 1 Cor. xiii. and our Saviour's sermon on the Mount. And I really believe, that if He and his Apostles were again on earth, and all we, the different awakened professors of his Religion, were to be addressed by Him and Them; they would say, Dear Souls! Love one another: bear with, and forbear one another, till you can all be made perfect in One.



P O E T R Y.

C H A R I T Y.

FAIREST and foremost of the train that wait
 On man's most dignified and happiest state,
 Whether we name thee Charity or Love,
 Chief grace below, and all in all above;
 Come, prompt me with benevolent desires,
 Teach me to kindle at thy gentle fires;
 And though disgraced and slighted, to redeem
 A Poet's name, by making thee her theme.

God working ever on a social plan,
 By various ties attaches man to man:
 He made at first, though free and unconfined,
 One man the common father of the kind,
 That every tribe, though placed as he sees best,
 Where seas or deserts part them from the rest;
 Differing in language, manners, or in face,
 Might feel themselves allied to all the race.

When *Cook* (lamented, and with tears as just
 As ever mingled with heroic dust,)

Steeréd

Steer'd Britain's oak into a world unknown,
And in his country's glory fought his own;
Wherever he found man, to nature true,
The rights of man were sacred in his view:
He sooth'd with gifts, and greeted with a smile,
The simple native of the new-found isle;
He spurn'd the wretch who slighted or withstood
The tender arguments of kindred blood;
Nor would endure that any should controul
His free-born brethren of the southern pole.

Again, the band of commerce was design'd
To' associate all the branches of mankind;
And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe:
Wise to promote whatever end he means,
God opens fruitful Nature's various scenes;
Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the general use;
No land but listens to the common call,
And in return receives supply from all;
This genial intercourse, and mutual aid,
Cheers what were else an universal shade;
Calls Nature from her icy-mantled den,
And softens human rock-work into men.

Ingenious Art with her expressive face
Steps forth to fashion and refine the race;
Not only fills Necessity's demands,
But overcharges her capacious hands;
Capricious Taste itself can crave no more,
Than she supplies from her abounding store;
She strikes out all that Luxury can ask,
And gains new vigour at her endless task.

Here

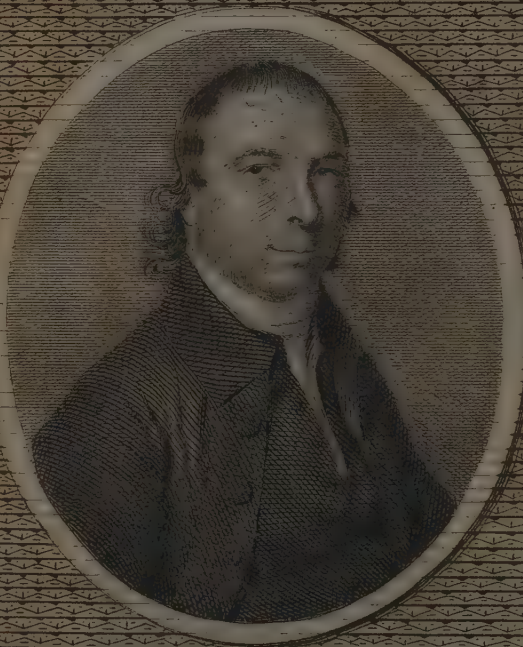
Here is the spacious arch, the shapely spire,
 The Painter's pencil, and the Poet's lyre ;
 From her the canvas borrows light and shade,
 And verse more lasting, hues that never fade.
 She guides the finger o'er the dancing keys,
 Gives Difficulty all the grace of Ease,
 And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,
 Fast as the thirsting Ear can drink the sound.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The following Lines were written on a Pane of Glass in one of the Windows of Bishop BEDELL'S House, adjoining the Church-Yard till a few Years ago, when the Sash was taken down. They are supposed to be written by Doctor SHERIDAN, about the Year 1731.

RESOLVE me this, ye happy dead,
 Whov'e lain some hundred years in bed,
 From every persecution free,
 Which in this wretched life we see ;
 Would ye resume a second birth,
 And chuse once more to live on earth ?

Thus spoke great *Bedell* from his tomb,
 Mortal ! I would not change my doom,
 To live in such a restless state ;
 To be unfortunately great ;
 To pity fools ; to spurn at knaves ;
 To shine among a race of slaves ;
 To learn from wise men to complain,
 And only rise to fall again :
 No——let my dusty relics rest,
 Till I shall rise amongst the blest.



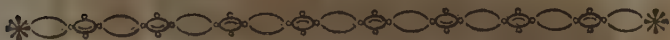
MR. JAMES HALL,
Ætatis 34.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1785.



*An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY'S Discourses on the
FIVE POINTS.*

[Continued from page 505.]

CHAP. IV. *Arguments against Absolute Election to Salvation.*

II. **A**RGUMENT. (1st.) This decree is false both in the parts, and the end of it. The parts of it are these two;

1. That God hath from eternity elected a certain number of persons to salvation, leaving the rest under an absolute decree of Reprobation; and that of this election or reprobation there can be no other cause but God's own free-will. For Predestination, say they, being an immanent act of the Divine Understanding, cannot be conceived as dependant upon any foreseen acts of man's will; and therefore his foreseen faith, repentance and perseverance, cannot be imagined antecedent causes, conditions or motives to the Divine Predestination.

VOL. VIII.

3 Z

2. That

2. That *in order to the accomplishing the salvation of his elect, he hath decreed to afford them that grace which shall infallibly bring them to salvation*; whereas they who are comprised under the decree of *Reprobation*, are left *infallibly to fail of eternal life*, and so are left to fail of means which may bring them to eternal life.

In the absolute election of those whom God hath thus appointed to salvation, he decreed to glorify his mercy; and in the reprobation of the rest, to glorify his sovereignty and justice in their damnation: the manifestation, therefore of his grace and mercy, in the salvation of the one, and of his justice and sovereignty in the damnation of the other, must be the two great ends of God in these decrees.

Now the falsehood of these two decrees, touching the absolute election of some persons to salvation, is sufficiently argued in the fifth Discourse. 1st. From God's command to all Christians to make their calling and election sure. 2dly, From his frequent exhortation directed to them *to continue stedfast in the faith, to keep themselves in the love of God, and to work out their salvation with fear and trembling*. 3dly, From the cautions directed to good Christians *not to fall from grace, or from their own stedfastness*. 4thly, From the threats denounced against the righteous man who turneth away from his righteousness, and the just man who living by faith draweth back.

2dly, As they respect those that are supposed to lie under an absolute decree of reprobation, the falsehood of them hath been fully proved in the second discourse. 1st, From God's serious and earnest invitations of them to repentance. 2dly, From his vehement desires of their reformation and obedience. 3dly, From his declarations, that he had done for them what was sufficient to produce it. 4thly, From his promises to excite them to it; his long-suffering designed for that very end, and from his dreadful threats intended to deter them from persisting in their evil ways. And, lastly, from

from the manifold demonstrations he hath afforded us in holy Scripture, that he doth not look upon wicked men as under an utter disability of being reformed by his judgments, or his mercies, or of hearkening to his calls and invitations to return and live.

And, (2dly,) Such a decree as this being in a secret of God's counsel, no man can know that God hath made it, but from the exprefs revelation of the holy Scripture; and so no person can have any reason to assert it on any other account. Now as I have shown already that the Scripture hath said nothing of these decrees; so will this be more evident by a reflection upon every part of them.

1st, The decree of Election, say they, *is absolute and without respect to man's faith, repentance or perseverance*: now the Scripture saith exprefsly, *He that believeth shall be saved; he that endureth to the end shall be saved; repent and be converted, and your sins shall be blotted out; to them who by patient continuance in well-doing look for glory, God will give eternal life*. So that they who speak thus, speak the constant language of the holy Scriptures; whereas they who affirm that he hath absolutely decreed eternal life to any without respect to any condition on his part, speak that which hath not the least foundation in the word of God. Christ saith indeed, That it is his Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom to his little flock; but then this flock consisteth only of believers who have already *heard Christ's voice, and followed him*, and of those *whom the Father had given to him*; but then he informs us, That *Judas, a son of perdition, was one of them*. He saith again, *All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me*; but speaks not one word of their being given to him by an absolute, eternal decree, without respect to any thing to be performed by them.

2dly, The Scripture hath not one syllable to prove that the object of this election is *a certain number of singular persons*. Those words, *the Lord knoweth who are his*, no more prove

this, than those words of Christ, *I know my sheep*; and those of the Psalmist, *The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous*, prove that there is a certain number of persons who are Christ's sheep, and who only can be righteous. The Scripture often speaketh, as hath been fully shown, of Churches, and Nations elected to be his church and people; but nothing of any single person elected from eternity to salvation, much less of any certain number of them.

3dly, That God hath *absolutely ordained one single person to faith, repentance and perseverance*, is no where written. And hence it clearly follows, that there is no such absolute reprobation revealed in the Scriptures, as these decrees hold forth; for as *there is no election without a reprobation of the non-elected*, so can there be no reprobation where there is no previous election.

[To be continued.]

S E R M O N XXX.

ON REVELATION xxi. 5.

Behold, I make all things new.

1. **W**HAT a strange Scene is here opened to our view! How remote from all our natural apprehensions! Not a glimpse of what is here revealed, was ever seen in the heathen world. Not only the modern, barbarous, uncivilized Heathens have not the least conception of it; but it was equally unknown to the refined, polished Heathens of ancient Greece and Rome. And it is almost as little thought of or understood, by the generality of Christians: I mean, not barely those that are nominally such, that have the form of godliness without the power: but even those that in a measure fear God and study to work righteousness.

2. It must be allowed, that after all the researches we can make, still our knowledge of the great truth, which is delivered to us in these words, is exceedingly short and imperfect. As this is a point of mere revelation, beyond the reach of all natural faculties, we cannot penetrate far into it, nor form any adequate conception of it. But it may be an encouragement to those who have in any degree tasted of the powers of the world to come, to go as far as we can go, interpreting scripture by scripture, according to the analogy of faith.

3. The Apostle, caught up in the visions of God, tells us in the first verse of the chapter, *I saw a new heaven and a new earth.* And adds, ver. 5, *He that sat upon the throne said* (I believe the only words which he is said to utter throughout the whole book,) *Behold, I make all things new.*

4. Very many commentators entertain a strange opinion, that this relates only to the present state of things, and gravely tell us, that the words are to be referred to the flourishing state of the Church, which commenced after the heathen persecutions. Nay, some of them have discovered, that all which the Apostle speaks concerning the *new heaven and the new earth*, was fulfilled when *Constantine the Great* poured in riches and honours upon the Christians. What a miserable way is this of making void the whole counsel of God, with regard to all that grand chain of events, in reference to his Church, yea, and to all mankind, from the time that John was in Patmos, unto the end of the world! Nay the line of this prophecy reaches farther still. It does not end with the present world, but shows us the things that will come to pass, when this world is no more.

5. Thus saith the Creator and Governor of the Universe, *Behold, I make all things new*: all which are included in that expression of the Apostle, *A new heaven, and a new earth. A new heaven.* The original word in Genesis (chap. i.) is in the plural number. And indeed this is the constant language of Scripture; not *heaven*, but *heavens*. Accordingly
the

the ancient Jewish Writers are accustomed to reckon Three Heavens. In conformity to which, the Apostle Paul speaks of his being *caught up into the third heaven*. It is this, the third heaven, which is usually supposed to be the more immediate residence of God. So far as any residence can be ascribed to his omnipresent Spirit, who pervades and fills the whole universe. It is here (if we speak after the manner of men,) that the Lord sitteth upon his throne, surrounded by angels and archangels, and by all his flaming ministers.

6. We cannot think, that this Heaven will undergo any change, any more than its great inhabitant. Surely this palace of the most High was the same from eternity, and will be world without end. Only the inferior heavens are liable to change; the highest of which we usually call, The starry heavens. This, St. Peter informs us, *is reserved unto fire, against the day of judgment, and destruction of ungodly men*. In that day, *being on fire*, it shall first *shrivel as a parchment scrol*: then it shall *be dissolved*, and *shall pass away with a great noise*: lastly, it shall *flee from the face of him that sitteth on the throne*, and *there shall be found no place for it*.

7. At the same time *the stars shall fall from heaven*, the secret chain being broken, which had retained them in their several orbits, from the foundation of the world. In the mean while the lower, or sublunary Heaven, with the elements (or principles that compose it) *shall melt with fervent heat*, while the Earth with the works that are therein *shall be burnt up*. This is the introduction to a far nobler state of things, such as it has not yet entered into the heart of men to conceive: the universal restoration which is to succeed the universal destruction. For we look for, says the Apostle, *new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness*, 2 Pet. iii. 7, &c.

8. One considerable difference there will undoubtedly be in the starry heaven, when it is created anew; there will be no Blazing Stars, no Comets there. Whether those horrid, eccentric Orbs are half-formed Planets, in a Chaotic state (I speak on the Supposition of a Plurality of worlds) or such as have undergone their General Conflagration, they will certainly have no place in the New Heaven, where all will be exact order and harmony. There may be many other differences between the Heaven that now is, and that which will be after the Renovation. But they are above our apprehension: we must leave Eternity to explain them.

9. We may more easily conceive the changes which will be wrought in the lower Heaven, in the region of the Air. It will be no more torne by hurricanes, or agitated by furious storms or destructive tempests. Pernicious or terrifying meteors will have no more place therein. We shall have no more occasion to say,

“ There like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast :
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host !”

No: all will be then light, fair, serene: a lively picture of the eternal day.

10. All the Elements (taking that word in the common sense, for the Principles of which all natural beings are compounded) will be new indeed; entirely changed as to their Qualities, although not as to their Nature. *Fire* is at present the general Destroyer of all things under the sun; dissolving all things that come within the sphere of its action, and reducing them to their primitive atoms. But no sooner will it have performed its last great office of destroying the heavens and the earth, (Whether you mean thereby one System only, or the whole fabric of the Universe; the difference

ference between one and millions of worlds being nothing before the great Creator.) When I say it has done this, the destructions wrought by Fire, will come to a perpetual end. It will destroy no more, it will consume no more; it will forget its power to burn, which it possesses only during the present state of things, and be as harmless in the new Heavens and Earth, as it is now in the bodies of men and other Animals, and the substance of trees and flowers: in all which (as late Experiments show) large quantities of ethereal fire are lodged: if it be not rather an essential, component part of every material being under the sun. But it will probably retain its vivifying power, though divested of its power to destroy.

11. It has been already observed, that the calm, placid *Air*, will be no more disturbed by storms and tempests. There will be no more Meteors, with their horrid glare, affrighting the poor children of men. May we not add (though at first it may sound like a paradox) that there will be no more rain. It is observable, that there was none in Paradise: a circumstance which *Moses* particularly mentions, (Gen. ii. ver. 5, 6) *The Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth. But there went up a mist from the earth, which then covered up the abyss of waters, and watered the whole face of the ground, with moisture sufficient for all the purposes of vegetation. We have all reason to believe, that the case will be the same when Paradise is restored. Consequently there will be no more clouds or fogs; but one bright, refulgent day. Much less will there be any poisonous damps or pestilential blasts. There will be no Sirocco in Italy, no parching or suffocating winds in Arabia: no keen North-East winds in our own Country,*

“ Shattering the graceful locks of yon fair trees;
but only pleasing, healthful breezes,

“ Fanning the Earth with odoriferous wings.”

12. But what change will the element of *Water* undergo, when all things are made new? It will be in every part of the world clear and limpid, pure from all unpleasing or unhealthful mixtures, rising here and there in crystal fountains, to refresh and adorn the earth, “ With liquid lapse of murmuring stream.” For undoubtedly as there were in Paradise, there will be various rivers gently gliding along, for the use and pleasure of both man and beast. But the inspired writer has expressly declared, *there will be no more Sea.* (Rev. xxi. 1.) We have reason to believe, that at the beginning of the world, when God said, *Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear,* (Gen. i. ver. 9.) the dry land spread over the face of the water, and covered it on every side. And so it seems to have done, till, in order to the general deluge, which he had determined to bring upon the earth at once, *the windows of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep broken up.* But the Sea will then retire within its primitive bounds, and appear on the surface of the Earth no more. Neither indeed will there be any more need of the Sea. For either as the ancient Poet supposes,

Omnis feret omnia tellus :

Every part of the earth will naturally produce whatever its inhabitants want : or all mankind will procure what the whole earth affords, by a much easier and readier conveyance. For all the inhabitants of the earth, our Lord informs us, will then be *ἰσάνγυελοι, equal to angels* : on a level with them in swiftness as well as strength : so that they can, quick as thought, transport themselves, or whatever they want, from one side of the globe to the other.

13. But it seems, a greater change will be wrought in the *Earth*, than even in the Air and Water. Not that I can believe that wonderful Discovery of *Jacob Behme*, which many so eagerly contend for, that the Earth itself with all its sur-

niture and inhabitants, will then be transparent as Glass. There does not seem to be the least foundation for this, either in Scripture or Reason. Surely not in Scripture: I know not one text in the Old and New Testament, which affirms any such thing. Certainly it cannot be inferred from that text in *the Revelation*, chapter the fourth, verse the sixth, *And before the throne there was a sea of glass, like unto crystal.* And yet, if I mistake not, this is the chief, if not the only Scripture which has been urged, in favour of this opinion! Neither can I conceive that it has any foundation in Reason. It has indeed been warmly alledged, that all things would be far more beautiful, if they were quite transparent. But I cannot apprehend this: yea, I apprehend quite the contrary. Suppose every part of a human body were made transparent as crystal, would it appear more beautiful than it does now? Nay, rather it would shock us above measure. The surface of the Body, and in particular, "The Human Face divine," is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful objects that can be found under heaven. But could you look through the rosy cheek, the smooth, fair forehead, or the rising bosom, and distinctly see all that lies within, you would turn away from it with loathing and horror.

[*To be continued.*]

Some Account of Mr. JOHN PRITCHARD.

[Written by Himself.]

[Continued from page 516.]

WHEN you* appointed me for a Class-Leader, and would not excuse me from undertaking that office, I gave myself up to do all the good in my power to those you appointed to meet with me. Soon after this, I got a Band of single men. It increased every month, until I was forced to divide it into four Bands. But being unwilling to

* The following part of this Account is addressed to the Rev. J. Wesley:

be parted, we appointed to meet altogether once a month, and to make it a Prayer-meeting. In these meetings God was with us of a truth. We had a heaven among us! and a paradise within us! We lived as the Christians of old, having all things common: so that few, if any, counted any thing that he possessed his own.

It is true, we had some wild-fire among us, which made Mr. *John Pawson* fearful of us. Mr. *Allen* also seemed fearful of us likewise, though he loved us much, and strengthened us both in public and private.

For between three and four years, this blessed work went on among near a hundred young men; besides what were at the West-end of the town; until one and another of them went into the highways and hedges to be more useful to the world.

It is with pleasure I call those days to remembrance; when we ran our circle of duty both to God and our neighbour; visiting sick-beds, hospitals, goals, work-houses and garrets. O! how did we then harmoniously stem the tide, swim against the stream of evil examples: and with labour and strife, self-denial and patience, fortitude and resolution; watchfulness, and diligence, resist every temptation to forsake God and his ways!

Young men have the greatest opportunities for usefulness, before they get entangled in the cares of the world; if they do not, they are never likely to make any progress in the best way. This is the seed-time for usefulness. O, that all young persons, male and female, who read these lines may bestir themselves, under a sense of the importance of this great work, to all assiduity while they are in the vigour of life!

Having spent five years thus, with this happy people in *London*, you sent Mr. *R.* to enquire if I would accompany you to *Ireland*. After a few moments consideration, I gladly accepted of your offer. Accordingly we left *London* the first Sunday in March, 1776. When we got over to *Ireland*, I

went to see my relations and friends. After staying some days with my parents, I overtook you at *Coolly-Lough*. From this place we travelled round the kingdom, and in July arrived safe in *Dublin*. During this journey I found my mind enlarged towards God and man. Many desires were kindled for the furtherance of the gospel. At times, I purposed to give a word of exhortation; but my heart failed me, which brought on me much distress, and sore conflicts with the enemy. I then fasted, and also prayed that God would remove the burthen, but to no purpose; for it grew more and more heavy upon me. The amazing value of souls weighed much with me, towards putting in my mite for their salvation: especially when I considered that the everlasting God himself came down; not to reign over princes, but to wear out his life in the form of a servant! These thoughts made me cry out, Lord, what is a kingdom! What is the earth, with all the planetary worlds, compared to one soul! During this time, in which my soul hung in suspense between heaven and earth, the following lines were often brought to my mind,

“ Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were a present far too small:

Love so amazing! so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all!”

After travelling from March to September, I found I could not continue to travel with you, in your long and painful journies. I therefore purposed to return to business again. On consulting you, your answer was, that I was not called to be a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water: that the Lord had something else for me to do; but for the present, you would have me go to *Kingswood*. I accordingly went, and while I was there my heart was drawn out in prayer for the whole world. My soul grasped the habitable globe. I felt as if I could spend my life in cries and tears for Zion's welfare. During

During my stay here, I came to a resolution to try the Lord; to put him to it, and to see what he had for me to do in this world. I was conscious that though all Christians were not called to be public speakers; yet all are called to be a common blessing, a public good, and thereby prove themselves the children of their heavenly Father, who is good unto all, and whose tender mercies are over all his works. But as I was uncertain how to act, I thought that by exercising the little ability I had, I should in time know the will of God concerning me. I therefore gave myself up to do all possible good, and to extend my usefulness to all around. Accordingly I resorted to Prayer-meetings among the Colliers in different parts of the wood, and exhorted the school-boys daily: which often proved a means of quickening me in the ways of righteousness.

After sometime, I began to preach at *Keynsham*, and found much encouragement to proceed, until I fell into reasoning upon the necessity of human qualifications: such as a knowledge of the languages, and episcopal ordination. But I made this matter of prayer, and in a short time met with *Mr. Baxter's Answer to Mr. Johnson's Four Arguments for an uninterrupted succession in the Ministry*, and the absolute necessity of episcopal ordination: in which answer *Baxter* refers his readers to the epistles of *Paul to Timothy and Titus*, for a description of the persons qualified to speak in public: which was a great relief to my mind.

After being at *Kingswood* sometime, I received a letter from you, desiring me to go immediately into the *Wiltshire Circuit*. This threw me into a fever, and brought on me much trouble of mind; seeing I was weak in grace, and in gifts, and young in years as well as of a shy disposition. However, I ventured. But though God gave me the hearts of the people in general; and I had for my Assistant, one of the best of men, *Mr. Richard Burk*, (now in Abraham's bosom,) yet my fears and sorrows so increased, that my appetite failed,

failed, my sleep departed, and my body so wasted, that I became a very skeleton! Nevertheless I went on, hoping it might be better with me hereafter.

[*To be continued.*]



An Account, of Mr. SAMUEL LEE.

MR. *Samuel Lee*, M. A. was the only son of a very eminent and wealthy citizen of *London*, who died in much esteem, and in a good old age, possessed of a considerable estate: which his son enjoyed some years after his mother's decease. He had his first education under Dr. *Gale*, at St. Paul's School, and went from thence to the University of *Oxford*; being by his Master recommended to the tuition of Dr. *Wilkins*, who was afterwards Bishop of *Chester*. There he increased considerably in knowledge and grace, and at length was chosen Fellow of *Wadham-College*, and afterwards was Proctor of the University, in the year when Dr. *Owen* was Vice-Chancellor. He afterwards came to *London*, and was fixed in the living of Bishopsgate, where he spent his time with good acceptance, till he was ejected in 1662, by the Act of Uniformity. He was often admonished by his learned and pious tutor, (who himself conformed at the Restoration) to come into the Established Church; but he thought it his duty in this case to see with his own eyes, and made it his choice to act in a narrower sphere. He was congregational in his judgment; but so eminent for his catholic spirit, and extensive charity, that some who were warm and rigid themselves, would not allow him to be an Independent: though he was Minister of an independent Congregation, among whom he officiated for many years at Newington-Green. He understood the learned languages well; spoke Latin fluently and elegantly; was well versed in all the liberal Arts

Arts and Sciences; was a great Master in Physic and Alchymy, and no stranger to any part of polite and useful learning. He always relieved the necessities of the poor, and was very useful to the Hungarian Ministers when they were in *England* some years before he left it. For the times proving dangerous, and he being of a timorous temper, left a good estate behind him, about the year 1686, for the sake of peace and a quiet mind, and sailed to *New-England*, where he was received with respect, and chosen Pastor of a Congregation in *Bristol*. He did not continue there much above three years: for hearing of the glorious Revolution in 1688, he was willing to taste the fruits of it in his native country, and soon determined to return back thither. And so impatient was he of any longer stay in *America*, that with great hazard he travelled to *Boston* with his wife and family, and in the middle of winter set sail for *England*. A few nights before his going on board the ship he was to sail in, he told his wife that he had seen a star, which according to the Rules of Astrology presaged captivity; wishing a few days might pass before the ship sailed, for which he prevailed with the Captain, though without acquainting him with the reason of his request. He had studied Astrology; but when he became acquainted with it, durst not approve of it, but burnt near a hundred books. At length, notwithstanding the presage, he pursued his voyage, and in his passage met with such opposition from the winds, that the Captain declared he had never known the like before for thirty years together. The ship was driven upon the coast of *Ireland*, where, being met and attacked by a French Privateer, they fought for some hours. The ship was set on fire several times, and in no small danger of sinking; and at last was entirely disabled, and so they were forced to surrender themselves prisoners. As they were kept cruising for some weeks after, they were exposed to all the extremities of wind and weather; and about Christmas, were carried as a prize into *St. Maloe's*; where

where he, his wife and daughter, and two servants were kept for sometime. At last all his family, unknown to him, were shipped off for *England*, while he, by the King's order, was kept behind. Hereupon, through grief he presently fell into a fever, of which he died in a few days, in the possession of those very enemies, whom all his days he had most dreaded; but in the arms of the compassionate Jesus, in the 64th year of his age.

An account of Mr. GEORGE FAWNES.

MR. GEORGE FAWNES, M. A. was born in *Shropshire*. His father dying, his mother sent him to *Cambridge*, where he was reckoned a considerable scholar. He was the public Minister of *High-Wickham* several years; but quitted the Parish-Church voluntarily before the King's Restoration in 1660. However, he continued preaching, though he was for awhile unfixed. He afterwards assisted Mr. *Palmer* in *Pinner's-Hall*, and preached a Lecture in *Lothbury*. In 1679, he became Pastor to a Congregation of Dissenters in *Bristol*. About the time of what was commonly called the Presbyterian Plot, Sir *Robert Yeamans* took him out of the pulpit, and committed him to Newgate. But by virtue of a flaw in his mittimus, in six weeks time he was removed by a Habeas Corpus to the King's-bench, and acquitted, to the no small vexation of Mr. *Ramsey*, the Town-Clerk. Meetings being at that time held in the fields, he was taken on the high road in *Kingswood*, on suspicion of coming from a meeting, though they could not prove it. He was then committed to *Gloucester* goal for refusing the corporation oath, and for riding within five miles of a corporation. This was a great hardship upon him, because the act had no power in his case, on account of his resigning his living before the King's return. When they brought him to *Gloucester* Castle, they declared publicly that he should never come out alive!

His

His mittimus was for six months, in which time they endeavoured to suborn witnesses to swear a riot against him; though no other rioter but himself was named in the bill. Upon his trial, when the witness came to swear, he looked on the Justices and said, Gentlemen, what would you have me to do? I cannot swear any thing against this person. However they impanelled a Jury and proceeded. He pleaded his own cause very pleasantly, and told them that if *George* and his horse could not be guilty of a riot, without *John, Thomas, or William*, or any other company, then he could not be judged guilty. The Jury then went out, but soon returned, and the foreman gave in the verdict, not guilty. The Bishop's Chancellor being one of the Justices, said, with a loud voice, What, not guilty! The foreman replied a second time, Not guilty; for *can* *George* and his horse be guilty of a riot without any other in company! I say not. However he was sent back to prison. When six months were expired he demanded his liberty of the Jailor, who told him that he had orders not to let him go, what damage soever himself might suffer: for they would bear him harmless. A bond was insisted on for his good behaviour, and that with sureties, and preaching he knew would be interpreted a forfeiture of this bond, on which account he refused to come under such bonds, and so was continued in prison. At the assizes he made his appeal to the Judge. Justice *Player* and Justice *Newton* told the Judge, that if he let that man go, he would draw all the country after him; and so he was kept in prison for two years and a half. At the end of which God was pleased to release him by death, in December 1685. This confinement was the more grievous, because of his being sadly afflicted with the stone. Dr. *Peechy*, the Physician, declared to him, before his wife, that his confinement was the cause of his death; and that it was no less murder than if they had run him through, the first day he came in, though it had been less cruel.

A Short Account of the Life and Death of JANE OGILBY.

JANE OGILBY was born in the parish of *Bishop-Wearmouth*, in the county of *Durham*, in the year 1752. Her father and mother both dying when she was about seven years of age, she was taken home by an uncle, where she continued about seven or eight years. After this, she went to service, and lived with four Masters, for about fifteen years. She then married and settled in the said place. But all this while she was an utter stranger to true godliness: having neither the form nor the power of it; but lived after the course of this world.

About this time she was drawn to hear the Gospel, and seemed to be so affected, that she would often express the concern of her mind in such expressions as these: "Lord be merciful to me! What will become of my poor soul!"

She still continued to hear the word preached; although the more she heard, the more she saw herself in a deplorable condition. Having the eyes of her understanding opened in some measure, she could now discern the things that are excellent; and accordingly made it the main business of her life to pursue after them; until she found the peace that passeth all understanding, and could rejoice in God her Saviour.

She now embraced every opportunity of meeting with those that feared the Lord, and was much comforted and strengthened; and went on her way blessing and praising God for what he had done for her. But this did not last always; for giving way to unwatchfulness, the enemy gained such advantage over her, that she grew careless and secure. Yet she continued meeting with her brethren, though neither so constant, nor yet with that fervency she had done in times past. While she was in this state, the Lord often laid his hand

hand upon her, and sometimes threatened her with death, which used to make deep impressions on her mind for a season; but being naturally of a light spirit, they wore off again.

She took her last illness sometime in May. It began with a weariness in her limbs, and a shortness of breath. She was also afflicted with pains in her bowels to such a degree, that what she took was immediately thrown up again. After this she swelled exceedingly: all which she bore with such patience and submission to the Divine will, that she would often say, "Had I nothing else to bear but these, I should think myself happy: for great and heavy as they seem to you, and, as indeed they are, they are nothing to what I labour under from the guilt and horror of my soul. This, this, far exceeds all the rest; and what is worse still, I fear it is but the beginning of sorrows. I am afraid the Lord will not have mercy on me any more. Could I have any hope of this, it would support me under all my bodily afflictions." On one saying, Fear not; the Lord will have mercy on you after all you have done, she replied, "I wish I could think so; it would make me rejoice amidst all my afflictions, in hopes of better days to come."

Thus she continued till within two months of her death: despairing, yet crying for mercy. One day she said to a friend, "I have been looking for the Lord to speak peace to my soul, till I am quite out of all hopes. I have drawn the curtain back, late and soon, in hopes to see or hear something to comfort me; but all in vain." Her friend replied, You are not to expect any outward appearance: you know, peace and comfort are inward things: look up to the Redeemer, and he will give you rest, by removing your burthen, and by giving you the witness of his Spirit that your sins are all done away. "O, said she, what a poor, blind creature I am! I have been looking wrong all this time; but, through the

grace of God, I will not expect it any more in that way. Soon after this the Lord set her at liberty once more. And then she told me with great pleasure, "The Lord hath taken away my burthen, and hath given me peace of conscience." She also said, "I have now nothing to fear; all is peace, peace!" At Christmas Mr. T. visited her. When he discoursed with her about the state of her soul, she bore a clear testimony of the power of God, in saving her from all sin! This, said he, confirms the doctrine I have just now delivered; and it gives me abundant satisfaction to see and hear one just on the verge of eternity, and nothing but skin and bone, witness, that God's promises are fulfilled even at this day.

Sunday, January 5, Mr. *Jaco* visited her. When he spoke to her about the state of her soul, she said, "I find nothing but peace." He said, You are not afraid to die then: "Die!" said she, I desire nothing so much. Yet I could be content to lie here, and suffer ten thousand deaths if God saw fit." She spoke so much while he was with her, and joined so fervently in singing a hymn, that after he was gone she grew very weak. In the evening, when the house was still, she sung, "Come Lord and help me to rejoice." After she had sung as long as she was able, she desired those in the house to sing. Accordingly they sung the same hymn; and when they came to these words, "O that I might at once go up! No more on this side Jordan stop!" she interrupted them, and said, "Yes, that is what I want."

On Monday, after receiving the sacrament, she called the Minister, and said, "Sir, I have something to tell you before you go." On his stooping down to hear what it was, she said, "I have found peace to my soul:" on which he shook her by the hand, and said, he was very glad. After he was gone, she said, "I thought it was but fit I should tell him; because he had said, he thought I was in utter despair."

On Thursday she desired the Doctor might be sent for to draw some of her teeth; accordingly he came and drew out
three.

three, which she bore with great patience. On Friday she was seized with a violent pain in her arm. At night, she often said, "I shall not live to see the light; this is surely come to deliver me." On Saturday morning she was quite easy; but her arm was swelled as stiff as if it had been a piece of wood, and was turned quite black. About noon she desired the maid to call in the neighbours: some of whom she mentioned by name. Her husband being in the house said, No: "Yes, said she; I am just now going." He then took her in his arms, and when the neighbours came, she endeavoured to speak to them, but could not be heard. She then clasped her hands, and fell asleep, on the 11th of January, 1772, in the thirty-ninth year of her age.

JEDIDIAH BUXTON'S PREDICTION. ✓

To the EDITOR of the ARMINIAN MAGAZINE.

Sir,

IF the following comes, in your esteem, under the class of extraordinary Anecdotes, it is at your service. I had it from a person who well knew both the man and the fact.

I am, Sir, your most obliged,

S. SAUNDERS.

Boreham-Wood, March 25, 1784.

JEDIDIAH BUXTON, a poor man, of *Elmton*, in *Derbyshire*, well known to several eminent, and many curious men, for his uncommon talents for numbers, and extraordinary natural powers of arithmetical calculation, died about six years since: who was as famous for the exact prediction of the time of his death, as for his curious enumeration of every incident in his life, while living. This man was firmly persuaded that his death would happen on a certain

certain day; which it precisely did. From this conviction he took a formal leave of all his friends and acquaintances, who all equally joined in the laugh, at his infatuation.

He first waited on the Duke of P——, who had been kind to him, and esteemed him, as an honest and singular man. He told the butler, that he *must then* see his Grace, or he should never see him again; the Duke being informed of his request, ordered him into the parlour, and desired to know the cause of his earnest desire to see him. His reply was to this effect: "I am come to thank your Grace for all the favours you have bestowed on me; for I shall never see your Grace any more." On the Duke's enquiry into the reason of that declaration, he answered, "I must never see you again: I must come here no more." Why, *Jeddy?* replied the Duke. He said, "Because I shall die on Thursday next." The Duke endeavoured to persuade him that he was only vapourish, and that there was not the least intimation of his death; and withal charged his servants not to give him much beer; adding, "For the old man's brain grows weak." In the kitchen, the laugh circulated freely concerning the *old man's prediction*. However he stiffly maintained his certainty of its accomplishment; the intervening days were spent in taking leave of his friends: none of whom believed him either in earnest, or in his right mind.

The predicted day arriving, the old man was still equally assured of his death on that day:—and after having dined, sat himself down in his easy chair, and expired; to the astonishment of all who had ridiculed his testimony.

EUDOXUS and LEONTINE.

Extracted from a late Author.

[Concluded from page 530.]

FLORIO became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her infancy. By degrees his acquaintance with her grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. *Leonilla*, who was a woman of the greatest beauty, joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for *Florio*, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a noble and a virtuous heart, when he received a sudden summons from *Leontine* to repair to him in the country the next day. It seems *Eudoxus* was so filled with the report of his son's reputation; that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arrived at the great house, but *Eudoxus* took him by the hand, and conducted him to his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage, concluding thus: *I have no other method left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He must not lose the pleasure of being your father. Leonilla too shall*

be

be my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discovery to Leonilla. Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears, kissed his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude which were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half *Eudoxus's* estate settled upon them. *Leontine* and *Eudoxus* passed the remainder of their lives together, and received, in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of *Florio* and *Leonilla*, the just recompense, as well as the natural effects of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.



The VISIONS of MIRZA.

Extracted from a late Author.

[Concluded from page 533.]

THE genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet see'st any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged

winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, and Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh. Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist, into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in

number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kind of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O, *Mirza*, habitations worth contending for! Does life appear miserable, that gives thee an opportunity of earning such a reward! Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence! Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on those happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Badgat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.



The Character and Prayer of PRINCE EUGENE.

His CHARACTER.

HE was valiant without pride; victorious without cruelty; indefatigable without avarice; a friend without guile; a foe without revenge; a soldier without vice; a Christian without bigotry: whose universal fame will bury churches, out-live time; and stand up with eternity!

His

His PRAYER.

O my God! I believe in thee; do thou strengthen my belief: I hope in thee; do thou confirm my hope: I love thee; vouchsafe to redouble my love: I am sorry for my sins; O, increase my repentance. I adore thee as my first principle: I desire thee as my last end: I thank thee as my perpetual benefactor: I call upon thee as my supreme defender. My God! be pleased to guide me by thy wisdom: rule me by thy justice: comfort me by thy mercy: and keep me by thy power. To thee I dedicate all my thoughts, words, and actions; that henceforth I may think of thee, speak of thee, act according to thy will, and suffer for thy sake. Lord, my will is subject to thine in whatsoever thou willest; because it is thy will. I beseech thee to enlighten my understanding; to give bounds to my will; to purify my body; to sanctify my soul. Enable me, O my God! to expiate† my past offences; to conquer my future temptations; to reduce the passions that are too strong for me; and to practice the virtue that becomes me. O fill my heart with a tender remembrance of thy favours; an aversion for my infirmities; a love for my neighbour; and a contempt for the world. Let me also remember to be submissive to my superiors; charitable to my enemies; faithful to my friends; and indulgent to my inferiors. O God help me to overcome pleasure, by mortification; covetousness by alms; anger, by meekness; and lukewarmness, by devotion. O my God! make me prudent in undertakings; courageous in dangers; patient under disappointments; and humble in success. Let me never forget, O Lord! to be fervent in prayer; temperate in food; exact in my employs; and constant in my resolutions. Inspire me, O Lord! with a desire always to have a quiet conscience; an outward modesty, as well as inward; an edifying conversation, and a regular con-

† None but Christ can do this.

duct. Let me always apply myself to resist nature; to assist grace; to keep thy commands; and deserve* to be saved. My God! do thou convince me of the meanness of the earth; the greatness of heaven; the shortness of time; and the length of eternity. Grant that I may be prepared for death; that I may fear thy judgment; avoid hell, and obtain paradise: for the sake and merits of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

A genuine Copy of an Order of King HENRY the VIII. for a day's provision for one of the Lady's of Honour to one of his Queens.

HENRY the EIGHTH, &c. &c. &c.

WE will and commaunde you to allow daily from henceforth unto our right dere and well-beloved the lady *Lucy*, into her chamber, the dyatt and fare hereafter ensuyng.

First, Every morning at brekefast, oon chyne of beyf at our kechyn, oon chete loff, and oon maunchet at our panatrye barr, and a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

Item, At dyner, a pese of beyf, a stroke of rostle, and a reward at our said kechyn, a caste of chete brede at our panatrye barr, and a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

Item, At afternoone, a maunchet of brede at our panatrye barr, and half a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

Item, At supper, a messe of porage, a pese of mutton, and a reward at our said kechyn, a caste of chete brede at our panatrye, and a galone of ale at our buttrye.

Item, After supper, a chete loff, and a maunchet at our panatrye barr, and half a galone of wine at our seller barr.

Item, Every morning at our wood-yard, four tall shyds, and two faggots.

* Properly speaking, no sinner ever *deserved* this.

Item,

Item, At our chaundrye barr in winter every night, oon preket, and four syfes of wax, and with eight candles white lights, and oon torch.

Item, At our piccher house, six white cupps.

Item, At every time of our moving, oon hole carte for the carriage of her stuff.

14 HEN. VIII. 16 July, 1522.

The following is transcribed from the Monument of Dr. TRAPP.

To the Memory of the Rev. and learned Joseph Trapp, D. D.

TWENTY-SIX years Minister of the united Parishes of Christ-Church, in Newgate-Street, and St. Leonard, Foster-Lane, London: who died Nov. 22, 1747, aged 67, and was buried in the Church of *Harlington*, in *Middlesex*, of which also he was Rector.

In grateful acknowledgement of the benefits received by the ministry of so excellent a Preacher, and so valuable a Friend, several of his hearers have, at their own expence, erected this Monument:

+ *Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell, think Christians, think.
You stand on vast Eternity's dread brink;
Faith, and Repentance, Piety and Prayer,
Despise this world, the next be all your care.
Thus while my tomb the solemn silence breaks,
And to the eyes this cold, dumb marble speaks,
Though dead I preach; if e'er with ill success,
Living I strove the important truths to press,
Your precious, your immortals soul to save,
Hear me at last, O! hear me, from my grave.*

+ What pity that such ingrammatical, doggerel Verse, should disgrace the Monument of an eminent Doctor of Divinity!—Query: ought not something to be done to drive such rubbish from our public and private Monuments; or at least, to prevent a repetition of them.

Some

Some Account of SECOND SIGHT:

[Extracted from a late Author.]

THE Second Sight is an impression made upon the mind, by which things distant or future are perceived, and seem as if they were present. A man on a journey, far from home, falls from his horse; another, who is perhaps at work about his house, sees him bleeding on the ground; commonly with a landscape of the place where the accident befalls him. Another seen driving home his cattle, or musing in the sunshine, is suddenly surprised by the appearance of a bridal ceremony, or funeral procession, and counts the mourners and attendants; of whom, if he knows them, he relates the names; if he knows them not, he can describe their dresses. Things distant are seen at the instant when they happen. Of things future there is no rule for determining the time between the sight and the event.

This faculty is neither voluntary nor constant. The appearances have no dependance upon choice: they cannot be summoned, detained, or recalled. The impression is sudden, and the effect often painful.

By the term, Second Sight, seems to be meant a mode of seeing, superadded to that which nature bestows. In the *Erse* language it is called, *Taisch*; which signifies a spectre or a vision.

I do not find it to be true, that to the Second Sight nothing is presented but phantoms of evil. Good seems to have the same proportion in those visionary scenes, as it obtains in real life: almost all remarkable events have evil for their basis; and are either miseries incurred, or miseries escaped.

That they should often see death, is to be expected; because death is an event frequent and important. But they see like-

wife

wife more pleasing incidents. A gentleman told me that when he had once gone far from his own island, one of his labouring servants predicted his return, and described the livery of his attendant, which he had never worn at home; and which had been occasionally given him.

It is the common talk of the lowland Scots, that the notion of the Second Sight is wearing away, and that its reality is no longer supposed, but by the grossest people. How far its prevalence ever extended, or what ground it has lost, I know not. The Islanders of all degrees whether of rank, or understanding, universally admit it, except the Ministers: one of whom honestly told me, that he came to Sky with a resolution not to believe it. Strong reasons for incredulity will readily occur. This faculty is a breach of the common order of things, without any visible reason. It is ascribed only to a people very little enlightened; and among them, for the most part, to the mean and the ignorant.

To these objections it may be replied, That by presuming to determine what is fit, and what is beneficial, they presuppose more knowledge of the universal system than man has attained; and therefore depend upon principles too complicated and extensive for our comprehension: and that there can be no security in the consequence, when the premises are not understood; that the Second Sight is only wonderful because it is rare; for, considered in itself, it involves no more difficulty than dreams, or perhaps, than the regular exercise of the cogitative faculty; that a general opinion of communicative impulses, or visionary representations, has prevailed in all ages and nations; that particular instances have been given, with such evidence, as neither *Bacon* nor *Boyle* have been able to resist; that sudden impressions, which the event has verified, have been felt by more than one of them; that the Second Sight of the Hebrides implies only the local frequency of a power, which is no where totally unknown,

unknown, and that where we are unable to decide by antecedent reason, we must be content to yield to the force of testimony.

By pretensions to Second Sight, no profit was even sought or gained. It is an involuntary affection in which neither hope nor fear are known to have any part. Those who profess to feel it, do not boast of it as a privilege; nor are considered by others advantageously distinguished. They have no temptation to feign; and their hearers have no motive to encourage the imposture.

To talk with any of those seers is not easy. There is one living in Sky, with whom we would gladly have conversed; but he knew no English. The proportion in these countries of the poor to the rich is such, that if we suppose the quality to be accidental, it cannot very rarely happen to a man of education; and yet on such men it has sometimes fallen. There is now a Second Sighted Gentleman in the Highlands, who complains of the terrors to which he is exposed. The foresight of the seers is not always prescience: they are impressed with images of which the event only shews them the meaning. They tell what they have seen to others, who are at that time not more knowing than themselves; but may become at last very adequate witnesses by comparing the narrative with its verification.

The HISTORY of INKLE and YARICO.

From LIGON'S Account of Barbadoes.

MR. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked at the Downs, on the good ship, called the *Achilles*, bound for the *West-Indies* in the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind

an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened in the course of the voyage that the *Achilles*, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of *America*, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The *English* unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore, into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventure escaped among others by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless on a little hillock, when an *Indian* maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked *American*; the *American* was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of the *European*, covered from head to foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and lead him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers: then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and breches. She likewise brought him a great many spoils

which her other lovers had presented to her ; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of the moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when *Yarico*, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals : and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a vessel from the Main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the *Indians* and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *English* territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of money he had lost during his stay with *Yarico*. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* merchant ; notwithstanding that the poor girl,

to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him she was with child by him; but he only made use of this information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

REFLECTIONS *supposed to be made by an INDIAN King:*
then in LONDON.

ON the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am king. Our good brother *E Tow O Thoam*, king of the *Rivers*, is of opinion that it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The kings of *Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the same day with the sun and moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of the matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first a huge mishapen rock, that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, until they had wrought in it all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scoped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out into pillars that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people; for they gave it the name of a temple, and have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotions in it. And indeed there are several reasons which make us think, that the

natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of worship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred; but upon my going into one of those holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour: there was indeed a man in black who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and curtsying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

The Queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make a shift to gather out of one of them, that this Island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called *Whigs*; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for our being kings.

Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a *Tory*, that was as great a monster as the *Whig*, and would treat us as ill for being foreigners. These two creatures it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft-work; but withal so very
idle,

idle, that we often saw young, lusty, raw-boned fellows carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms, by a couple of porters, who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous; for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a flag, or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them; but instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still about three hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another; insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.

*An Extract from a JOURNEY from Aleppo to Jerusalem; at
Easter, A. D. 1697.*

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. late Fellow of Exeter
College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.

[Continued from page 544.]

THURSDAY, March 25, we entered into a very narrow valley, between two high rocky hills, at the farther end of which we found the ruins of a village, and of a monastery. In this very place, *Jacob's Bethel* is supposed to have been: where he had his stony couch made easy by that beatifying vision of God, and of the angels ascending and descending on a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, *Gen. xxviii.* Near this place are the limits, separating between *Ephraim* and *Benjamin*, *Josh. xviii, 13.*

This is the place to which *Jotham* fled from the revenge of his brother *Abimelech*, *Judges ix. 21.* It is supposed also to be the same with *Michmas*, *1 Sam. 14.*

Beer enjoys a very pleasant situation, on an easy declivity fronting southward. At the bottom of the hill, it has a plentiful fountain of excellent water, from which it has its name. At the upper side are remains of an old church built by the Empress *Helena*, in memory of the blessed Virgin, who, when she went in quest of the child *Jesus*, as it is related, *Luke ii. 24.* came (as tradition adds) to this city: and not finding him whom her soul loved, in the company, she sat down weary and pensive at so sad a disappointment, in the very place where the church now stands.

All along this day's travel, and also as far as we could see round, the country discovered quite a different face from what it had before: presenting nothing to the view in most places, but naked rocks, mountains and precipices. At sight
of

of which, pilgrims are apt to be much astonished, finding that country in such condition, concerning whose pleasantness and plenty they had before formed such high ideas, from the description given of it in the word of God: insomuch that it almost startles their faith, when they reflect how it could be possible for a land like this, to supply food for so prodigious a number of inhabitants, as are said to have been polled in the twelve tribes at one time: the sum given in by *Joab*, 2 *Sam.* xxiv. amounting to no less than thirteen hundred thousand fighting men, besides women and children. But it is certain any man may see, as he passes along, arguments enough to support his faith against such scruples.

For it is obvious that these rocks and hills must have been anciently covered with earth, and made to contribute to the maintenance of the inhabitants, no less than if the country had been all plain: nay perhaps much more; forasmuch as such a mountainous surface affords a larger space of ground for cultivation, than this country would amount to, if it were all reduced to a perfect level.

For the husbanding of these mountains, their manner was to gather up the stones, and place them in several lines, along the sides of the hills, in form of a wall. By such borders, they supported the mould from being washed down; and formed many beds of excellent soil, rising gradually one above another, from the bottom to the top of the mountains.

Of this form of culture you see evident footsteps, wherever you go in all the mountains of *Palestine*. Thus the very rocks were made fruitful. And perhaps there is no spot of ground in this whole land, that was not formerly improved, to the production of something ministering to the sustenance of human life. For, than the plain countries, nothing can be more fruitful, whether for the production of corn and cattle, and consequently milk. The hills, though improper for all cattle, except goats, yet being disposed into such beds, as are afore-described, served, well to bear corn, melons,

melons, cucumbers, and such like garden-stuff, which makes the principal food of these countries for several months in the year. The most rocky parts of all, which could not well be adjusted in that manner for the production of corn, might yet serve for the plantation of vines and olive trees; which delight to extract, the one its fatness, the other its sprightly juice, chiefly out of such dry and flinty places. And the great plain joining to the dead Sea, which, by reason of its saltness, might be thought unserviceable both for cattle, corn, olives and vines, had yet its proper usefulness, for the nourishment of bees. And I have reason to believe it, because when I was there, I perceived in many places a smell of honey and wax, as strong as if one had been in an apiary. Why then might not this country very well maintain the vast number of its inhabitants, being in every part so productive of either milk, corn, wine, oil, or honey, which are the principal food of these eastern nations? The constitution of their bodies, and the nature of their clime, enclining them to a more abstemious diet than we use in *England*, and other colder regions.

In two hours and one third we came to the top of a hill, from whence we had the first prospect of *Jerusalem*: *Rama*, anciently called *Gibeah of Saul*, being within view on the right hand, and the plain of *Jericho*, and the mountains of *Gilead* on the left. In one hour more we approached the walls of the holy city; but we could not enter immediately, it being necessary first to send a messenger to acquaint the Governor of our arrival, and to desire liberty of entrance: without which, no Frank dares come within the walls. We had not waited above half an hour, when he brought us our permission, and we entered *Bethlehem* gate. It is required of all Franks, unless they happen to come in with some public minister, to dismount at the gate, to deliver their arms, and enter on foot: but we, coming in company with the French Consul, had the privilege to enter mounted and armed.

armed. Just within the gate, we turned up a street on the left hand, and were conducted by the Consul to his own house, with most friendly invitations, to make that our home, as long as we should continue at *Jerusalem*. Having taken a little refreshment, we went to the Latin Convent, at which all Frank pilgrims are wont to be entertained. The Guardian and Friars received us with many kind welcomes: and kept us with them at supper: after which we returned to the French Consul's to bed. And thus we continued to take our lodging at the Consul's, and our board with the Friars, during our whole stay at *Jerusalem*.

Friday, March 26. The next day being Good-Friday in the Latin stile, the Consul was obliged to go into the Church of the Sepulchre, in order to keep his feast; whither we accompanied him. We found the church doors guarded by several *Janizaries*, and other Turkish Officers: who are placed there to watch, that none enter in, but such as have first paid their appointed Caphar. This is more or less according to the country, or the character of the persons that enter.

Having once paid this, you may go in and out gratis as often as you please during the whole feast; provided you take the ordinary opportunities, in which it is customary to open the doors: but if you would have them opened at any time out of the common course, the first expence must be paid again.

The pilgrims being all admitted this day, the Church-doors were locked in the evening, and opened no more till Easter-day: by which we were kept in a close, but very happy confinement for three days. We spent our time in viewing the ceremonies practised by the Latins at this festival, and in visiting the several holy places; all which we had opportunity to survey, with as much freedom as we pleased.

And now being got under the sacred roof, and having the advantage of so much leisure, I might expatiate in a large description of the several holy places, which this Church (as

a cabinet) contains in it. But this would be superfluous, for many pilgrims having discharged this office with so much exactness already, and especially our learned countryman, Mr. *Sandy's*; whose description and draughts, both of this Church, and also of the remarkable places in and about *Jerusalem*, must be acknowledged so faithful and perfect, that they leave very little to be added by after-comers, and nothing to be corrected. I shall content myself therefore, to relate only what passed in the Church during this festival; saying no more of the Church itself, than is necessary to make my account intelligible.

The Church of the holy Sepulchre is founded upon *Mount Calvary*, which is a small eminency upon the greater mount of *Moriah*. It was anciently appropriated to the execution of malefactors, and therefore shut out of the walls of the city, as a polluted place. But since it was made the altar on which was offered up the precious sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, it has recovered itself from that infamy, and has been resorted to, with such devotion by all Christians, that it has attracted the city round about it, and stands now in the midst of *Jerusalem*, a great part of the hill of *Sion* being shut out of the walls, to make room for the admission of *Calvary*.

In order to the siting of this hill for the foundation of a Church, the first founders were obliged to reduce it to a plain area; which they did, by cutting down several parts of the rock, and by elevating others. But in this work care was taken, that none of those parts of the hill, which were reckoned to be more immediately concerned in our blessed Lord's passion, should be altered. Thus that very part of *Calvary*, where they say Christ was fastened to, and lifted up on his cross, is left entire; being about ten or twelve yards square, and standing at this day so high above the common floor of the Church, that you have twenty-one steps to go up to its top: and the holy Sepulchre itself, which was at first a
cave

cave hewn in the rock under-ground, having had the rock cut away from it all round, is now as it were a grotto above ground.

The Church is less than one hundred paces long, and not more than sixty wide : and yet is so contrived, that it is supposed to contain under its roof twelve or thirteen sanctuaries, or places consecrated to a more than ordinary veneration, by being reputed to have some particular actions done in them, relating to the death and resurrection of Christ. As first, the place where he was derided by the soldiers : secondly, where the soldiers divided his garments : thirdly, where he was shut up, whilst they digged the hole to set the foot of the cross in, and made all ready for his crucifixion : fourthly, where he was nailed to the cross : fifthly, where the cross was erected : sixthly, where the soldiers stood that pierced his side : seventhly, where his body was anointed in order to his burial : eighthly, where his body was deposited in the sepulchre : ninthly, where the angels appeared to the woman after his resurrection : tenthly, where Christ himself appeared to *Mary Magdalen*, &c. The places where these, and many other things relating to our blessed Lord are said to have been done, are all supposed to be contained within the narrow precincts of this Church, and are all distinguished with so many altars.

In galleries round about the Church, and also in little buildings annex to it on the outside, are certain apartments for the reception of Friars and Pilgrims ; and in these places almost every Christian nation anciently maintained a small society of Monks : each society having its proper quarter assigned to it, by the appointment of the Turks : such as the Latins, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, Abyssines, Georgians, Coptites, Maronites, &c. all which had anciently their several apartments in the Church.

[To be continued.]

AN EXTRACT FROM THE
MINUTES of a CONFERENCE,

Held at LONDON, July, 1785.

Between the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, and Others.

[Concluded from page 551.]

A M E R I C A.

Superintendents. Tho. Coke, Francis Asbury.

ELDERS.

77	Georgia	—	—	B. Allen.
78	Charleston.			
79	George Town.	Wool. Hickson.	}	J. Tunnell.
80	Broad River.			
81	Yeadkin.	H. Bingham, Tho.	}	
		Williamson.		H. Willis.
82	Holstein.	Rich. Swift, M.	}	
		Gilbert.		
83	Wilmington.	John Baldwin.	}	
84	New River.	Philip Bruce.		
85	Tar River.	Tho. Humphries,	}	
		Isaac Smith.		R. Ellis.
86	Roan Oak.	Edward Morris, M.	}	
		Whitaker.		
87	New Hope.	Henry Jones.	}	
88	Caswell.	Elijah Ellis.		
89	Salisbury.	Joshua Hartley, H.	}	
		Hull.		
90	Guildford.	J. Smith, Stephen	}	R. Ivey.
		Johnson.		
91	Halifax.	James Hinton, G.	}	
		Nosworthy.		
92	Cambden.	William Partridge,	}	
		William Steens.		
93	Portsmouth.	T. Anderson, John	}	N. Reed.
		Street.		
94	Williamsburgh.	Jer. Maflon.	}	

ELDERS.

95	<i>Bartie.</i>	John Dickins, D. } Jefferson.	<i>Enoch Mattson.</i>
96	<i>Suffex.</i>	W. Glendinning, J. Easter.	
97	<i>Brunswick.</i>	Edw. Dromgoole, } James Haw.	
98	<i>Mecklenburgh.</i>	John Major, John } Robertson.	
99	<i>Amelia.</i>	William Dameron, } John Freeman.	<i>James O'Kelly.</i>
100	<i>Bedford.</i>	T. Bowen, J. Kenny, }	
101	<i>Orange,</i>	} T. Jackson, H. Bo- num, S. Dickins.	
102	<i>Hanover.</i>		
103	<i>Redstone.</i>	Peter Moriarty, J. } Fidler, W. Lee.	<i>T. Foster.</i>
104	<i>Allegany.</i>	L. Green, J. Paup, } W. Jessop.	
105	<i>Berclay.</i>	Eleazor Hatheway.	
106	<i>Fairfax.</i>	Simon Pyle.	
107	<i>Lancaster,</i>	} J. Everitt, L. Rofs.	<i>I. Pigman.</i>
108	<i>St. Mary's,</i>		
109	<i>Calvert.</i>	Michael Ellis.	
110	<i>Frederick.</i>	William Ringold, } S. Breeze.	<i>R. Whatcoat.</i>
111	<i>Baltimore,</i>	Jon. Forrest, F. } Poythres.	
112	<i>Kent.</i>	Thomas Curtis, } G. Moore.	<i>C. Boyer.</i>
113	<i>Talbot.</i>	Thomas Haskins, } J. Cromwell.	
114	<i>Dorset.</i>	W. Thomas. G. } Thompson.	
115	<i>Northampton.</i>	Philip Cox, M. } Hurley.	
116	<i>Dover.</i>	Samuel Dudley, J. } Wyatt.	<i>W. Gill.</i>
117	<i>Caroline.</i>	William Cannon, } J. Lee, S. Bright.	
118	<i>Somer set.</i>	Henry Ogburn.	
119	<i>Annameffex.</i>	James White, R. } Can.	

ELDERS.

120	<i>Little York.</i>	John Cooper.	}	
121	<i>Philadelphia.</i>	Ira. Ellis, James Thomas, Robert Ayres.		<i>T. Vasey.</i>
122	<i>Juniatta.</i>	James Riffin.		
123	<i>West Jersey.</i>	Wm. Phebus, T. Ware, R. Sparks.	}	
124	<i>East Jersey.</i>	Adam Cloud, M. Greentree.		<i>T. Chew.</i>
125	<i>Trenton.</i>	Rob. Cloud, John M'Claskey, J. Brush.		
126	<i>New York.</i>		}	
127	<i>Long Island.</i>	Ezekiel Cooper.		<i>J. Haggerty.</i>
128	<i>Nova Scotia.</i>		}	
129	<i>Newfoundland.</i>	John M'Geary.		<i>F. Garrettson. James Cromwell.</i>
130	<i>Antigua.</i>		}	
				<i>J. Baxter. Jer. Lamburt.</i>

Q. What is the State of our Societies in North America?

A. It may best appear from the following Letter.*

BRISTOL, Sept. 10, 1784.

To Dr. COKE, Mr. ASBURY, and our Brethren in
NORTH-AMERICA.

1. **B**Y a very uncommon train of Providences many of the Provinces of *North-America* are totally disjoined from their Mother-Country, and erected into Independent States. The English Government has no Authority over them either Civil or Ecclesiastical, any more than over the States of *Holland*. A civil Authority is exercised over them, partly by the Congress, partly by the Provincial Assemblies. But no one either exercises or claims any Ecclesiastical Authority

* If any one is minded to dispute concerning Diocesan Episcopacy, he may dispute. But I have better work.

at all. In this peculiar Situation some thousands of the inhabitants of these States desire my advice; and in compliance with their desire, I have drawn up a little Sketch.

2. Lord KING's Account of the Primitive Church convinced me many years ago, That Bishops and Presbyters are the same Order, and consequently have the same right to ordain. For many years I have been importuned from time to time, to exercise this right, by ordaining part of our Travelling Preachers. But I have still refused, not only for Peace-sake; but because I was determined, as little as possible to violate the established Order of the national Church to which I belonged.

3. But the case is widely different between England and North-America. Here there are Bishops who have a legal Jurisdiction. In America there are none, neither any Parish Ministers. So that for some hundred miles together there is none either to baptize or to administer the Lord's Supper. Here therefore my scruples are at an end: and I conceive myself at full liberty, as I violate no Order, and invade no man's Right, by appointing and sending Labourers into the Harvest.

4. I have accordingly appointed Dr. COKE and Mr. FRANCIS ASBURY, to be joint *Superintendents* over our Brethren in North America: as also RICHARD WHATCOAT and THOMAS VASEY, to act as *Elders* among them, by baptizing and administering the Lord's Supper. And I have prepared a Liturgy little differing from that of the Church of England (I think, the best constituted national Church in the World) which I advise all the Travelling-Preachers to use, on the Lord's Day, in all the Congregations, reading the Litany only on Wednesdays and Fridays, and praying extempore on all other days. I also advise the Elders to administer the Supper of the Lord on every Lord's Day.

5. If any one will point out a more rational and scriptural way, of feeding and guiding those poor sheep in the wilderness,

ness, I will gladly embrace it. At present I cannot see any better method than that I have taken.

6. It has indeed been proposed, to desire the *English* Bishops, to ordain part of our Preachers for *America*. But to this I object, 1. I desired the Bishop of *London* to ordain only one; but could not prevail: 2. If they consented, we know the slowness of their proceedings; but the matter admits of no delay. 3. If they would ordain them *now*, they would likewise expect to govern them. And how grievously would this intangle us? 4. As our *American* Brethren are now totally disentangled both from the State, and from the *English* Hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again, either with the one or the other. They are now at full liberty, simply to follow the Scriptures and the Primitive Church. And we judge it best that they should stand fast in that Liberty, wherewith God has so strangely made them free.

JOHN WESLEY.

Q. When and where is our next Conference to begin?

A. At Bristol, the last Tuesday in July 1786.

L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXI.

[From the Rev. Mr. Rees, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Rev. Sir,

Llangrannog, Dec. 18, 1772.

BY living in a remote corner of Wales, I never yet had the happiness of seeing you. But I have often heard of your name, and read some of your writings; and received great satisfaction: particularly from your confutation of Dr. Taylor's treatise on Original Sin.

You

You must know, Sir, that I live in a neighbourhood where there is more noise about Religion, than Practice. Some are of the opinion of Dr. Taylor, and will cry up Reason as sufficient. Others again say, that there is a determinate number predestinated to salvation, from all eternity; and that these will be saved and none else; which doctrine indeed puzzles me a great deal.

I live also within less than thirty miles of the famous Mr. D. Rowland, whom I admire as an extraordinary Preacher; and doubt not of his being very useful in Wales: yet most of his followers are too ready to pass an uncharitable sentence on all who differ from them. I am sure I should love them dearly was it not for this.

I should be obliged to you to direct me where I may have such of your books as explain these points. For although I have a wife and small family, and little money to bestow upon books, yet I would purchase a few volumes of your recommending.

I have been told of a Pamphlet you have published, wherein you say, a Pagan may be saved, provided he lives up to the Advantages he has received. I wish I could see it; but before I do, I dare say you have asserted nothing but what is agreeable to Reason and Revelation: particularly to what is said by the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

God grant me a spirit of charity towards them and all men; for what am I but sinful dust and ashes, who am not worthy to open my unhallowed mouth against any man! We have all work enough (if we would but do it) to preach against the vices of this degenerate age. Wishing you still great success in so doing,

I remain, Rev. Sir,

Your obedient and humble Servant,

JOHN REES.

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

[From Mrs. Mary Jones, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

January 30, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

I Received your letter with tears of thanksgiving, deeply feeling how utterly unworthy I am, of the least favour from my heavenly Father, who pours down blessings upon me every moment. He still feeds me, and that continually with the manna of his love. Those indeed are kept in perfect peace, whose minds are fixed on him! He makes me lie down in green pastures, and leads me by the waters of comfort.

To what you ask I answer, I am every moment sensible of his loving presence. This makes all things pleasant: not one of his commandments is grievous.

He is my King, and still I sit,

In willing bonds beneath his feet.

My soul is always so fixed on God, that whatever outward hurry I have to pass through, I find myself calm and easy, and often do my business without feeling it. O the length and breadth, the depth and height of the love of Jesus to an unworthy creature!

When worldly people are talking, I feel as one who has nothing to do with their conversation, unless they speak to me; and then I say as little as possible. If they are good persons, let it be many or few, I feel an inward attention to the Spirit of God, that I may be enabled to digest what I hear, and may profit thereby.

As to "Heaviness or lowness of spirits," I find none. My spirit was naturally light and trifling, yet haughty: but the Lord has brought it down. My comforts flow in an even stream, I never feel high flights of joy; but I feel my own nothingness,

nothingness, and God's goodness more sensibly at some times than at others. And sometimes I feel, as being shortly to be with him, whom my soul loveth. This sinks me into the dust before him, and makes me cry out, with him of old, I heard of thee before by the hearing of the ear; but now my eyes have seen thee, I abhor myself in dust and ashes.

As to my time, it is often with great difficulty that I can get a few moments for private prayer. But my heavenly Father abundantly makes it up to me, by drawing out my soul in mental prayer, even while I am labouring for the meat that perisheth: so that I can say with holy boldness, I do pray without ceasing, as well as rejoice evermore, and in every thing give thanks. I can through grace receive losses, weariness, pain, trials and persecutions: coldness of friends, and revilings of enemies, with exactly the same composure as comforts and consolations: ever feeling that nothing happens but by the permission of my heavenly Father, who makes all things work together for my good.

The more I experience of the love of Jesus, the more do I feel my own wants and weakness. Indeed I now, more than ever, feel my want of Christ in all his offices: in particular, as my Prophet, to teach me how to profit by every dispensation of his providence. I feel it is my privilege to persevere in holiness, still to press forward, to be more and more like my Jesus. I am ever learning, how to love him more and serve him better; ever enquiring, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And I find, he does teach me, he does water me, and keep me night and day. O pray for me, that I may stand stedfast and unmoveable; always abounding in the work of the Lord!

MARY JONES.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIII.

[From the same, to the same.]

Rev. Sir,

Bath, Sept. 2, 1773.

EVER since you have permitted me to write, I cannot let slip any opportunity. And I am bound in duty to tell you, that your letters are instruments by which God has conveyed much light into my soul. Since I wrote last, the Lord has been pleased to exercise me various ways. But I find it all for my good; being sensible, the minutest thing cannot happen to me, without the permission of my heavenly Father, by whom the hairs of my head are all numbered. But tell me, Sir, when I see any particular trial that seems as much as I can bear, may I not pray, "If it be consistent with thy will, let this cup pass from me?" Although I do feel an humble submission, and can truly say, Thy will be done!

And pray tell me, Is it common for those whom the Lord hath blest with his continual presence, to be tried to the uttermost by his own children? To be branded by some to the face, while others reproach them behind their backs, as either mad, or deceivers? and while the enemy is buffeting them at the same time, and trying every way to break their confidence?

At these seasons I feel great need of exerting all the power which God has given me. And I feel this is profitable also: when I am branded to my face, I am not suffered to revile again; but I love and pity them that do it. When despised and reproached, it humbles me before God, and leads me to cleave the closer to him. And when the enemy comes in as a flood, the Lord does lift up a standard against him.

I more than ever feel my own weakness and foolishness, and my need of being every moment sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb: I cannot but cry out,

" Every

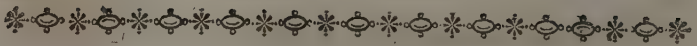
“ Every moment, Lord, I need
The merit of thy death.”

I feel myself daily decrease, and Christ increase. My desire is, that he alone may be exalted. Christ is the element of my soul: I feel a continual abiding in him. O Sir, now my eye seeth him, and I abhor myself in dust and ashes. But to be truly humble and divested of all that is not God, does not seem to me the work of a moment. I did indeed receive at once the grace which makes me a partaker of a divine nature: but how I am to grow therein is my frequent enquiry at the throne of grace? Is it by being always filled with sweetness and extatic joy? a frame that shuts out all suffering and pain, and carries me as it were out of the body, insensible of every difficulty? Surely this would tend to puff me up, and leave me a prey to the enemy. I have passed through this dispensation, and good was the will of the Lord in it. But now he seems to be shewing me what great things *I must suffer for his sake.* Know ye not, says the Apostle, *that as many as are baptized into Christ, are baptized into his death?* This has been my meditation of late, which seems to carry a great depth in it. I believe as Jesus divested himself of all (but love) to lie in a manger, to live and die for me; so must I in my measure be divested of all, in respect to any thing to glory in, or rest upon: of all gifts, graces, experience, so that I may be brought into subjection to the Father of Spirits in all things. These considerations lead me to God, intreating him to give me strength and patience to perform whatever he calls me to. And, glory be to him, I find him ready to help in every time of need!

I am, your most unworthy

MARY JONES.

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

C H A R I T Y.

[Concluded from page 556.]

THESE are the gift of Art, and art thrives most
 Where Commerce has enrich'd the busy coast:
 He catches all improvements in his flight,
 Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight;
 Imports what others have invented well,
 And flirs his own to match them, or excel.
 'Tis thus reciprocating each with each,
 Alternately the nations learn and teach;
 While Providence enjoins to ev'ry soul
 An union with the vast terraqueous whole.

But ah! what wish can prosper, or what prayer,
 For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
 Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
 And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
 The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
 All bonds of nature in that moment end,
 And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
 A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
 The sable warrio, frantic with regret
 Of her he loves, and never can forget,
 Loses in tears the far receding shore;
 But not the thought that they must meet no more:
 Deprived of her and freedom at a blow,
 What has he left that he can yet forego?
 Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,
 He feels his body's bondage in his mind,
 Puts off his generous feelings, and to suit
 His manners to his fate, puts on the brute.
 Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
 A stream of liberal, and heroic deeds,

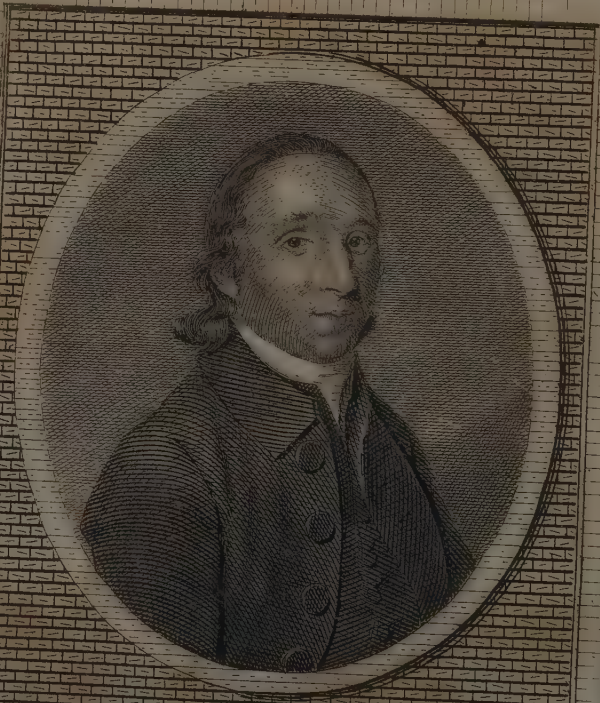
The

The swell of pity, not to be confined
Within the scanty limits of the mind,
Disdains the bank, and throws the golden sands,
A rich deposit, on the bordering lands :
These have an ear for *his* paternal call,
Who makes some rich for the supply of all,
God's gift with pleasure in his praise employ,
And Thornton is familiar with the joy.

Oh could I worship ought beneath the skies,
That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand ;
With fragrant turf and flowers as wild and fair
As ever drest a bank or scented summer air :
Daily as ever on the mountains height
The deep of morning shed a dawning light ;
Again, when Evening in her sober vest,
Drew the grey curtain of the fading West,
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise,
For the chief blessings of my fairest days.
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine :
Else I would say (and as I speak, bid fly,
A captive bird into the boundless sky)
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home.
We feel thy force still active, at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly power ;
While conscience, happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.
True Charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against Hope, and in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green ;
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.

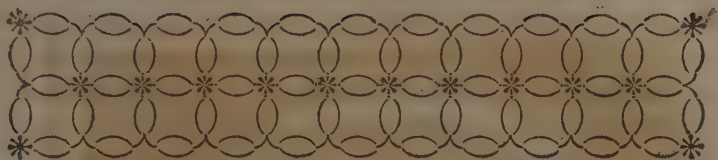
To look at him who form'd us, and redeem'd,
 So glorious now, though once so disesteem'd,
 To see a God stretch forth his human hand
 To' uphold the boundless scenes of his command,
 To recollect that in a form like ours,
 He bruised beneath his feet the infernal powers,
 Captivity led captive rose to claim
 The wreath he won so dearly, in our name;
 That throned above all height, he condescends
 To call the few that trust in him his friends,
 That in the heaven of heaven's, that space he deems
 Too scanty for the exertion of his beams,
 And shines as if impatient to bestow
 Life and a kingdom upon worms below;
 That light imparts a never-dying flame,
 Though feeble in degree, in kind the same.
 Like him, the soul thus kindled from above,
 Spreads wide her arms of universal love,
 And still enlarg'd as she receives the grace,
 Includes creation in her close embrace.
 Behold a Christian—and without the fires
 The founder of that name alone inspires,
 Though all accomplishments, all knowledge meet,
 To make the shining prodigy complete,
 Whoever boasts that name, behold a cheat.

Thus have I fought to grace a serious lay
 With many a wild indeed; but flow'ry spray,
 In hopes to gain what else I must have lost,
 The attention Pleasure has so much engross'd.
 But if unhappily deceiv'd I dream,
 And prove too weak for so divine a theme,
 Let Charity forgive me a mistake
 That Zeal, not Vanity has chanc'd to make,
 And spare the Poet for the subject sake.



M^r. JOSEPH TAYLOR

Ætatis 33.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For DECEMBER 1785.



An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITEY'S *Discourses on the*
FIVE POINTS.

[Continued from page 560.]

CHAP. IV. *Arguments against Absolute Election to Salvation.*

TO say that Election or Predestination, being an immanent, eternal act of God's understanding, or rather of his will, can have no respect to any act of man's will by way of condition, is to say things contrary to scripture, and to common sense. For,

1st. Did not God decree, from all eternity, to pardon the penitent, to justify *him that believeth in Jesus*, to save the obedient, and that they who suffer for and with Christ, shall be glorified together with him? and have not these immanent, eternal acts respect to the temporal faith, repentance, obedience, and patient sufferings of men?

2dly, Did not God, from all eternity, decree to judge all men according to their works, and that all men should receive rewards and punishments according as their works shall be? and is not this decree an immanent, eternal act of God, respecting the acts of men's will as the condition of it? Yea, did he not decree from all eternity to offer to man a new covenant, promising pardon and salvation upon condition of his faith, repentance, and sincere obedience? and do not these decrees render the pretended decrees of absolute Election and Reprobation needless? Yea, are not these things inconsistent with each other, viz. the absolute Election of man to salvation, and the decree to offer and suspend the same salvation upon these conditions? For in all conditional promises between man and man, the thing promised is suspended on the performance of the condition; and if it be not so in respect to the covenant of grace, what mean the exhortations directed to men in general, *to fear lest a promise being made of entering into rest, any of them should fall short of it?* The cautions to them that stand by faith, to take heed lest they fall under the severity of God for not *continuing in his goodness*, and the threats of perdition to him that *liveth by faith, if he draw back?*

3dly, Did not God decree from eternity, That *he that believeth in his Son should have eternal life*, and *he that believed not his Son should not see life?* and had these decrees no respect to the temporal acts of man? It were easy to multiply instances of this nature. And therefore,

4thly, When it is said, That *an immanent act of the divine mind cannot depend on any foreseen acts of man's will*, I grant that it cannot depend on them as the cause producing such an act; but purely on his own perfections. *v. g.* He must decree to elect man as a sinner, because he is merciful, and to reprobate him because he is just; but then the motive to both these decrees is the foreseen action of man, rendering him an object of his mercy, or his justice. Again, these immanent
actions

actions of the Deity either respect himself only, as the love and knowledge of himself, and then it is certain they can have no cause, or respect to any thing but himself: or else they respect the future condition of man; and then it is as certain, that though they flow from the divine perfections, the inducement to them is always man, and his foreseen actions, *v. g.* He, from the divine goodness, decrees to save man, or to offer him terms on which he may obtain salvation. The inducement to it is the sin of man which hath made this mercy necessary to his salvation. He hath decreed from all eternity, to cast some men out of his favour. The inducement to it is that sin which hath rendered them unworthy of it, and rendered it inconsistent with his holiness and justice to admit them to it. He from that love to holiness, which is essential to him, hath decreed to reward some with eternal life. The inducement to it is those actions wrought by the assistance of his grace, which have made them like unto him, and therefore *meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.* And all this is demonstrably certain from the perfection of the divine nature; for God being infinitely perfect, he must be infinitely happy within himself, and so can design no self-end without himself, and consequently the end for which he requires any thing from us, or decrees any thing concerning us, is not, and cannot be any advantage he expects to reap from it; he being from all eternity as completely happy as he can be to eternity; and therefore what other end can he be supposed to aim at in these things but our good? If it be said, that God may act to manifest his glory, *viz.* the glory of his mercy, justice, and truth; I answer, he manifests it, either for no good, for his own good, or for our good. To say he doth it for no good, is to impeach his wisdom; to say he doth it for his own good, reflects on the perfection of his nature: it remains then that he must do this also for our good. It therefore is a vain imagination, that the great design of any of God's actions, his glorious works

and dispensations should be admired, or applauded by his worthless creatures, that he may gain a good word from such vile creatures as we are. We take too much upon us, if we imagine that the all-wise God can be concerned whether such blind creatures as we approve, or disapprove of his proceedings; or that he really can suffer any diminution of his glory by our dislike, or advanced in honour by our approbation. We think too meanly of his great Majesty, if we conceive that he can aim at reputation from us in his glorious design; that therefore such as we should think well of him, or have due apprehensions of those attributes, by the acknowledgement of which we are said to glorify him, can be no farther his concern than as it serves the noble ends of his great goodness, viz. That these conceptions may engage us to that affection, to that imitation of him, and that obedience to him, which tends to the promotion of our happiness.

God therefore acteth for his glory, when he discovers to the world those excellencies of his nature which are just motives to the performance of that duty which we owe to him, or when he displays before us his immitable perfections that we may be like him; designing still the benefit of man in these discoveries. For when he discovers all those attributes which represent him good and merciful to the sons of men, he doth it with design to lay the highest obligations on us to returns of love and gratitude, and to engage us to that imitation of his goodness and mercy to our fellow-creatures, which renders us partakers of the divine nature, and helpful to others in all their exigencies. When he gives signal demonstrations of his almighty power and wisdom, he designs to teach us that he is able to foresee and to divert those evils which may at any time befall us: to rescue us from all our miseries, and to confer the greatest blessings on his servants, that so he may encourage us to place our trust in him at all times, to repair by humble supplications to the throne of grace,

and

and to serve him faithfully in expectation of his favour and protection. When he manifests himself to be a God of truth and faithfulness, one who will punctually perform his promises to us, he doth this chiefly to affright us from those sins which make it necessary for his justice to be severe upon us and to provoke us to the performance of those duties to which he hath annexed the great blessings. When he informs us that his justice cannot permit the wicked to escape his vengeance, or any upright soul to want the tokens of his love; his great design is, that sin, which is the rise of all our miseries, may be avoided; and holiness, which is the true advancement of human nature may be more earnestly pursued by us. So that God's acting for his glory, is indeed his acting for the good of his most noble creatures, and only recommending himself to their affection; that so he may the more effectually promote their happiness.

And whereas these men tell us, That God elected a certain number to be saved for the manifestation of the glory of his grace, 1st, According to this hypothesis, the glory of his grace, must consist in electing so many to salvation and no more; for if the decree to save more would more have tended to the manifestation of his glory, the same motive must have induced him to save more. Now to affirm that it is for the glory of his mercy to save the elect only, and no more, is contrary to common sense; for the more there are who are benefited, the greater is the glory of the benefactor; if it then tendeth to the glory of his mercy absolutely to decree to save some no more fitted to be the objects of his mercy than the rest, it must be more for the glory of his mercy to decree thus to save more, and most of all to decree to save all.

The other black part of this decree, which saith, God left the greatest part of mankind in a state in which they must infallibly fail of obtaining salvation, or the means of salvation, Faith, and Perseverance, they being *the fruits of that election,*

out of which they are excluded, is still more horrible in its immediate consequences; for, it makes God to create innumerable souls after the fall of Adam, to be inevitably damned without the least compassion for them, or will to afford them means sufficient to exempt them from that dreadful doom: for if faith and perseverance be the consequents and fruits of God's Election, then they who are not elected cannot have them; and if they must fail of obtaining salvation, they must inevitably incur damnation!

[*To be continued.*]

S E R M O N XXX.

ON REVELATION xxi. 5.

[*Concluded from page 566.*]

14. **L**ET us next take a view of those changes which we may reasonably suppose will then take place in the *Earth*. It will no more be bound up with intense Cold, nor parched up with extreme Heat; but will have such a temperature as will be most conducive to its fruitfulness. If in order to punish its inhabitants, God did of old

“ Bid his angels turn askaunt
This oblique Globe,”

thereby occasioning violent Cold on one part, and violent Heat on the other; he will undoubtedly then order them to restore it, to its original position: so that there will be a final end, on the one hand of the burning heat, which makes some parts of it scarce habitable; and on the other of

“ The rage of Aretos and eternal frost.”

15. And

15. And it will then contain no jarring or destructive principles within its own bosom. It will no more have any of those violent convulsions in its own bowels. It will no more be shaken or torn asunder, by the impetuous force of *Earthquakes*: and will therefore need neither *Vesuvius* nor *Ætna*, nor any *Burning Mountains* to prevent them. There will be no more horrid Rocks, or frightful Precipices; no wild deserts or barren sands; no impassable morasses, or unfruitful bogs, to swallow up the unwary traveller. There will doubtless be inequalities on the surface of the Earth, which are not blemishes, but beauties. And though I will not affirm, That

“ Earth hath this variety from heaven
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale;”

yet I cannot think gently-rising hills will be any defect; but an ornament of the new-made Earth. And doubtless we shall then likewise have occasion to say,

“ Lo there his wondrous skill arrays
The fields in cheerful green!
A thousand herbs his hand displays,
A thousand flowers between!”

16. And what will the general produce of the Earth be? Not thorns, briars or thistles. Not any useless or foetid weed; not any poisonous, hurtful, or unpleasant plant; but every one that can be conducive in anywise either to our use or pleasure. How far beyond all that the most lively imagination is now able to conceive! We shall no more regret the loss of the terrestrial paradise, or sigh at that well-devised description of our great Poet,

“ Then shall this mount
Of paradise by might of waves be movéd

Out

Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood,
 With all its verdure spoiled and trees adrift,
 Down the great river to the opening gulph,
 And there take root, an island salt and bare!"

For all the Earth shall then be a more beautiful paradise than Adam ever saw.

17. Such will be the state of the New Earth, with regard to the meaner, the inanimate parts of it. But great as this change will be, it is little, it is nothing, in comparison of that which will then take place, throughout all animated nature. In the living part of the Creation were seen the most deplorable effects of Adam's apostasy. The whole animated Creation, whatever has life, from Leviathan to the smallest mite, was thereby *made subject* to such *vanity*, as the inanimate creatures could not be. They were subject to that fell monster, Death, the Conqueror of all that breathe. They were made subject to its fore-runner, Pain, in its ten thousand forms: although "God made not Death, neither hath he pleasure in the death of any living." How many millions of creatures in the sea, in the air, and on every part of the earth can now no otherwise preserve their own lives, than by taking away the lives of others; by tearing in pieces and devouring their poor, innocent, unresisting fellow-creatures! Miserable lot of such innumerable multitudes, who, insignificant as they seem, are the offspring of one common Father, the Creatures of the same God of Love! It is probable, not only two-thirds of the animal creation, but ninety-nine parts out of a hundred, are under a necessity of destroying others, in order to preserve their own life! But it shall not always be so. He that sitteth upon the throne, will soon change the face of all things, and give a demonstrative, proof to all creatures, that *his mercy is over all his works*. The horrid state of things, which at present obtains, will soon be at an end. On the new earth, no creature will kill or

hurt

hurt or give pain to any other. The Scorpion will have no poisonous sting, the Adder no venomous teeth. The Lion will have no claws to tear the Lamb; no teeth to grind his flesh and bones. Nay, no creature, no beast, bird or fish, will have any inclination to hurt any other. For cruelty will be far away, and savageness and fierceness be forgotten. So that violence shall be heard no more, neither wasting or destruction seen on the face of the earth. *The wolf shall dwell with the lamb: (the words may be literally, as well as figuratively understood) and the leopard shall lie down with the kid. They shall not hurt or destroy, from the rising up of the sun, to the going down of the same.*

18. But the most glorious of all will be, the change which then will take place on the poor, sinful, miserable children of men. These had fallen in many respects as from a greater height, so into a lower depth than any other part of the creation. But they shall hear a great voice out of heaven, saying, *Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men. And he will dwell with them: and they shall be his people: and God himself shall be their God,* Rev. xxi. ver. 3, 4. Hence will arise an unmixt state of holiness, and happiness, far superior to that which Adam enjoyed in Paradise. In how beautiful and affecting a manner is this described by the Apostle! *God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying. Neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are done away.* As there will be no more death, and no more pain or sickness preparatory thereto: as there will be no more grieving for, or parting with friends, so there will be no more sorrow or crying. Nay, but there will be a greater deliverance than all this; for there will be no more sin. And to crown all, there will be a deep, an intimate, an uninterrupted union with God. A constant communion with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ, through the Spirit: a continual enjoyment of the Three-One God, and of all the creatures in him!

Some Account of Mr. JOHN PRITCHARD.

[Written by Himself.]

[Continued from page 570.]

AUGUST, 1772, I was received into full connection at *Leeds*, and appointed for *Norwich*. Here I stayed but one week, and could not think of staying any longer, from a sense of my unfitness to preach to so large a congregation. During my stay I was led to expose Antinomianism, which prevailed much here, to the great scandal of the gospel. Many of my hearers were much enraged against personal holiness, and him that preached it; and at one time in particular they ran down the gallery stairs like madmen, crying out, False doctrine! False doctrine! I cannot say, I was ever before so much inclined to speak against the popular doctrines of the day as at that time. And it since appeared there was need of it then; for some of those very persons became the most abandoned wretches in their lives afterwards.

When I came to *London*, I knew not what to do. My mind was like a troubled sea, tost upon every wave of temptation; not through guilt or condemnation; but on account of my not preaching against sin. At last I ventured again, in consequence of Mr. *Mather's* advice, and went into *Suffex*. Here I saw my need of wisdom; that as a Servant of God, I might heal divisions, and unite in one, those that fear God. I was now afraid to turn my thoughts towards home, and therefore gave myself to reading, meditation, and prayer, that my profiting might appear to all.

Towards the close of this year I was much tried for myself and others; and went to the *London Conference* in 1773, with a heavy heart. My former resolutions were now broke,
and

and I concluded, I was not fit to stand up and speak for God. But dear Mr. *Charles Perronet* knowing my trials, spoke to me in an affectionate manner, and encouraged me all he could to persevere.

After some days spent in Conference, I saw the zeal of many of the Preachers, who had borne the burthen and heat of the day; and the desire which appeared in all to promote the Redeemer's glory. On this I saw my trials altogether unworthy of notice. Never did the things of sense appear so inconsiderable as at present. On this, the zeal of the Lord of Hosts kindled afresh; and in this day of almighty power my mind was lightened of its load, and made willing to go through honour and dishonour, for the sake of Christ. Fain would I have been excused aforetime from this work; but now I believed the Lord laid this burthen on me, and therefore I durst not throw it off. I beheld the dear servants of my Master, who, through many dangers and labours, were still willing to spread the saving truth far and near; and strongly desired to bear a part with them: and saw myself happy that my gracious Lord assigned me a place among them.

Finding a desire to visit my native country, I no sooner asked, but you granted me my request, by appointing me for the *Newry* Circuit. Here we gathered in some hundreds from the barren mountains. In *Lisburn*, we built a House, and added seventy souls to the Society.

In 1774, I was stationed for *Charlemount*, where I found the Lord had blessed the labours of his Servants the year before. Here also he blessed his people and increased their number this year also.

The first half year I met with great discouragements: the person appointed to labour with me had married a gay, young lady; and consequently could not come. My horse also died, and I was left alone without a man to help me, or a horse to carry me. As a great fear rested on me, lest the work should be hindered through these things, I cried to

God in the anguish of my spirit, and poured forth my complaints, and tears to him that called me to the work. However, I laboured to fasten every stake and strengthen every cord; and as much as in me lay, to build up the tabernacle of *David* wherever it was fallen: and in doing this I continued travelling on foot the greatest part of the year.

Such was the love I bore for truth, that I forgot every thing else in comparison of it. I longed for the spirit to shine out upon all my ways, and sought it with great diligence: I also sought an increase of grace, well knowing this to be the most likely means of making me useful in my day and generation: and was fully determined that whatever gifts or graces God gave me, they should all be used in his service, and spent for his glory.

July, 1775. We met you in Conference at *Dublin*, when I was appointed for the *Athlone* Circuit. I was thankful to a kind Providence for giving me an opportunity of seeing, and being with my first acquaintances in religion at *Longford*; who first shewed me the way of worshipping God in the spirit. But we had no remarkable work among us this year, only that we lived in peace, and that the God of peace was with us; which we esteemed a very great blessing.

[*To be continued.*]

A Short Account of the Death of ALDERMAN PARKER.

ALDERMAN PARKER, of *Bedford*, was for upwards of forty years a steady, upright, humble Christian. He was also, for many years a useful Magistrate, and a diligent Preacher of God's word. He was indeed a nursing father to the Methodist-Society in *Bedford*, and a great example of good works.

About

About nine months ago, being greatly afflicted, the Lord blessed him in a very remarkable manner: on which he said to me, "I enjoy more happiness now, than I formerly thought was to be enjoyed on earth."

Three weeks before his death he preached from the twelfth chapter of Isaiah, with such strength and clearness, as astonished his hearers. The Sunday before he died he preached from Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones; but nature being almost exhausted, he was not able to say much. The Tuesday following, he visited a young man in prison, under sentence of death; to whom he spoke very plainly and affectionately. That day, when I asked him if he felt his evidence for heaven clear, he said, "Yes, blessed be God! I have not had the least doubt of my acceptance for more than half a year." The Friday following, (being Good-Friday) finding him on his death-bed, I said, You are going to your Father's house. "Yes, blessed be his name, said he, I shall soon be there: Jesus is precious." He was now so convulsed that he could not say much; but when he could speak so as to be understood, his words were very edifying. On my going to prayer with him, he repeated the Lord's prayer as distinctly as if he had been in perfect health; but was so exhausted that he could say very little to me afterwards. On Saturday morning he gave an affecting exhortation to some of the Society who stood round his bed. "Be in earnest, said he, to have Jesus implanted in your hearts. Beware of being mere nominal Christians. Pray that every thing contrary to the love of Jesus may be rooted out of your hearts. Mind not the foolish fopperies of the world: but cleave to God: cleave to the Preachers, and to the Society. God bless you, and all the Society!"

He then tried to conclude with the Lord's prayer; but was so convulsed that he was not able to finish it. His last words were, "God bless you!" He continued labouring for
breath

breath till two o'clock next morning, when he sweetly breathed his last, and went to paradise on the glorious morning of our Lord's resurrection; and in the 80th year of his age.

JOSEPH PESCOD.

Bedford, May 24, 1785.



A short Account of MARY CROSDALL.

MARY CROSDALL, was born on the 19th of June, 1760. Her father died when she was about ten years old. Before she was six, she had serious thoughts about a future state: and at times would weep and pray in secret. She constantly attended the established Church, and was sincere in all she did. One time she had a strong desire to receive the sacrament: but her mother thought she was too young. She continued simple, serious, and humble, till she was about nine years of age. She then had deeper convictions, and began to see her danger.

One night she dreamed that her father and two of her brothers, who had been all dead before she knew them; came to her, linked arm in arm. They were clothed in long, white robes. As she thought herself in deep distress, her father advanced, with a look of tender affection, and wiped away her tears from her eyes. My dear child, said he, you must return again, and live better than you have done; and when you are *twenty-five years of age*, you shall come and be with me for ever.

When she was about fifteen, she was awakened, and saw the absolute necessity of an interest in the blood of Christ. About a quarter of a year after, she believed in Jesus, and found peace with God. She then went with her sister, Betty Parkinson (a pious young woman) to *Manchester*, to hear

hear the Methodist Preachers; but much against her mother's mind. Soon after she joined the Society, and was a pattern of meekness, humility and patience. She had many trials, and met with great opposition from her mother!

Sometime after her conversion, she found her inbred corruptions very strong, and was convinced of the necessity of a farther change. She now laid aside every thing she thought was contrary to her Saviour's will; especially her gay apparel. Her mother then told her, if she would not wear her clothes, she should have none; but she did not care for that. After she had struggled sometime in prayer, with sighs, tears and resignation, the Lord was graciously pleased to remove all the enemies of her tranquility, and to give her constant peace, and pure love. She then went on her way rejoicing, and was filled with love to God, the saints, and all mankind. She was very humble, modest, and diffident. She made no great noise about what she enjoyed. She thought it most prudent, and most to the glory of God, to express the happy state of her mind by her holy and prudent behaviour. It grieved her much, when any made high professions, and discovered great weaknesses.

These last ten years she has been a daughter of affliction; but her consolations, through the Spirit, have not been small.

A few months ago she removed from *Manchester* to *Bolton*, where she took her last illness. When she was so weak that she could follow her business no longer, she was removed from a friend's house, where she lodged, to her sister *Parkinson's*. Her body was now so emaciated, and full of pain that she could not move without assistance. Sometimes she doubted whether her faith and patience would hold out to the end. When she thought of her mother's severe behaviour towards her, she found her mind a little uneasy; but she overcame this also by the blood of the Lamb.

When I visited her on Friday morning, the 4th inst. she found perfect peace, and could say, "The Lord hath done

all

all things well: the Lord is my Rock and portion for ever, and is worthy to be praised." Her countenance was heavenly, and her mind serene. She lived several days after this, and suffered much; but the Lord supported her, and kept her soul in peace. She was now so weak that it was with some difficulty she could speak. Her sister was a little troubled at this, and told her that her Christian friends expected to hear her speak more of the loving kindness of our Saviour: to which she replied, "You know I always preferred walking to talking." The enemy still assaulted her and vexed her sore. But she was heard to say, the last night before she died, "Thou art not of God. Thou hast long afflicted my body and mind; but I bid thee now depart in the name of the Lord, and trouble me no more." From that time it was so; and she was kept, in silent prayer, with her mind stayed on God, waiting and longing for her final exit. On the 16th inst. about four o'clock in the morning, she said, "I am now happy, happy! It will all be over before nine o'clock." About six she fell asleep in the Lord; about nine she was laid out, and all was over with her on the stage of this mortal life.—Note. She died in *the twenty-fifth year of her age*, according to the words of her father which he spake unto her in a dream, when she was only nine years of age! We may well say, God's judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out!

CHRISTOPHER HOPPER,

Bolton, ——— 1785.

From Mr. JOHN HOSKINS, to Mr. SQUIRE, giving an Account of the work of God in Newfoundland.

Dear Brother,

I Bless God that our congregations enlarge; our Societies increase; and that many souls are gathered in to Christ. We have likewise several Preachers raised out of these stones, who are blessed in their labours.

I went

I went to a populous harbour, about a month ago, twenty leagues to the northward, called *Bonavista*, to enquire how they were affected towards hearing the gospel? They are willing that I should come and teach their children to read and write; and perhaps, by that means they will in time, be inclined to receive the gospel. Accordingly, I purpose going there in the Spring, to set up a school, and to preach as soon as I have any opportunity.

God has cleared my way before me in a wonderful manner, since I have been in this land: particularly of late, by an awful judgment which he sent upon the three men who abused me on board a ship, in Trinity-Harbour, about five years ago. In a former account* of this affair I observed that two of the sailors held me, while a third tarred me almost all over; and told me, if they saw me on shore the next day they would kill me.

In about a month one of them fell overboard, and was drowned in the harbour of St. John. Another of them coming to *England* the same winter, was killed by a fall. And he that tarred me, going up the Straights, by an accident got his death's-wound, and died on board the ship in great agonies of soul, on account of his abusing me. The whole ship's company was greatly alarmed on the occasion. The Captain said, he very clearly saw me stand by one of the sailors as he was furling the top-gallant, while he who tarred me was below in the agonies of death, calling for mercy! This took such an effect on the Captain, that, when he returned to *Newfoundland*, he declared to the merchants in *Trinity*, that he would not abuse such a man as Mr. *Hopkins*, or any other Preacher of the gospel, for all the world. He also said, he could live no longer amongst such wickedness as he was then a witness of. Accordingly he left the service immediately, and went home to *England* to live a retired life.

* See page 143.

The report of that affair has well nigh spread all over this island : so that the merchants (the chief men of the island) that before threatened to send me out of the country, now will not hurt or molest me ; but rather give me a passage in their boats to any harbour where I am going to preach. I have therefore now no excuse to decline labouring for God. Notwithstanding this, I find great backwardness. My flesh is ready to shrink from suffering. Lord help me to take up my cross, and follow thee!

Let me have an interest in your prayers, so you will greatly oblige your affectionate Brother in Christ.

Old Perlican, Newfoundland,

JOHN HOSKINS.

Nov. 5, 1784.



THOUGHTS *upon* GOVERNMENT: *by the Honourable*
Robert Boyle.

THE art of Government is both noble and difficult, because a Prince is to work upon free-agents, who may have private interests and designs, not only different from his, but repugnant to them.

Wisdom alone can make authority obeyed with cheerfulness.

The greatest Prince's actions ought not only to be regulated, but to be judged by reason.

A monarch may command my life or fortune ; but not my opinion. I cannot command this myself ; it arises only from the nature of the thing I judge of.

To think that all things done by men in power, are done with wisdom, is too great an impossibility to be a duty.

The being possessed of power neither implies, nor confers the skill to make a right use of it.

A crown adorns the outside of a head, without enriching the inside of it.

The

The jurisdiction of reason extends to thrones themselves.

The splendor of a crown may dazzle the person who wears it; but will hardly impose upon a judicious beholder.

It may be questioned, whether the respect we pay to most princes, is grounded upon our own reason and inward thoughts; but though I see the folly of a prince never so great, I ought to pay him a decent respect.

We may reverence authority in the weakest men; yet this is so difficult, that it is not often practised.

We should use the fathers of our country, as Noah's children did their sick father, who when they saw his nakedness, covered it, being willing to see no more of it, than was necessary to hide it.

The infelicities of declining states are not always due to the imprudence of rulers: the resentments of such imprudence often occasion the highest disorders.

Though the vulgar ought not too rashly to judge of those in power; yet men of parts who know their interests and designs, may judge of their councils, and discover their errors.

Affection and diligence in the service of the public may, in spite of some miscarriages, prevent or lessen the ruin of a state.

It is no breach of loyalty to question the prudence of a governor.

Counsels capable of several circumstances, ought to be censured favourably.

A throne not only affords temptations to vice, but engagements to virtue.

Though so high a station may make a man giddy, it certainly ought to make him circumspect.

A throne is so sublime a station, as must make a generous soul despise mean things.

A generous mind must make a prince ambitious of glory, and this can never be attained but by great and good actions.

The examples of princes influence strongly either to virtue or vice; and the introducing good customs is a much more noble prerogative, if rightly used, than to coin metals into money, and to make it current.

What a great account must princes one day give who have such obligations upon them to be strictly just! And such a multitude of people committed to their care.

Princes who have any sense of shame or honour, will constantly remember that there are too many eyes upon them to keep their faults secret, or themselves from censure.



REMARKS *on the planting of TREES: by a Gentleman near Cardiff.*

IN October, 1746, I transplanted twelve Beach-trees, about fourteen feet high; six of which I lopped off the branches, and leading shoot; the other six I transplanted with their branches whole and entire. I planted all in the same soil, the same situation, and also with the same care. I found the six whose branches were cut off to decay daily, and this summer they were totally decayed; the other six whose branches were whole and entire, put forth strong and vigorous shoots, and continue now in a very thriving way. By this I find it a very wrong method to cut off any branches, and especially the leading shoot of any tree when transplanted; but if the branches seem too large for the tree to nourish, I think it best to shorten them the spring after they are transplanted (if transplanted the Autumn before, which is the best season for all timber-trees.) This gives me room to think that there is no regular and uniform circulation of the sap in plants, but two different juices, the one terrene, ascending from the root, and perspired through the leaves; the other aerial, imbibed by the leaves, and descending to the root.

*The remarkable Speech of the Great CZAR of MUSCOVY,
PETER I. to King WILLIAM III. when he met him at
Utrecht.*

“ Most renowned Emperor,

IT was not the desire of seeing the celebrated cities of the German empire, or the most potent Republic of the universe, that made me leave my throne, in a distant country, and my victorious armies; but the vehement passion alone, of seeing the most brave, and the most generous hero of the age. I have my wish; and am sufficiently recompensed for my travel, in being admitted into your presence. Your kind embraces have given me more satisfaction than the taking of *Azoph*, and triumphing over the *Tartars*. But the conquest is yours: your martial genius directed my sword, and the generous emulation of your exploits instilled into my breast the first thoughts I had of enlarging my dominions.

“ I cannot express in words, the veneration I have for your sacred person: my unparalleled journey is one proof of it.

“ The season is so far advanced, and I hope the peace too, that I shall not have the opportunity, as *Maximillian* had, of fighting under the banner of *England* against *France*; the common disturber of the liberties of *Europe*.

“ If the war continues, I and my armies, will readily observe your orders; and if either in peace or war, your industrious subjects will trade to the most northern parts of the world, the ports of *Russia* shall be free for them. I will grant them greater immunities than ever they yet had, and have them enrolled among the most precious records of my empire, to be a perpetual memorial of the esteem I have for the worthiest of Kings.”



On the ETERNITY of GOD.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

ABSOLUTE infinite is that which contains the fulness of all perfection: that which contains the fulness of all perfection can never increase, decrease, or vary as to its essential acts, attributes, and thoughts. Therefore the divine essence does not exist by succession of thoughts.

God knows and loves himself always equally; and in this permanent, unchangeable knowledge and love, consists the essential perfection of this infinite understanding, and the unbounded happiness of his infinite will. *Locke* pretends that we can have no idea of duration, but what is successive: but all his specious reasonings on this head tend to confound the idea of infinite time, with that of God's eternity. It is true that we have no idea of duration in finite things, but what is successive. This however does not prove that we can have no idea of God's duration, without succession, variation, and change. He knows and loves himself, not by successive acts; but by one continued, permanent, and immutable act: otherwise we must say that he knows and loves himself more at one time than at another. *Boethius* had far more noble notions, when he said that eternal duration in God is the full, actual, permanent possession of all reality and perfection: whereas infinite time in the creature is the successive augmentation, or variation, of its modes, realities, or perfections, without end.

All *Locke's* mistakes on this head come from his not advert-
ing to this, that eternal duration in God does not regard his
absolute essence; but his essential acts. Necessary existence is
not the same idea with that of eternity. Necessary existence,
belongs to the essence of God, as independent of any other
cause; but eternity, or unsuccessive duration, belongs to his
essential

essential acts, as exempt from all possibility of increase, decrease, or variation. He knows and loves himself always in the same manner and degree; and this permanency, constitutes his eternity. We see that this must be so; but we cannot form any adequate ideas of this simultaneous duration in God: because, being bounded, we conceive only by parcels, by succession, and by progression. All the attributes of absolute infinite, though demonstrable, yet must be incomprehensible to finite minds.

Dr. *Clarke*, by confounding the ideas of successive, and unsuccessive duration, advanced a strange paradox, which he expresses thus: "How any thing can have existed eternally, that is, how an eternal duration can be actually past, is utterly inconceivable; and yet to deny that an eternal duration is now actually past, is an express contradiction." He should have said quite the contrary, that to maintain, an eternal duration is now actually past, is altogether repugnant and contradictory. It is not only inconceivable, but absolutely impossible. Wherever there is a last, there must be a first: now in eternity there can be no first, and therefore no last. Whatever is successive cannot be eternal; as whatever is divisible cannot be actually infinite: because no addition of finite dimensions, nor of finite successions can make absolute infinite. When we say that creatures may be immortal and eternal; all we mean is, that God may still continue their existence without end: and no ways, that there *can be* no last moment, wherein they may cease to be. When we say that matter is infinitely divisible, or multipliable; all we mean is, that infinite power may diminish or augment it without end: and no ways, that it can be actually and really infinitely great, or infinitely little. I repeat it once more, wherever there is a first, there may be a last; and wherever there is a last, there must have been a first.

In the pure and absolute essence of God, and in the exercise of his essential, immanent, and necessary acts, there can be
neither

neither past, nor future. All is one present moment. Because God always knows and loves himself equally, without variation or shadow of change. All his essential acts are co-eternal, consubstantial, and simultaneous with his essence. There is in them neither priority, nor posteriority, with regard to duration; though there may be such distinctions conceived in him with regard to causality. When we distinguish anterior, from posterior eternity, this does not regard *God*, but *us*. We do not mean that there can be any real priority, or posteriority, any alteration, or succession in the divine essence; but only, that there was a time when finite began, and when God manifested himself from without: for he can never interrupt the eternal, permanent, uniform duration of his essence; nor of his essential immanent, and consubstantial acts.

Though in God, there is no shadow of variation with regard to his necessary acts, and their immanent effects; yet with regard to his free acts, and immanent effects, there may be succession; that is, they are not co-eternal with his essence, and cannot be the permanent objects of his understanding; there was a time when he did not exert these acts; and there may be a time when he will cease to exert them. This is the sublimest truth in all theology, and the first bulwark against Spinozism.

We may conceive two different sorts of duration: one by which a being exists absolutely and altogether the same in all the periods of duration; another by which it exists differently, in different times, by the increase, decrease, and variation of its modes, qualities, and perfections. The idea of *time* arises from the mutability and succession that happen in the modes, qualities and perfections of finite.

Hence infinite time, and the divine eternity, are not the same. Infinite time is the mutable duration of finite, continued without end. Eternity is the immutable duration of absolute infinite. Thus duration is the generical term; *immutable*, and *successive* duration are the two kinds, or species.

Hence

Hence it is absolutely false, that duration is an absolute quality that belongs to all beings in the same sense. Successive duration or mutability is the essential property of all finites; unsuccessful duration belongs to God alone.

MUTUAL GENEROSITY exemplified in a curious Anecdote of
the Grand Vizir, TOPAL OSMAN.

IN 1698, *Topal Osman*, being about the age of twenty-five, was sent with the Sultan's orders to the Bashaw of *Cairo*. He travelled by land to *Said* (the ancient *Sidon* in *Syria*) and, being afraid of the Arabs, who plunder passengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkish vessel, bound to *Damietta*, a city on the eastermost channel of the *Nile*. In this passage they met with a Spanish privateer. Their ship was no match for her; yet the whole crew resolved to defend themselves. Upon this a bloody action ensued. There it was, this great man gave the first proofs of that intrepidity, by which he so often signalized himself afterwards. The crew, animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers prevailed, and *Osman* was taken prisoner after being dangerously wounded in his arm and thigh.

When the vessel had surrendered, the instances of bravery which *Osman* had shewn, induced the Spanish Captain to pay him a peculiar regard. Notwithstanding the good treatment he received, his wounds were still in a dangerous way, when he arrived at *Malta*, where the privateer went to refit.

At that time *Vincent Arnaud*, a native of *Marseilles*, Commander of the port at *Malta*, went on board the privateer. *Osman* no sooner saw *Arnaud* than he said, "Can you do a generous action? Ransom me, and take my word you shall loose nothing by it." Such a request from a slave was not common; but the manner in which it was delivered struck the Frenchman so much, that he immediately turned to the

Captain, and asked what he demanded for his ransom? He answered, a thousand sequins, (near 500*l.*) *Arnaud* upon this, turning round to the Turk said, I know nothing of you, and would you have me risk a thousand sequins on your bare word? Each of us act in this, replied the Turk, with consistency. I am in chains, and therefore try every method to recover my liberty; and you may act right in not trusting to the word of a stranger. I have nothing at present but my word and honour to give you, nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it; however, I tell you once more, if you do trust to it you shall have no occasion to repent. The Commander upon this went to make his report to the Grand-Master, *Don Perellos*. The air with which *Osman* delivered himself, and the seeming ingenuousness, together with the singularity of the circumstances, wrought such an effect upon *Arnaud*, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the Captain for 600 sequins, which he paid as the price of *Osman's* liberty. After this he put him on board a vessel of his own, where he provided him with a Surgeon, and every thing necessary for his entertainment and cure. In a short time he was out of danger.

Osman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to *Constantinople* for the money he had advanced; but, finding himself in the hands of a man who had trusted so much to his honour, he was emboldened to ask him another favour, which was to leave the payment of his ransom entirely to him. *Arnaud* distinguished, that in such a case things were not to be done by halves; he therefore not only agreed to the proposal with a good grace, but entrusted him with the ship in which he had been lodged, and shewed him every other mark of generosity and friendship. Accordingly *Osman*, as soon as he was in a condition, set out again upon his voyage in this vessel.

The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a short time he reached *Damietta*, and sailed up the *Nile* to *Cairo*. No sooner was he arrived there, then he delivered a thousand sequins to the master of the vessel to be paid to his benefactor *Arnaud*, together with some rich furs, and five hundred crowns as a present for himself. He executed the order of the Sultan his master with the Bashaw of *Cairo*, and setting out for *Constantinople*, was himself the first who brought the news of his slavery.

His sense of the favour that had been done to him, and the generous circumstances of it, was not confined to the first emotions of gratitude: during the whole course of his life, he did not cease, by letters and other acknowledgments, to testify the deep impression it had made upon him.

In 1731, *Topal Osman* was advanced to the dignity of Grand Vizir, which, though perhaps, the highest that any subject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then so in a particular degree. He was no sooner arrived at *Constantinople*, to take possession of his new dignity, than he sent for the French Ambassador, and desired him to write to *Malta*, and let his old benefactor know of his advancement; and that he should hasten to *Constantinople*, while things remained in the present situation; adding, that a Grand Vizir seldom kept long in his station.

In the month of January, 1732, *Arnaud* with his son, arrived at *Constantinople* from *Malta*, bringing with him variety of presents, and twelve Turks, whom he had ransomed from slavery. These, by command of the Vizir, were ranged before him. *Vincent Arnaud*, now seventy-two years of age, with his son, were brought before *Topal Osman*, Grand Vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them, in the presence of the great Officers of State, with the utmost marks of affection. Then turning to those about him, and pointing to the ransomed Turks, "Behold, said he, these your brethren now enjoying the sweets of liberty, after having groaned in slavery: this

Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myself a slave, loaded with chains, streaming with blood, and covered with wounds! This is the man who redeemed and saved me! This is my master and benefactor! To him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune and every thing I enjoy! Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ransom; sent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ship to carry me where I pleased. Where is even a Mussulman capable of such generosity?"

While *Osman* was speaking, every one present had their eyes fixed upon old *Arnaud*, who held the Grand Vizir's hands closely locked between his own. The Vizir then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune; heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabick sentence, *Alla Kerim*, (i. e. The providence of God is great.) He made before them the distribution of the presents they had brought, the greatest part of which he sent to the Sultan, the Sultan's mother, and the *Kissar Aga*, (i. e. chief of the black unuchs.) Upon which the two Frenchmen made their obedience and retired.

Topal Osman was one of those few, who, through the course of a long life, gave the highest demonstration of a mind superior to vulgar applause. His greatness was the effect of his virtue, his understanding, and intrepidity; but his ambition was to act like a man who believes there is a God, and a state of future reward and punishment. If this generous Turk said of *Vincent Arnaud*, "Where is even a Mussulman capable of an action of such generosity?" we may say, "Where shall we find even a Christian requiting a generous action in a more noble manner than *Topal Osman*?" Instances of this kind, among either Christians or Mahometans, are indeed but rare; and therefore, when they happen, ought to be recorded.

Topal Osman, then Bashaw of *Trebisonde*, was, in 1733, appointed Generalissimo of the Ottoman army, to oppose the alarming progress of *Kouli Khan*, the *Persian* usurper; when, after several successes against him, the virtuous Turk at last bravely fell in battle,

*An Account of the Island of IONA, or ICOLMKILL, one of
the Western Islands of SCOTLAND.*

ICOLMKILL was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion.

We came too late to visit monuments; some care was necessary for ourselves. Whatever was in the island, Sir *Allen* could command; for the inhabitants were *Macleans*; but having little, they could not give us much. He went to the head man of the island, whom *Fame* (but *Fame* delights in amplifying) represents as worth no less than fifty pounds. He was perhaps proud enough of his guests; but ill prepared for our entertainment. However, he soon procured more provision than we required. Our lodging was next to be provided. We found a barn well stocked with hay, and made our beds as soft as we could.

In the morning we surveyed the place. The churches of the two convents are both standing; though unroofed. They were built of unhewn stone, but solid and not inelegant. The Episcopal Church consists of two parts, separated by the belfry, and built at different times. The original Church had the altar at one end, and the tower at the other; but as it became too small, another building of equal dimensions was added, and the tower then was necessarily in the middle.

That these edifices are of different ages seems evident. The arch of the first church is Roman, being part of a circle; that of the additional, is pointed, and therefore Gothic: the tower is firm, and only wants to be floored and covered.

Of the chambers or cells belonging to the monks, there are some walls remaining; but no complete apartment.

The chapel of this nunnery is now used by the inhabitants as a general cow-house, and the bottom is consequently too
miry

injury for examination. Some of the stones which covered the later abbesses, have inscriptions which might yet be read if the chapel was cleansed. The roof of this, as of all the other buildings is totally destroyed; not only because timber quickly decays when it is neglected, but because in an island destitute of wood it was wanted for use, and was consequently the first plunder of needy rapacity.

The chancel of the Nun's Chapel is covered with an arch of stone, to which, time has done no injury; and a small apartment communicating with the choir on the North-side, like the Chapterhouse in Cathedrals, roofed with stone in the same manner, is likewise entire.

In one of the Churches was a marble altar, which the superstition of the inhabitants has destroyed. Their opinion was, that a fragment of this stone was a defence against shipwrecks, fire, and miscarriages. In one corner of the Church the basin for holy water is yet unbroken.

The cemetery of the Nunnery was, till very lately, regarded with such reverence, that only women were buried in it. These relics of veneration always produce some mournful pleasure. I would have forgiven a great injury more easily than the violation of this imaginary sanctity.

South of the Chapel stand the walls of a large room, which was probably the hall or refectory of the nunnery. This apartment is capable of repair. Of the rest of the convent there are only fragments.

Besides the two principal Churches, there are, I think, five Chapels standing, and three more remembered. There are also crosses, of which, two bear the names of *St. Iona's* and *St. Matthew's*.

Iona has long enjoyed the honour of being reputed the cemetery of the Scottish Kings. It is not unlikely that when the opinion of local sanctity was prevalent, the Chieftains of the Isles, and perhaps some of the Norwegians or Irish Princes, were repositied in this venerable enclosure. But by whom

whom the subterraneous vaults are peopled is now utterly unknown. The graves are very numerous, and some of them undoubtedly contain the remains of men, who did not expect to be so soon forgotten.

Not far from this awful ground, may be traced the garden of the monastery: the fish-ponds are yet discernable, and the aqueduct which supplied them, is still in use.

It is observed, that ecclesiastical Colleges are always in the most pleasant and fruitful places. While the world allowed the monks their choice, it is surely no dishonour that they chose well. This island is remarkably fruitful. The village near the Churches is said to contain above twenty families, which at five in a family is more than a hundred inhabitants to a mile. There are perhaps other villages; yet both corn and cattle are annually exported.

But the fruitfulness of *Iona* is now its whole prosperity. The inhabitants are remarkably gross, and remarkably neglected. I know not if they are visited by any minister. The Island, which was once the metropolis of learning and piety, has now no school for education, nor temple for worship: only two inhabitants can speak English, and not one that can write or read!

THOUGHTS *upon* DISSIPATION.

1. **P**ERHAPS nothing can be more seasonable at the present time, than to bestow a few thoughts on this. It is a fashionable subject, very frequently spoken of, especially in good company. An ingenious writer has lately given us an Essay upon the subject. When it fell into my hands a few days since, I was filled with a pleasing expectation of seeing it thoroughly explained. But my expectation was not answered: for although many just and lively things are
said

said there, yet in above twenty pages I could find no definition of *Dissipation*, either bad or good.

2. But "the Love of Dissipation, says the Author, is the reigning evil of the present day." Allowing it is; I ask, What do you mean by Dissipation? Sometimes you use the word *Pleasure* as an equivalent term. But what Pleasure do you mean? The Pleasures of Sense, or of the Imagination in general? Or any particular pleasure of one or the other? At other times you seem to make Dissipation the same with Luxury; at least with a high degree of it. Sometimes again you use "the Love of Amusement," as the same with "Love of Dissipation." But the question recurs, What Amusement do you mean? For there are numberless sorts. So that still, after talking about them so long we have only a vague, indeterminate notion of a dissipated age, a dissipated nation, or a dissipated man: without having any clear or distinct idea, what the word *Dissipation* means?

3. Those who are content with slight and superficial views of things, may rest in the general account, that a *dissipated age* is one, wherein the bulk of mankind, especially those of any rank or fashion, spend the main of their time in eating and drinking, and diversions, and the other pleasures of Sense and Imagination. And that we live in a dissipated age, in this meaning of the word, is as plain as that the sun shines at noon-day. Most of those that are commonly termed, "Innocent Amusements," fall under this head, the Pleasures of Imagination. Whenever therefore a general fondness of these prevail, that is a *dissipated age*. A *dissipated nation* is one, where the people in general are vehemently attached to the pleasures of Sense and Imagination. The smaller vulgar in *England* are at present passionately fond of the lowest pleasures both of Sense and Fancy: while the great vulgar are equally engrossed by those they account a higher kind. Mean time they are all equally dissipated, although in different ways. And so indeed

indeed is every man and woman; that is passionately attached to external pleasure.

4. But without dwelling any longer on the surface of things, let us search the matter to the bottom, and enquire, wherein lies the original ground of *Human Dissipation*? Let this be once pointed out, and it will place the whole question in the clearest light.

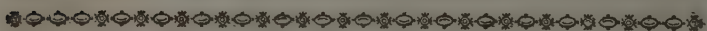
5. Man is an immortal Spirit, created in the image, and for the enjoyment of God. This is the one, the only end of his being; he exists for no other purpose. God is the centre of all spirits; and while they cleave to him, they are wise, holy and happy: but in the same proportion as they are separated from him, they are foolish, unholy and unhappy. This disunion from God is the very Essence of *Human Dissipation*: which is no other than the scattering the thoughts and affections of the Creature from the Creator. Wherefore fondness for sensual enjoyments of any kind, Love of silly irrational pleasures, Love of trifling amusements, luxury, vanity, and a thousand foolish desires and tempers, are not so properly *Dissipation* itself, as they are the fruits of it, the natural effects of being unhinged from the Creator, the Father, the centre of all Intelligent Spirits.

6. It is this against which the Apostle guards in his advice to the Christians at *Corinth*, *This I speak, that ye may attend upon the Lord without distraction*. It might as well be rendered, *without dissipation*, without having your thoughts any way scattered from God. The having our thoughts and affections centered in God, this is *Christian Simplicity*. The having them in any degree uncentered from God, this is *Dissipation*. And it little differs in the real nature of things, and in the eye of God, the Judge of all, whether a man be kept in a state of dissipation from God, by crowns, and empires, and thousands of gold and silver, or by cards, and dancing, and drinking, and dressing, and mistressing, and masquerades, and picking straws.

7. Dissipation is then, in the very root of it, separation from God: in other words, Atheism, or the being without God in the world. It is the negative branch of Ungodliness. And in this true sense of the word, certainly England is the most dissipated nation that is to be found under heaven. And whether our thoughts and affections are dissipated, scattered from God, by women, or food, or dress, or one or ten thousand pretty trifles, that Dissipation (innocent as it may seem) is equally subversive of all real Virtue and all real Happiness. It carries its own punishment: though we are loaded with blessings, it often makes our very existence a burden; and by an unaccountable anxiety, gives a foretaste of what it is to be *punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord!*

Hilton Park, March 26, 1783.

J. W.



An Extract of a Letter from a Person in MARYLAND, to his Friend in PHILADELPHIA.

I Am so happy as to think as you do, with regard to trading in man. The custom is neither consistent with reason, or with the laws of God or man. Poor unhappy slaves, particularly those forced from their places of nativity, are most certainly deplorable objects of commiseration. I never bought more than two during twenty years residence here. One proved to be the son of an African Prince: he was a most comely youth: having observed his uncommon parts, I sent him to school, and used him like a free man during his stay with me. The Directors of the African Company having offered a reward for him, I presented the poor creature with his freedom, gave him an order for the reward aforesaid, and sent him to *London*: from whence, the following year, he remitted me the same sum he cost me, and sundry rich

rich goods to the amount of three hundred pounds and upwards : and therewith the following letter in his own native language.

“ From the great City, third Moon after my release.

“ Oh my kind merciful master, my good white brother, too good, a very good son of a good woman, and of a very good old man created good old people by the *Great Spirit*, who made my country, thy poor (I should say heretofore poor) most grateful black prisoner, now rendered rich by thy goodness and mercy, is now most dead, most drunk, most mad with joy ! why is he so ? because he is going to his good warm country, to his good old mother, to his good old father, to his little sister and his brother. In my good warm country all things are good, except the white people who live there, and come in flying houses to take away poor black prisoners from their mothers, their fathers, their sisters, and brothers, to kill them with hunger and filth, in the cellars of their flying houses, wherein if they do not die fast enough, and poor prisoners talk for bread and water, and want to feel the wind and see the *Great Spirit* to complain to him, to tell him all, or to see the trees of his country once more for the last time, the King of the white people (probably the negro meant the Captain) ordered the officer called Jack, to kill many of the black prisoners with whips, with ropes, knives, axes and salt. The Governor of the flying house has been to shew that which is to carry me and him to my good warm country : I am glad, very glad indeed ! He goes there with me. Should he be sick, (and white people seldom escape being so there) because of thee, my kind merciful master, and good white brother, and because he has been good to me, and is a very good white man too, I will nurse him myself, my mother, my father, my little sister, and my brother, shall be his brother, his mother, his father and his sister too ; he

4 L 2

shall

shall have one large heap of elephants teeth and gold, for my kind merciful master, and kind brother, and one for himself also, (but smaller.) He at present is my father, I eat at his house, and lie there too upon the bed he presented me with. His woman is my mother and kindly nurses me, being very sick of the sea, and fire made of black stones. I have received a great quantity of gold besides what thou didst present me with by means of thy hand-writing, to the people who are to send me to my country, some part whereof I have given to the Governor of thy swimming house, to be sent to thee. Had I a house full, should send the whole with equal pleasure; however thou shalt see hereafter, that black people are not beasts, and do know how to be grateful. After thou my kind merciful master and good white brother left me in thy swimming house, we, thy white people and me thy grateful black prisoner, were by the *Great Spirit* who was angry with us sent by the wind into an immense great river, where we had like to have been drowned, and where we could see neither sun nor moon for six days and nights. I was dying during one whole moon, the Governor was my father, and gave me those good things thou presentedst me with on my bed, he lodged me in the little room thy Carpenter built for me. Thou gave me more clothes than I could carry, yet I was very cold; nothing availed with poor black prisoner, till at last having the *Great Spirit* to send me safe to thy house on shore. I thought I was carried there (this appears to have been a dream) where thou my good white brother bid use me with wonted goodness, spake to the *Great Spirit* and to his Son* that I might keep so during the voyage, and afterwards which they have done so for thy sake; they will always do me good because of thee my good white brother; therefore my kind merciful master, do not forget thy poor black prisoner. When thou dost speak to the *Great Spirit*

* He means, pray to the Father and the Son.

and to *his Son*, I do know he will hear thee, I shall never be sick more, for which I shall be thankful, pray speak for my good old mother, my good father, my little sister and my brother; I wish they may be healthy, to many, very many moons, as many as the hairs on thy head; I love them all much, yet I think not so much as I do thee, I could die in my country for thee, could I do thee any kindness. Indeed the *Great Spirit* well knows I mean no lie, shall always speak to him for thy good, believe me my good white brother, thy poor black prisoner is not a liar.

DGIAGOLA, son of DGIAGOLA,
Prince of Foat, Africa."

The above is a letter from the negro Prince, sometime after he arrived at *London*, to his master in *Maryland*: translated by Dr. *Desaguillier*, of *Cambridge*, 1743.

An Account of a Strange DELIVERANCE, occasioned by an Apparition.

A Few days ago I visited *John Thomas*, of *St. Just*, in *Cornwall*. He is about sixty-two years of age, and has been a notorious drunkard the greatest part of his life.

He told me, that on Sunday, December 21, 1783, about seven o'clock in the evening, he left *St. Crete*, in order to go to *St. Just's*. That as it was dark he missed his way, and about midnight fell into a pit about five fathoms deep.

On his being missing, his friends made diligent search for him, but to no purpose. The next Sabbath-day as one of his neighbours was going to seek his sheep, he saw at some distance, the appearance of a man sitting on the bank which had been thrown up in digging the pit. On drawing near, he saw the apparition go round to the other side of the bank.

When

When he came to the place, he could see no one; but heard a human voice in the bottom of the pit. Thinking that some smugglers had got down to hide their liquors, he went on; but coming back the same way, he again heard the voice. He now listened more attentively; and as he could hear but one voice, he concluded it was *John Thomas*, who was trifling: and on calling to him, he found he was not mistaken. On this he went and got help, and soon got him out of the pit. But as he had been there near eight days, he was very low when he was got out; but is now in a fair way to do well.

In the bottom of the pit he found a small current of water, which he drank freely of: this, in all likelihood, was a means of keeping him alive.—It is said, that several other persons saw the apparition, but took no notice of it.

As I am not fond of crediting stories of this kind on common report, I resolved to get the account from his own mouth.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Redruth, Jan. 22, 1784.

An Extract from a JOURNEY from Aleppo to Jerusalem; at Easter, A. D. 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.

[Continued from page 599.]

BESIDES* their several apartments, each fraternity have their altars and sanctuary, distinctly allotted to their own use. At which places they have a peculiar right to perform their own divine service, and to exclude other nations from them.

* See page 599.

But that which has always been the great prize contended for by the several sects, is, the command of the holy Sepulchre: a privilege contested with so much fury and animosity, especially between the Greeks and Latins, that in disputing which party should go into it to celebrate their mass, they have sometimes proceeded to blows and wounds even at the very door of the Sepulchre; mingling their own blood with their sacrifices. An evidence of which fury the Father Guardian shewed us in a great scar upon his arm, which he told us was the mark of a wound given him by a sturdy Greek Priest in one of those unholy wars. Who can expect ever to see these holy places rescued from the hands of infidels? Or if they should be recovered, what deplorable contests might be expected to follow about them? seeing even in their present state of captivity, they are made the occasion of such unchristian rage and animosity.

For putting an end to these infamous quarrels, the French King interposed by a letter to the Grand Vizir about twelve years since; requesting him to order the holy Sepulchre to be put into the hands of the Latins, according to the tenor of the capitulation made in the year 1673. The consequence of which letter, was, that the holy Sepulchre was appropriated to the Latins: this was not accomplished till the year 1690; they alone having the privilege to say Mass in it. And though it be permitted to Christians of all nations to go into it for their private devotions, yet none may solemnize any public office of Religion there, but the Latins.

The daily employment of these recluses is to trim the lamps, and to make devotional visits to the several Sanctuaries in the Church. Thus they spend their time, many of them for four or six years together: nay so far are some transported with the pleasing contemplations in which they here entertain themselves, that they will never come out to their dying day, burying themselves (as it were) alive in our Lord's grave.

The

The Latins, of whom there are always about ten or twelve residing at the Church, with a President over them, make every day a solemn procession, with Tapers and Crucifixes, to the several Sanctuaries; singing at every one of them a Latin hymn relating to the subject of each place. These Latins being more exact in their functions than the other Monks here residing, I will only describe their ceremonies, without taking notice of what was done by others, who did not so much come under our observation.—Their ceremony begins on Good-Friday night.

As soon as it grew dark, all the Friars and Pilgrims were convened in the Chapel of the Apparition (which is a small Oratory on the North side of the holy grave,) in order to go in a procession round the Church. But, before they set out, one of the Friars preached a sermon in Italian in that Chapel. He began his discourse thus: In the dark night, &c.—at which words all the candles were instantly put out. And so we were held by the Preacher, for near half an hour, in the dark. Sermon being ended, every person present had a large lighted taper put into his hand, as if it were to make amends for the former darkness; and the crucifixes and other utensils were disposed in order for the procession. Amongst the other crucifixes, there was one of a very large size, which bore upon it the image of our Lord, as big as the life. The image was fastened to it with great nails, crowned with thorns, besmeared with blood: and so exquisitely was it formed, that it represented, in a very lively manner, the lamentable spectacle of our Lord's body, as it hung upon the cross. This figure was carried all along in the head of the procession; after which, the company followed to all the Sanctuaries in the Church, singing their appointed hymn at every one.

The first place they visited was that of the Pillar of Flagellation, a large piece of which is kept in a little Cell just at the door of the Chapel of the Apparition. There they sung their

their proper hymn; and another Friar entertained the company with a sermon in Spanish, touching the scourging of our Lord.

From hence they proceeded to the prison of Christ, where they pretend he was secured whilst the soldiers made things ready for his crucifixion; here likewise they sung their hymn, and a third Friar preached in French.

From the Prison they went to the Altar of the division of Christ's garments; where they only sung their hymn, without adding any sermon.

Having done here, they advanced to the Chapel of derision; at which, after their hymn, they had a fourth sermon in French.

From this place they went up to *Calvary*, leaving their shoes at the bottom of the stairs. Here are two Altars to be visited: one where our Lord is supposed to have been nailed to his cross; another where his cross was erected. At the former of these they laid down the great Crucifix, upon the floor, and acted a kind of a resemblance of Christ's being nailed to the cross; and after the hymn, one of the Friars preached another sermon in Spanish, upon the Crucifixion.

From hence they removed to the adjoining Altar, where the Cross is supposed to have been erected, bearing the image of our Lord's body. At this Altar is a hole in the natural rock, said to be the very same individual one, in which the foot of our Lord's cross stood. Here they set up their Cross, with the bloody crucified image upon it; and leaving it in that posture, they first sung their hymn, and then the Father Guardian, sitting in a chair before it, preached a Passion Sermon in Italian.

At about one yard and a half distance from the hole in which the foot of the Cross was fixed, is seen that memorable cleft in the rock, said to have been made by the earthquake which happened at the suffering of the God of Nature; when (as St. Mat. xxvii. 51, witnesseth) *the rocks rent, and the graves*

were opened. This cleft, as to what now appears of it, is about a span wide at its upper part, and two deep; after which it closes: but it opens again below, (as you may see in another Chapel contiguous to the side of *Calvary*;) and runs down to an unknown depth in the earth. That this rent was made by the earthquake, that happened at our Lord's passion, there is only tradition to prove: but that it is a natural and genuine breach, and not counterfeited by any art, the sense and reason of every one that sees it may convince him; for the sides of it fit like two tallies to each other; and yet it runs in such intricate windings as could not well be counterfeited by art, nor arrived at by any instruments.

The ceremony of the Passion being over, and the Guardian's sermon ended, two Friars personating, the one *Joseph of Arimathea*, the other *Nicodemus*, approached the cross, with a most solemn air, both of aspect and behaviour, drew out the great nails, and took down the feigned body from the cross. It was an effigy so contrived, that its limbs were soft and flexible, as if they had been real flesh: and nothing could be more surprising, than to see the two pretended mourners bend down the arms, which were before extended, and lay them upon the trunk, in such a manner as is usual in corpses.

The corpse being taken down from the cross, was received in a fair, large winding-sheet, and carried down from *Calvary*; the whole company attending as before, to the Stone of Unction. This is taken for the very place where the precious body of our Lord was anointed and prepared for the burial, John xix. 39. Here they laid down their imaginary corpse; and casting over it several sweet powders and spices, wrapt it up in the winding-sheet: whilst this was doing, they sung their proper hymn; and afterwards, one of the Friars preached in Arabick a funeral sermon.

These obsequies being finished, they carried off their fancied corpse, and laid it in the sepulchre; shutting up the
door

door till Easter morning. And now, after so many sermons, and so long a ceremony, it may well be imagined, that the weariness of the congregation, as well as the hour of the night, made it needful to go to rest.

[*To be continued.*]

D I V I N E J U S T I C E .

FERDINAND the fourth, King of *Spain*, having appeased all the disturbances of his kingdom, marched at the head of a powerful army against the Moors. Having advanced as far as *Martes*, he was informed that two brothers, *Peter* and *John de Carvajal*, were taken into custody on suspicion of murdering *Gomez de Bonavides*, who was assassinated at *Palentia*. These innocent gentlemen were tried and condemned on circumstantial evidence only, and that too very frivolous. Their punishment was to be thrown headlong from the summit of a rock.

Great intercessions were made to the King on their behalf; but he would not grant their pardon. As they were leading them to execution, they invoked God to witness to their innocence, and appealed to his tribunal; to which they summoned the King to appear in thirty days time. On hearing this, the King laughed. Nevertheless some days after, he fell sick, and went to a place called *Aleandet*, to divert himself, recover his health, and shake off the remembrance of the afore-mentioned summons. The thirtieth day being come, and finding himself much better, he was not only very merry on the occasion; but ridiculed the illusion of the two unfortunate brothers. When the usual time came, he retired to rest; but was found dead in his bed the next morning, to the great astonishment of the whole Court!

Richer's Abridg. of the Hist. of Spain.

A CURE for a COMMON SWEARER.

THE present Duke of *Gordon's* grandfather being one night at a village called *Huntly*, on a journey southward; while he enjoyed himself with his friends in a room fronting the street, a company of a marching regiment was drawn up under the windows to answer to the muster-roll, and to have their clothes examined by their Officer. The Gentleman who had probably been raised from the ranks, more for his courage than his breeding, had a strong inclination to find fault; and whenever any thing displeased him, imprecated damnation upon himself and the men.

The Duke, who had an utter abhorrence to common swearing, was uneasy, and expressed his warm wishes that the review might quickly be over. If your Grace, said one of his retinue, will excuse my farther attendance upon this journey, I will clear the coast of this man of words, without noise or bloodshed. 'Tis a bargain, said his Grace. On this the Gentleman stepped down into the street, took his station behind the Officer, pulled off his hat, and as the first swore, the other, with the grave solemnity of a parish Clerk, pronounced aloud Amen! The Officer turning hastily about, asked the Gentleman, what he meant? I am joining with you in prayer, said he. I thank you, Sir, said the Officer; but I have no farther need of a Clerk upon this occasion.—Soldiers! to the right about!—March. The Duke and his company, who witnessed this droll scene from the windows, were much diverted; and Mr. *Innes* (for that was the Gentleman's name) had leave to return to his own house next morning.

L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIV.

[From Mrs. Mary Jones, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Jan. 10, 1774:

Rev. Sir,

I Have once more taken the liberty to write, to let you know the dealings of God with my soul. Since I saw you, I have been brought to the very verge of eternity; for which I am exceeding thankful. My hope was full of immortality. I found, God was faithful to his promise. I had much pain of body; but my strength in Jesus was more than equal to it. The more the body suffered, the more I was enabled to rejoice. Some weeks before, I was much tempted to think that I should be buffeted on a sick-bed, and that I should not be able to glorify God in the trying moment. But I found my enemy a liar: God, out of his tender love, sweetly opened eternity to my view; and gave me to drink of that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.

It has pleased him to raise me again so far as to be able to labour for the meat that perisheth: but I hope, with less anxiety than ever I did before. My soul is kept in perfect peace, in the midst of outward hurry and noise. A deep sense of eternal things, continually awes my soul: and an abiding sense of the love and presence of God, lifts me above the giddy multitude.

I feel need of cleaving close to Jesus; trusting him with all I am and have. He has stripped me of all, enabled me to give up my wisdom, and to become a fool, that I may be truly wise. He seems to be leading me into the depth of Religion,

ligion, the internal, silent, hidden life. But here I need great strength: the amazing love and condescension of God, and my own weakness and nothingness, is as much as I can bear the sight of. He seems to be answering that petition, which has often been the language of my heart,

“ Confound, o’erpower me by thy grace !
I would be by myself abhorred ? ”

I long to drink into this spirit, that lays me low, and exalts Jesus; so that the Lord will condescend, to communicate strength to bear it.

Satan at present uses every art, to shake my confidence. But I find Jesus stronger than all the powers of hell: and he maintains his own work, by continually refreshing me with fresh supplies of grace, and promising I shall not be tempted above what I am able to bear. I am deeply sensible, nothing can happen to me without the permission of God. Therefore it must be all for my good; and I receive it thankfully at his hands.

It is by his grace I am what I am. I never was so sensible, that of myself I can do nothing; that I am nothing, that I have nothing. Here then all boasting is excluded. Jesus is all in all. Short of him, I am wretched, poor, blind, and naked: which often makes me cry out, “ What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him ? ” My will is entirely subject to the will of God, so that I cannot desire any thing contrary to it. Forgetting the things that are behind, I press forward to know Jesus, and the whole power of his resurrection.

I feel great power in prayer for the Church in general; but particularly, for that in this place. And he has promised, my expectation shall not be cut off; but he will enlarge her borders. May you live to see Zion in prosperity, her walls
salvation,

salvation, and her gates praise ! O, may we hold fast the beginning of our confidence stedfast unto the end ! That at last we may all meet you at the right hand of God, and enter with you into the joy of our Lord ! So prays

Your very unworthy

MARY JONES.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXV.

[From the same, to the same.]

March 10, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

AS to the spiritual martyrdom you speak of, if I have felt any, it was in giving up my own wisdom, strength, gifts and graces, which was not done without some painful struggles at first. But my reasonings were all silenced by those words, " I am the way : I will be thy guide."

You ask me, " What is it that now most effectually purifies my soul ?" It is not darkness, but light and love ; not dryness, but joy in the Holy Ghost. Indeed I am always able to rejoice in God, and do enjoy uninterrupted union with Jesus. His name is as ointment poured forth ; his favour is better than the life itself. I behold this world passing away, and myself more than passing away with it. I have no desire, but to be made fit to depart, and to be with Christ. But my mind is not hurt by anxious feelings. I can say, " Thy will be done !" Knowing that when I have fulfilled, as a hireling my day, my Father will come and take me home.

I believe, as there are many furnaces for the soul to pass through, before it is thoroughly devoted to God, so afterwards there are various exercises for grace. Sometimes we are in a particular manner called to take up our cross. Some-

times

times we are surrounded with temptations: at other times we are led to view Christ in all his sufferings. And again we are favoured to go with him to the mount, there to behold his glory: and also to dwell in nearer views of eternity, and of the abundant riches of redeeming love. My mind is at present, and has for some weeks been dwelling in eternity, beholding there my once crucified, but now highly exalted Saviour. But here I want words to express what I feel. O the height! O the depth! O Jesus, thou friend of sinners, thou spring of all my comfort, and source of all my joy, thou God of glory, thou infinite I AM, teach me to praise thee; teach me to admire thee! This is drinking of that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. Surely this is finding my all in him! Lo I am nothing: he is all in all.

I feel I have no wisdom, no love, no strength to stand, no power to resist evil; no life, but as it is given from moment to moment. I never was so poor: I never was so rich. Glory be to my inexhaustible fountain! To him I owe my all.

He who is infinite wisdom calls me at this time, to take up my cross and follow him. He hath also permitted Satan to try me; I believe, that I may not be exalted above measure. But hitherto, glory be to his name, he hath helped me: and I know his grace will be sufficient for me. My one business now is, to pursue my way through all, and press toward the mark: encouraged by those words, "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." I receive all things with joy from the hand of my Father, praising him for all.

Where you think my experience is not scriptural, tell me. And let me beg you, not to be too tender. It will be received with love and gratitude by

Your most unworthy

MARY JONES.

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

A LETTER to a PERSON in high Life.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, &c. Matt. vi. 19.

WHY do you set your heart on earth,
 Or plume yourself on wealth or birth?
 What bliss can these afford?
 Will they prolong your fleeting breath?
 Or rescue from the jaws of Death
 Their supercilious Lord?

Do not the rich as well as poor
 Find Death still knocking at their door?
 Or does he less invade
 The lofty castles of the great,
 Shining in all the pomp of state,
 Than Poverty's low shed?

Remember then how soon you must
 Yield unto Death, and in the dust
 Your empty honours lay :
 Your years with swift, though silent pace,
 Slide on, nor linger in the race,
 To bring the unwelcome day.

Then nought on earth you call your own,
 Will follow you to worlds unknown;
 Your every dear delight,
 Your house, your land, your pleasing wife,
 And all the comforts of this life,
 Will vanish out of sight.

Not one of all those spreading trees,
 Planted by you to catch the breeze,
 And form the cooling shade;
 Their short-lived master will pursue,
 Except the Cypress be your due,
 To Death once sacred made.

Nor wealth, nor birth, relief in hell
 Can yield, where lordly Dives fell,
 Involved in torments dire;
 Of all his vast, his boundless store,
 No mite is left him, to procure
 One drop to quench the fire.

Hear him deplore his hapless fate,
 He cries for mercy, now too late;
 To Abraham tells his grief:
 "Have pity, Father, on thy son,
 On me bestow one little boon,
 To give me some relief!"

The favour which I ask of thee
 Is this, send Laz'rus unto me,
 Who am with torment stung;
 That he into the cooling stream
 May dip his finger, damp the flame
 That preys upon my tongue."

That such may never be your end,
 By this be warnéd, in time, my friend,
 This mammon god despise;
 But make the living Lord your stay,
 That when this world shall fail, you may
 Have treasures in the skies.

A remarkable

A remarkable EPITAPH.

*Johannes Spurrell, Plimuthi; Obiit Mortem Februarii die 21,
1785: Ætatis suæ 88.*

VIR Diligentia singulari,
Qui, sine doctrina, et prorsus sine literis,
Sine re relicta, sine alea,
Aut ad Indos cursu;
Nullo negotio præclaro intentus,
Re rusticâ operosus;
Arando, ferendo, emendo, mutando;
Bovibus pascendis, faginandis, cædendis,
Sagax, non fallax;
Non catus, sed cautus;
Rem magnam struere exoptabat,
Et struebat.

Deum coluit—

Neque vero virtus illi defuit:
Quippe, quanquam presso Lare vixit,
Pauperibus profuit;
In verbis, sine syngrapha, inerat fides;
Ministris, blandus semper et benignus;
Illis fatis, superque domi;
Amicus verus, non fucosus,
Futuri haud incautus,
Hæredibus, duobus sororis Nepotibus,
Patre orbatis, puerisque adhuc,
Quinquaginta mille nummorum
Reliquit.

Facta sane Cædro digna
Et exemplo sint,
Quantum industria

Et propositum ut res non sit minor,
Et Nobis, et aliis
Prodesse possunt.

The T R A N S L A T I O N.

JOHN SPURRELL, *of Plymouth, died the 21st of February, 1785, in the 88th year of his age.*

A Man of singular diligence,
 Who without being able either to write or read,
 Without any thing left him, without gaming,
 Or going to the Indies,
 Without following any particular business,
 Save husbandry;
 By plowing, sowing, buying, changing;
 By breeding, fattening, killing oxen:
 Knowing, but not tricking;
 Not subtle, but wary;
 Desired to acquire a large fortune,
 And acquired it,

He worshipped God,
 Nor was he without good-will toward men:
 For though he spent little on himself,
 He was helpful to the poor.
 His word was taken, without any writing:
 Always kind and generous to his servants;
 Who had at home enough and to spare:
 A sincere friend, without guile,
 Providing for the future;
 He left his sisters, two nephews, as yet children,
 Fifty thousand pounds.*

* How much wiser would he have been, if he had left them five thousand, and given the rest to the poor, and saved his own soul?

N. B. The Encomiums in the conclusion of this Epitaph, we think are undeserving a translation,

An ELEGY, written by a Father on the death of his Child.

ACCEPT blest shade, a Parent's mournful lay,
 Which bleeding love would to thy mem'ry pay ;
 Forgive the tears that still my cheeks bedew,
 While death's sad scene is fresh within my view :
 I court no muse to aid my pensive strains,
 A wounded heart spontaneously complains.

The Sun had not perform'd his annual course,
 Ere dire disorders, with malignant force,
 Seiz'd on her infant frame, in every part,
 And wreck'd it fore, and pierc'd her tender heart.

Yet twice three years she held a doubtful strife,
 Against the foe that took away her life :
 And England's plague,* and fever's burning rage,
 She struggl'd through in her infantile age.

Sometimes her blooming face, and childish play,
 Flatter'd my hopes that death would long delay :
 That she would reach to life's meridian stage,
 And be the joy of my declining age.
 Anon, the deadly bane mixt with her blood,
 Through all her frame in livid currents flow'd ;
 Dispoil'd her face of its enchanting bloom,
 And sadly shew'd her swift approaching doom.

Nine dismal hours (the scene still wounds my breast !)
 Against the pangs of death she did contest,
 While round her bed, besmear'd with lethal dew,
 Her weeping friends and relatives I view.
 Augmented is my woe ! I see her mother stand,
 With streaming eyes amid the mournful band :
 It breaks her heart, convuls'd that frame to see
 So often dandled on her willing knee.

* The Small-pox.

Those ruby lips that from her snowy breast
 Salubrious milk through trickling channels preſt,
 Turned to a livid pale: thoſe ſparkling eyes,
 Whoſe lambent beams ſtruck with a ſweet ſurpriſe,
 Clothéd with a ſlimy ſcum and horrid ſtare:
 Thy roſy cheeks, no pleaſing ſluſhes wear;
 That prattling tongue ſealéd up, which charméd our ear. }

No more (returning from my daily toil)
 She meets her Sire with an endearing ſmile;
 Plays by my ſide with unaffected glee;
 Clings round my waift, or nimbly climbs my knee.

No more with me, amid my leiſure hours,
 She runs along to gather fragrant flowers;
 Her babling queſtions give my mind delight,
 Which trifling objects often did excite;
 Whiſt all around cool zephyrs gently playéd,
 And woodland ſongſters warbled in the ſhade.

Now, wretched man, ſpread thy parental arms!
 Embrace thy babe in all her native charms!
 Bear home thy noſegays with officious care,
 To grace the boſom of thy lovely fair!
 Oh, cruel, cruel irony of grief!
 Where ſhall my wounded ſpirit find relief!

Thus nature raves; but ſee! in yonder ſkies,
 A form etheréal ſtands before my eyes;
 Long, milk-white robes her comely ſhape adorn;
 Her face beams forth like an unclouded morn:
 A conquering palm her lily hand waves round;
 With burniſhed gold, her ſhining head is crownéd.

In accents ſweet, as when the weſtern breeze,
 Kiſſes with fragrant lips the ruſſling trees,
 She ſmiling ſays, “ Your needleſs griefs forbear;
 And to your daughter’s voice incline your willing ear.

I heard

“ My nature changèd, by Jesu’s saving grace,
And all my soul made meet to see his face,
I heard his call, and left your dark abode,
And swift ascended to the mount of God:
Where flaming seraphs, in harmonious strains,
Hailèd my arrival on the heavenly plains.

“ The Saviour next (in glorious light arrayèd)
From his high throne, in cheering accents said,
Thy transient sufferings are for ever o’er,
Nor pain, nor death shall e’er afflict thee more.
Receive these joys my streaming blood procurèd,
When for thy infant soul I death endurèd;
Among my virgin-train now take thy place,
And shout the wonders of redeeming grace!

“ He ceasèd; and round his throne the radiant throng,
In hallelujahs raisèd a lofty song:
Unbounded joys o’erflowèd my ravishèd heart,
And in his endless praise I gladly bore my part.

“ Cease then your grief—By humble faith and prayèr,
While you have life, for this blessèd place prepare;
Its smallest joys no angel-tongue can tell:
Prepare to meet me here—till then farewell.”

Farewel blest shade! I see thy beauties rise;
The pleasing scene out-soars my gazing eyes:
Instructed thus I kiss the chastèning rod,
And freely own thy kindness, O my God!
Thy power, thy goodness may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate, myself, my all to thee!

Bless my whole house; prepare us all to stand
With joy among the sheep at thy right hand:
There with our babe behold thy lovely face,
Bask in the beams divine, and triumph in thy grace.

The BENEFIT of AFFLICTION, Job v. 6, 7, 8.

WHEN huge afflictions prefs me down,
 And sorrows make my nature groan,
 Where shall I find relief?
 I'll bow myself before my God
 And humbly kiss the sacred rod,
 Till he assuage my grief.

My numerous sins will I confess,
 And own in every sore distress
 The Lord is good and just:
 For by experience I have found
 Afflictions spring not from the ground,
 Nor troubles from the dust.

So sure as sparks from burning fire,
 By native force will still aspire,
 And upward wing their way;
 So surely man is born to pain;
 Our common lot is to complain,
 While here on earth we stay.

Nor is the cause so hard to tell,
 Since from the Lord we basely fell,
 And left the source of bliss:
 How can we hope for joys serene,
 While Sin, the monster lurks within,
 That Parent of distress?

To Jesus then I make my moan:—
 O, plead my cause before the throne!
 Thou hast the Father's ear:
 Since thou for me didst undertake,
 My suit is gain'd—thy blood did make
 Atonement at his bar.



C O N T E N T S

O F

V O L U M E VIII.

Page

AN Extract from Dr. Whitby's Discourses on the Five
Points

	3
The same, continued	65
The same, continued	121
The same, continued	175
The same, continued	231
The same, continued	287
The same, continued	343
The same, continued	389
The same, continued	445
The same, continued	501
The same, continued	557
The same, continued	613

Original Sermons. By the Rev. J. Wesley. Sermon
XXV. on Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

The same, concluded	8
Sermon XXVI. on Hebrews vi. 1.	70
The same, concluded	125
	179
Sermon	

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
Sermon XXVII. on Hebrews xiii. 17.	236
The same, concluded	291
Sermon XXVIII. on John i. 47.	349
The same, concluded	393
Sermon XXIX. on Philippians ii. 12, 13.	450
The same concluded	506
Sermon XXX. on Revelation xxi. 5.	560
The same, concluded	618
An Account of Mr. W. M. Cornock, in a Letter to the Rev. J. Wesley	36
The same, continued	77
The same, continued	135
The same, concluded	186
A short Account of the Death of John Haim	19
An Account of Mrs. Martha Rogers	20
The same, continued	81
The same, continued	139
The same, continued	189
The same, continued	244
The same, continued	302
The same, concluded	359
An Account of Mr. J. Hopkins: in a Letter to the Rev. J. Wesley	24
The same, continued	85
The same, continued	143
The same, concluded	194
Of the Foreknowledge of God	27
The same, continued	88
The same, concluded	146
An Extract from a Sermon, on God is Love	29
The same, continued	90
The same, continued	148
The same, continued	206
The same, continued	254
The same, continued	312
The same, concluded	369
✓ A Relation of a wonderful Discovery of Murder, by an Apparition	32
A late memorable Event	34
The same, concluded	96
The real Character of Montanus	35
The Shipwreck	37
From the Philosophical Transactions	39
The same, concluded	105
An Account of the Sunday Charity-Schools, lately begun in various Parts of England	41

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
Letter CCCLXVIII. From the Rev. Mr. Graves, to the Rev. J. Wesley	379
Letter CCCLXIX. From Mr. G. Williams, to the same	334
Letter CCCLXX. From Miss J. S. to the same	335
Letter CCCLXXI. From Mr. C. Winter, to the same	336
Letter CCCLXXII. From Miss M. B. to the same	393
Letter CCCLXXIII. From Mr. T. Eden, to the same	394
Letter CCCLXXIV. From Mr. S. Wells, to the same	ibid.
Letter CCCLXXV. From Mrs. P. Newman, to the same	434
Letter CCCLXXVI. From Miss M. B. to the same	437
Letter CCCLXXVII. From the Rev. R. M. to the same	489
Letter CCCLXXVIII. From the Rev. L. Coughlan, to the same	490
Letter CCCLXXIX. From Miss F. Owen, to the same	551
Letter CCCLXXX. From the Rev. F. Okely, to the same	552
Letter CCCLXXXI. From the Rev. Mr. Rees, to the same	604
Letter CCCLXXXII. From Mrs. Mary Jones, to the same	606
Letter CCCLXXXIII. From the same, to the same	608
Letter CCCLXXXIV. From the same, to the same	657
Letter CCCLXXXV. From the same, to the same	658

P O E T R Y.

To Lord ——— : by Lord L——n	59
Rural Happiness	61
A Prayer for one grievously tempted	64
To Mr. Poyntz, Ambassador at Soissons	116
To the Earl of Oxford. By Dean Swift	118
On a late Shipwreck on the Coast of Cumberland	ibid.
To the Rev. Dr. Ascough; by Lord L——n	169
Bishop Corbet to his Son Vincent Corbet, two years of age	174
English Doggerel. An Epitaph	ibid.
The three Warnings: a Tale	225
A Midnight Hymn	228
To Silvia	229
To Sicknefs; an Elegy	281
On Chance and Predestination	283
Hymn to Solitude	284
Spring and Autumn	286
Lord Guilford Dudley, to Lady Jane Gray: both under sentence of Death for High Treason	337
A Summer Landkip of Dunstar Castle	339
A Ship in a Storm: by a Sailor	341
The Tulip and the Violet	396
Trusting in the Mercy of God with humble submission and hope	398
	An

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
An Epitaph on an Infant found dead in a Field, who was denied Christian burial	ibid.
An Elegy on the Death of Mrs. Margaret Johnston	439
A Highland Fragment	442
The Comforts of Religion	444
To the Memory of Lady Littleton	492
Desiring a firmer Affiance in God under Afflictions	500
Charity	554
The same, concluded	610
Lines written on a Pane of Glass in one of the Windows of Bishop Bedell's House	556
A Letter to a Person in high life	661
A remarkable Epitaph in Latin	663
The Translation	664
An Elegy. written by a Father on the Death of his Child	665
The Benefit of Affliction	668



The ERRATA

In the eight first Volumes of the Arminian Magazine.

Many Errata have been occasioned in the preceding Magazines by my absence from the Press. These that follow, being the most material, I beg the Reader to correct with his Pen.

J. WESLEY.

VOLUME I.

P. 13, l. 18, *for serve read serves*—p. 18, l. 3. *f. has r. having*—l. 4. *dele he*—p. 29, l. 26. *r. the best Comment upon the Bible*—p. 30, l. 3, *r. if God*—p. 33, l. 23, *r. author justice*—p. 34, l. 17, *dele &c.* l. 27, *dele all*—p. 39, l. 7, *r. last*. l. 15, *r. sensual*—p. 40, l. 5, *dele the first the*—p. 41, l. 4, *r. the God*—p. 43, l. 23, *r. varied*—p. 52, *dele that if they continued in the same disobedience, their opinions should be examined according to the word of God*—p. 61, l. 13, *r. referuntur*—p. 64, l. penult. *r. nequeant*, l. ult. *dele et mox, &c.*—p. 107, l. 13, *r. Utopia*—p. 108, l. 16, *r. our own*—p. 109, l. 10, *r. fit*—p. 110, l. 19, *r. luxu*—p. 114, l. 13, *r. variety*—p. 126, l. 11, *r. Kreutzer*—p. 127, l. 27, *r. Wesley, jun.*—p. 129, l. 22, *r. Σωτηρ*—p. 135, l. 16, *r. Saviour he*—p. 141, l. 18, *r. not long: for*—p. 143, antepen. put a comma after *drawn*—p. 155, l. 3, *r. Utopia, and so every where*—p. 156, l. 6, *r. few only*—p. 163, l. 26, *r. Ordinance*—p. 166, l. 6, *r. mounting*—p. 176, l. 12, *dele it*—p. 178, l. 15, *r. Berkeley*—p. 198, l. 18, *r. Medea's*—p. 201, l. 28, *for translated r. transcribed*—p. 205, l. 6, *insert Papists* l. 12, *f. before-mentioned r. indeed*—p. 207, l. 9, *r. begin*—p. 208, l. 20, *r. adjudged*—p. 210, l. 16, *r. Satire*—p. 219, l. 26, *r. should*—p. 221, l. 5, *r. but for*—p. 224, l. 32, *r. thy last*—p. 234, l. 27, *r. lore*, l. 31. *r. Satiare*—p. 242, l. 23, *r. those*—p. 256, l. 3, *r. of sins; insert a semicolon*—p. 261, l. 11, *r. therefore the*—p. 265, l. 16, *f. I shall r. God will*—p. 274, l. 18, *r. spirituous* l. antep. *r. need not*—p. 277, l. 14, *f. doings r. dealings*—p. 278, l. 28, *r. cannon* l. ult. *r. foul*. Now—p. 280, l. 24, *r. the Rev. Mr. S. Wesley, jun.*—p. 281, l. 15, *r. incirceling*—p. 282, l. 8, *r. grace*—p. 283, l. 1, *r. thec*, l. 19, *r. fiend*—p. 285, l. 9, *r. from her*, l. 15, *r. nobler*—p. 286, l. 11, *r. Ethereal*, l. 12, *r. her*, l. 13, *r. murmuring*, l. 14, *r. filled the*—p. 287, l. 4, *r. his coming*, l. 6, *r. her*, l. 7, *r. her*, l. 10, *dele with*, l. 11, *r. race*, l. 16, *r. unconquerable*, l. 19, *r. wanderers*—p. 288, l. 5, *r. see the*, l. 8, *r. relief*—p. 293, l. 17, *r. absolute*—p. 308, l. 16, *dele that*—p. 309, l. 15, *r. observations*—p. 310, l. 28, *r. good*—p. 326, l. 17, *f. Ambassador of Christ r. Minister*—p. 330, l. 19, *r. wished*—p. 337, l. 11, *r. transition*—p. 340, l. 15, *r. presume*—p. 342, antep. *f. these r. it*—p. 349, l. 19, *r. Francker*—p. 353, l. 19, *in the dele the*—p. 360, l. 13, *r. to those*—p. 362, l. 9, *r. than is in*—p. 372, l. 7, *r. used no*, l. 22, *r. effect*—p. 374, l. 1, *r. country*, l. 20, *dele it*—p. 380, l. 23, *r. female, dele's*—p. 381, l. 2, *r. opprobrious*, l. 8, *after flame, a comma*—p. 383, l. 3, *r. or the sprightly*, l. 5, *r. hill*, l. 6, *r. which*, l. 13, *new par.*—p. 389, l. 14, *r. The sum is: That as*—p. 399, l. 27, *dele as*—p. 404, l. 24, *r. unworthiness*—p. 405, l. penult. *f. him r. them*—p. 407, l. 2, *r. begun*, l. 17, *r. Northumbrians*—p. 411, l. 8, *r. yet*—p. 419, l. ult. *r. Necessitarian scheme*—p. 420, l. 6, *dele to be*, l. 7, *r. Niewinty's*, l. 16, *Theologæ*—p. 425, l. 13, *r. by Miss Talbot*—p. 427, l. 11, *r. if*, l. 18, *r. eighth*—p. 428, l. 20, *cloathe dele d*, p. 429, l. 15, *f. slumber r. fortune*—p. 431, l. ult. *r. the Saviour*—p. 449,

l. 17, *dele a*—p. 444, l. 10, *r. least*—p. 449, l. 25, *dele are*—p. 455, ult. *r. all men*—p. 458, l. 26, *r. them off*—p. 460, l. 16, *r. immunity*—p. 463, l. 10, *r. invictissimo occurrino*—p. 465, l. 7, *r. improvements*—p. 467, l. 8, *r. Wadsworth*—p. 468, l. 3, *r. in the l. 24, dele and first, l. ult. dele first*—p. 470, l. 23, *dele from experienced to such a*—p. 471, l. ult. *r. these*—p. 472, l. 4, *r. every*—p. 479, penult. *r. thought it vast*—p. 480, l. 13, *r. Herself, l. 25, r. are*—p. 481, l. 4, *r. profit, l. 23, r. shakes*—p. 482, penult. *r. To precipices steep*—p. 483, l. 6, *r. flowry honours, l. 11, r. shakes*—p. 486, l. 13, *r. Not passion*—p. 493, l. 15, *r. pursues*—p. 501, l. antep. *dele but*—p. 502, l. 25, *r. not at all, l. 26, r. them not*—p. 509, l. 4, *r. in weight, l. ult. dele as well*—p. 513, l. 13, *r. been directed, l. 31, r. and from whom*—p. 517, l. 4, *r. abuses*—p. 518, l. 10, *r. that loved*—p. 521, l. 28, *r. in so*—p. 522, l. 24, *r. as for my*—p. 527, l. 14, *r. quæ sua sunt*—p. 528, l. 4, *r. work of God*—p. 530, *r. them up also*—p. 532, l. 25, *r. where a*—p. 536, *r. Ode to Solitude, by Miss*—, pen. *r. Intent on*—p. 538, l. 24, *r. that, l. 27, r. there*—p. 551, l. 19, *dele to be*—p. 555, *r. an Analysis of, l. ult. r. each*—p. 562, l. 28, *dele and*—p. 567, l. 5, *r. but the*—p. 569, l. 10, *r. limited, l. 13, r. all together*—p. 570, l. 1, *r. possessed*—p. 571, l. 15, *r. regulations*—p. 572, l. 12, *r. 1633*—p. 573, l. 6, *r. the power*—p. 576, l. 22, *r. be three for the three*—p. 582, l. 15, *r. serious formerly?*—p. 587, l. 2, *r. concerning the*—p. 590, l. 15, *r. by Dr.*—p. 594, l. pen. *r. smoothes*—p. 595, l. 24, *r. breathe*—p. 597, l. antep. *r. and through*—p. 598, l. 3, *r. lie, l. ult. r. every virtuous.*
Corrigendum.

VOLUME II.

Preface, p. 4, *r. Lefevre*—p. 7, l. 13, *r. propagate*—p. 1, l. 8, *r. Justice and dele and dominion*—p. 19, l. 6, *r. exacted*—p. 48, *supervacua, l. 15, r. dilectis*—p. 92, l. 3, *r. cut-throats, who commend men to their face*—p. 104, l. 15, *r. canaq, l. 19, r. tuum, l. 23, r. flunnt imo*—p. 118, l. 24, *r. he gave*—p. 124, l. 14, *dele have*—p. 131, l. 21, *r. on an*—p. 138, l. 25, *r. went into*—p. 147, l. 16, *dele of*—p. 151, l. 18, *r. feel*—p. 152, l. 2, *r. enabled*—p. 160, l. 12, *r. thou*—p. 179, l. 4, *r. your Lordship's*—p. 206, l. 23, *r. of it in the, l. 31, r. with this*—p. 207, l. 22, *r. an earthly*—p. 209, l. 22, *r. from another*—p. 210, l. 12, *dele a dying*—p. 211, l. 16, *r. carried him as, l. 21, r. went*—p. 228, l. 9, *r. are cleared*—p. 229, l. 25, *r. in the*—p. 231, l. 31, *r. ran*—p. 241, l. antep. *r. characters*—p. 248, l. 27, *r. done that*—p. 251, l. 14, *dele tite, l. 17, dele it, l. 22, r. of individuals*—p. 252, l. 18, *r. occurrence*—p. 253, l. 24, *r. while I*—p. 255, l. 23, *r. practice*—p. 257, l. pen. *dele food*—p. 267, l. 20, *r. my sister! friend!*—p. 268, l. 11, *r. all-gracious God thou knowest*—p. 271, l. ult. *r. the*—p. 272, *r. Guiccard's*—p. 298, l. 35, *dele and*—p. 317, l. 10, *dele and*—p. 321, l. 21, *r. him to*—p. 323, l. 2, *r. moralist, l. 8, r. both fades, l. 19, r. by Miss A. F.*—p. 344, l. 17, *r. was shed*—p. 349, l. 9, *dele fast, l. 29, r. as they*—p. 355, l. 5, *r. a an*—p. 370, *r. not how*—p. 375, l. 24, *r. all the*—p. 386, l. 19, *r. not all*—p. 405, l. 8, *r. was. And*—p. 412, l. 17, *r. yet no*—p. 419, l. 27, *r. villains*—p. 423, l. 28, *r. there every*—p. 427, l. 10, *r. Peak*—p. 428, l. 10, *r. any but*—p. 437, l. 11, *dele I*—p. 439, l. 10, *r. ever*—p. 440, l. 7, *r. here*—p. 456, l. 17, *r. concluded*—p. 463, l. 23, *r. professed*—p. 476, l. 22, *r. there and r. explicitly*—p. 480, l. 32, *r. Etadhuc*—p. 481, l. 6, *r. out twice, l. 10, r. be falsely, l. 17, r. let thy—make my*—p. 485, l. 27, *r. stop thy*—p. 488, l. 3, *r. the*—p. 492, l. 10, *r. saw thee*—p. 495, l. 28, *r. see thee*—p. 506, l. ult. *r. visited*—p. 527, *r. Catanbon*—p. 531, l. 19, *r. Triathen*—p. 536, *r. the Rev. Mr. Madan*—p. 538, l. ult. *r. hand*—p. 543, l. 24, *r. Kedar*—p. 575, l. 5, *r. farce, l. 19, r. or falling, l. 31, r. yes, because*—p. 580, l. 27, *r. unbelievers*—p. 608, l. 13, *dele now*—p. 642, l. pen. *r. bids*—p. 646, l. 26, *r. as of the, l. 31, r. Plymouth Dock*—p. 647, l. 5, *dele the first ever*—p. 648, l. 8, *r. souls?*—p. 657, l. 19, *r. Tolls*—p. 660, l. 24, *r. cheerfulness.*

VOLUME III.

Page 10, l. 10, *dele* that—p. 12, l. 22, *dele* was fo—p. 15, l. 26, *r.* art; l. 32, *r.* contend with God—p. 18, l. 1, *r.* imports—p. 24, l. 24, *r.* crosses—p. 25, l. 2, *r.* 1727—p. 28, l. 29, *r.* valiantly—p. 31, l. 5, *dele* them—p. 32, l. 24, *r.* to Thomas—p. 37, l. 35, *r.* manifestly—p. 39, l. 18, *r.* coexisting, l. 23, *r.* unsuccessful—p. 45, l. 30, *dele* and—p. 47, l. 2, *r.* reflection—p. 48, l. 3, *r.* my own—p. 50, l. 21, *r.* Canon—p. 52, l. 18, *r.* conception—p. 57, l. 1, & 10, *r.* blessing, l. 13, *r.* cleave, p. 58, l. 8, and 12, *r.* ethereal—p. 60, l. 8, *dele* s, l. 17, *r.* tear—p. 61, l. 20, *r.* meridian—p. 62, l. 20, *r.* To my abode—p. 63, l. 6, *r.* thoughts—p. 64, l. 12, *r.* thorn, l. 13, *r.* in way—p. 70, l. 10, *r.* same privileges—p. 72, l. 1, *r.* and when—p. 74, l. 9, *r.* and who—p. 84, l. 2, *r.* sanctification—p. 85, penult. *r.* unless through—p. 87, l. 21, *r.* that tho'—p. 90, l. 6, *r.* after, l. 27, *r.* when—p. 92, l. 22, 24, 25, *r.* that—p. 93, l. 6, *r.* quiet—p. 94, l. 11, *r.* interceded—p. 95, ult. *r.* was—p. 96, l. 8, *r.* Marriot—p. 101, l. 5, *r.* it to l. 27, *r.* do, and—p. 102, l. 8, *r.* are, l. 27, *r.* and these—p. 103, l. 13, *r.* to this—p. 105, l. 2, *r.* to his, l. 3, *dele* own: *r.* though l. antep. *r.* then—p. 106, l. 22, *r.* Loughrea, l. 23, *dele* and—p. 107, l. 21 *r.* the Rev.—p. 108, l. 7, *r.* dispossession—p. 111, l. 20, *r.* opponents, l. 30, *dele* you—p. 114, l. 15, *r.* dimensions—p. 115, l. 6, *r.* congeals—p. 116, l. 23, *r.* By Dr. Byrom—p. 123, l. 4, *r.* and honey—p. 125, penult. *dele* viz. —p. 126, l. 20, *r.* of this—p. 127, l. 1, *r.* Exod. ix. l. 30, *r.* refer—p. 132, l. 11, *r.* imports—p. 133, l. 30, *r.* a just—p. 134, l. 21, *r.* of hardenings, l. 31, *r.* harden—p. 135, l. 4, *dele* he: *r.* manner, when, l. 5, *r.* harden, l. 15, *r.* he doth, l. 24, *r.* the contrary whereunto—p. 136, l. 8, *r.* makes—p. 137, l. 22, *r.* imitate—p. 139, l. 39, *r.* where—p. 141, l. 7, *dele* at—p. 142, antep. Scarle, p. 144, l. 13, *r.* Scarle—l. 20, *r.* Newark, and l. ult. *dele* Nottingham—p. 155, l. 27, *r.* seals—p. 156, l. 15, *r.* Jones, l. pen. *r.* was—p. 158, l. 1, *r.* that it—p. 159, l. 7, *r.* Staffordshire—p. 167, l. 10, *r.* and have—p. 172, l. 22, *r.* want—p. 179, l. 5, *r.* such as—p. 182, antep. *r.* abhor—p. 186, l. 17, *dele* However the difference in *dele* it—p. 187, l. 20, *r.* on—p. 188, l. 14, *r.* and had—p. 189, l. 2, *r.* suits—p. 191, l. 31, *r.* by reason of—p. 192, l. 2, *dele* at—p. 195, penult. *r.* has—p. 203, ult. *r.* May I—p. 210, l. 2, *r.* lose—p. 212, l. 26, *r.* as—p. 214, l. 25, *r.* knew—p. 215, l. 25, *r.* has, p. 217, l. 21, *r.* continued—p. 219, l. 8, *r.* the, l. 22, *r.* Thy—p. 223, l. 14, *r.* has—p. 224, l. 4, *r.* twenty, l. 26, *r.* those—p. 228, l. 26, *dele* and—p. 229, l. 1, *r.* for—p. 232, l. 26, *r.* to abuse—p. 235, l. 13, *r.* gifts of God—p. 239, l. 31, *r.* so as—p. 250, l. 24, *r.* to write—p. 252, l. 15, *r.* Zacatecas, and so, l. 18, *r.* Amajac, l. 19, *r.* Chichmeque—p. 256, l. 5, *r.* go on—p. 262, l. 29, *r.* brethren—p. 274, ult. *r.* happiness—p. 275, l. 9, *r.* I then, l. 16, *r.* but after—p. 281, l. 16, *r.* nor, l. antep. *r.* genuine—p. 286, l. 25, *r.* lost in—p. 294, l. 2, *r.* give vote to—p. 300, l. 25, *r.* than it—p. 302, l. 23, hieret, l. 24, *r.* eligi—p. 322, l. 6, *r.* Rangdale, l. 7, *r.* quiet—p. 325, l. 7, *r.* quiet—p. 335, l. 21, *r.* Hofmer, l. 26, *r.* appearance—p. 338, l. 21, *r.* reflections—p. 339, l. 12, *r.* Clarkson—p. 348, l. 20, *r.* it is—p. 350, l. 12, *dele* be—p. 374, l. 24, *dele* of, l. 31, *r.* Minister—p. 377, l. 27, *r.* Paul—p. 387, l. 29, *r.* thruth, l. ult. *dele* did—p. 388, l. 24, *dele* at him l. antep. *r.* he—p. 399, l. 9, *r.* successfully—p. 393, l. 9, *r.* your's—p. 406, l. 31, and 32, *r.* of him—p. 412, l. 4, *r.* fun is—p. 413, l. 11, *r.* offers—p. 414, l. 2, *r.* imply: *r.* and are, l. 6, *r.* insufferable, l. 10, *r.* punishment—p. 417, l. 24, *r.* make him—p. 421, l. 29, *r.* failed down—p. 422, l. 30, *r.* was—p. 429, l. 18, *r.* led me—p. 430, l. 15, *dele* who—p. 431, l. 19, *r.* going in—p. 433, l. 1, *r.* or every *dele* having had too too great an influence—p. 434, l. 6, *dele* a, l. 31, *r.* into—p. 436, l. 12, *r.* accounts—p. 440, l. 18, *r.* I heartily—p. 448, l. 20, *r.* which became—p. 449, l. 6, *r.* amplify—p. 450, l. 23, 24, *r.* Rachel—p. 451, l. 14, *r.* when—p. 452, l. 1, *r.* 1759—p. 458, l. 7, thus fallen, l. 15, *r.* whereby, l. 28, *r.* when—p. 459, l. 27, *r.* plainly—p. 461, l. 12, *r.* and—p. 463, l. 22, *r.* I object then—p. 470, l. 3, *r.* as he—p. 471, l. 16, *r.* set down, l. 29, *r.* a greater—p. 479, l. 11, *r.* to that—p. 484, l. 19, *r.* of it—p. 485, penult. *r.* resoluble—p. 487, l. 9, *r.* And from this, l. 11, *r.* which furnishes—p. 491, l. 27, *r.* expedient—p. 492, l. 1, *r.* Predestination—p. 501, l. 21, *r.* 1768—p. 503, l. 14, *r.* yet as—p. 505, l. 17, *r.* Mark Jesu's—p. 508, l. 11, *r.* and manhood—p. 512, l. 2, *r.* false

l. 12, *r.* the foe—p. 514, l. 2, *r.* heart—p. 514, l. 2, *r.* which they, l. 31, *r.* are only—p. 516, l. 2, *r.* 's—p. 522, l. 2, *r.* tendency—p. 524, l. 16, *r.* of God—p. 526, l. 14, *r.* afterward—p. 527, l. 25, *r.* and have tasted—p. 529, l. 4, *r.* Now—p. 535, l. 18, *r.* he knew—p. 545, l. 17, *dele a*—p. 546, l. 18, *r.* Hurds—p. 550, l. 28, *r.* am I to, l. 29, *r.* grace which—p. 553, l. 20, *r.* her works, l. 21, *dele* works—p. 558, l. 29, *r.* Haughton—p. 559, l. 11, *r.* diocese, l. pen. *r.* farther—p. 565, l. 23, *r.* is—p. 566, l. 20, *r.* destructive, l. pen. *r.* buy—p. 567, l. 9, *r.* fell, l. 10, *r.* wage—p. 587, l. 7, *r.* Velasco—p. 591, l. 12, *r.* observed to, l. 13, 14, *r.* melon—p. 593, l. 20, *r.* it—p. 604, l. 4, *r.* the concise, l. 5, *r.* Salis, l. 30, *r.* Lincoln College—p. 607, l. 2, *r.* this—p. 609, l. 1, *r.* equivalent—p. 610, l. 18, *r.* of our, l. 30, *r.* necessarily—p. 613, l. 13, *r.* feel—p. 632, l. 20, *r.* all this while—p. 636, l. 25, *r.* and enjoined—p. 639, l. 8, *r.* all his, l. 21, *r.* and that—p. 640, l. 12, *r.* to united, l. 23, *r.* and I—p. 643, l. 26, *r.* done in—p. 657, l. 27, *dele* not—p. 659, l. 6, *dele* that—p. 662, l. 14, *r.* affirm—p. 663, l. 1, *r.* nearly—p. 668, l. 18, *r.* laid to Jerusalem—p. 671, l. 25, *r.* than by.

VOLUME IV.

Page 14, l. 22, *r.* such themselves as—p. 17, l. 2, *r.* twice, l. antep. *r.* of this—p. 20, l. 3, *r.* termed by—p. 25, l. 24, *r.* of his—p. 32, pen. *r.* only say—p. 33, l. 7, *r.* to earth—p. 36, l. 22, *r.* received—p. 37, l. 9, *r.* breaks—p. 40, l. 24, *r.* foot of—p. 55, l. 3, *dele* he *r.* that he, l. 26, *dele* so—p. 58, l. 4, *r.* Byrom—p. 60, l. 7, *r.* coming—p. 71, l. 14, *r.* injunction—p. 90, l. 25, *r.* Skircoat—p. 98, l. 13, *r.* suspended—p. 99, l. 25, *r.* conveniently—p. 107, l. 12, *r.* then—p. 109, l. pen. *dele* then—p. 118, l. 5, *r.* ever—p. 126, l. 7, *r.* is not—p. 145, l. 7, *r.* his—p. 170, l. 2, *r.* arts, l. 16, *f.* men *r.* them—p. 174, l. 12, *r.* and undecided—p. 176, l. 4, *r.* of—p. 181, l. 14, *dele* of—p. 184, l. 23, *f.* does *r.* lasts—p. 189, l. ult. add, which are God's—p. 193, l. 9, *r.* seeks—p. 197, l. 20, *r.* his—p. 208, l. 14, *r.* Coryiat—p. 212, l. 30, *r.* contrary—p. 215, l. 25, *r.* should—p. 256, l. 17, *r.* Me, l. 25, *r.* seasoning—p. 243, l. 3, *r.* keep—p. 245, l. 10, *r.* not in—p. 265, ult. *r.* hebricating—p. 266, l. 18, *r.* air and etherial fire—p. 271, l. 4, *r.* this—p. 272, l. 1, *r.* used before—p. 297, l. 4, *r.* 1672, l. 18, *r.* nor—p. 300, l. 2, *r.* of the—p. 335, l. 1, *r.* Dupey, l. 23, *dele* will—p. 338, l. 31, *r.* more and more—p. 345, *r.* I doubt this whole matter of having our mind for stayed, as never to have a wandering thought—p. 351, l. 23, *r.* will not—p. 359, l. 31, *r.* fix—p. 370, l. 14, *r.* Allen's—p. 378, l. 4, *r.* dilatation—p. 380, l. 11, *r.* accidentally—p. 383, *r.* Eutropius, l. 3, *r.* Phœdrus—p. 391, l. 15, *r.* or all, l. 17, *r.* them—p. 394, l. 21, *dele* such—p. 399, l. 17, *r.* Generous—p. 415, antep. *r.* and I—p. 425, *r.* NUTRITION—p. 417, *r.* Simeon—p. 447, *r.* 1762—p. 463, l. 10, *r.* thing—p. 466, l. 26, *r.* state weare—p. 482, l. 13, *dele* who—p. 489, ult. *dele* all, p. 511, l. 17, *r.* live, or—p. 525, l. 12, *r.* grounding—p. 540, l. 33, *r.* has had—p. 541, l. 20, *r.* probable—p. 542, l. 6, *r.* we seen—p. 547, l. 27, *r.* restrained—p. 560, l. 13, *r.* 1757—p. 565, l. 16, *r.* dare's—p. 566, l. 13, *r.* lillied—p. 573, l. 26, *dele* forth—p. 575, l. 16, *r.* strangely—p. 579, l. 31, *r.* void of—p. 582, l. *r.* half-ports, thrice—p. 597, l. 25, *r.* very—p. 626, l. 29, *f.* betook *r.* look—p. 629, l. 21, *dele* use and—p. 662, antep. *r.* is vain—p. 669, l. 19, *r.* they have.

VOLUME V.

Page 13, l. 15, *r.* case now?—p. 30, l. 24, *r.* rests—p. 50, antep. *r.* can e'er—p. 53, l. 14, *r.* whate'er *dele* with—p. 55, l. 2, *r.* thou art, *dele* on wings—p. 60, l. 6, *r.* non-elect—p. 61, ult. *r.* yea are—p. 61, l. 27, *r.* horrid—p. 87, l. 16, *dele* the *r.* it leaves, l. 17, *r.* unharmed, l. 21, *dele* and—p. 89, l. 29, *r.* threatened to—p. 94, l. 20, *r.* greater—p. 104, ult. *r.* prayed—p. 110, l. 28, *r.* solemn—p. 119, l. 10, *r.* I knew—p. 136, l. 9, *r.* bloated on—p. 141, antep. *r.* effusion—p. 148, l. 26, and 27, *r.* or flighty—p. 157, l. 11, *r.* twice where—p. 162, l. 23, *r.* Lo God—p. 166, l. 25, *r.* refrain

—p. 169, l. 14, *r.* the flesh—p. 175, l. 23, *r.* mischief—p. 188, l. 1, *r.* his nose—
p. 193, l. 8, *dele* and—p. 194, l. 7, after for *r.* and, l. 24, *r.* prodigy—p. 221,
l. 14, *r.* figments—p. 231, antep. *dele* the—p. 240, l. 24, *r.* joined—p. 241, l. 21,
r. solemn—p. 247, l. 24, *dele* of—p. 248, l. 11, *r.* and is—p. 249, l. 19, *r.*
are either—p. 265, l. 8, *r.* seraph—p. 275, l. 14, *r.* parents—p. 278, l. 8, *r.* and by
l. 17, *r.* fit—p. 288, l. 5, *r.* the dryness, l. 8, *dele* more remote, l. 9, *r.* finer vessels
l. 15, *r.* opposition, l. 23, *r.* short—p. 289, l. 4, *r.* universal, l. 13, *r.* in his own:
dele of God—p. 293, l. 6, *r.* hand—p. 304, l. 26, *r.* tadpole, l. 12, antep. *dele* and
—p. 313, l. 24, *r.* lifted—p. 314, l. 29, *r.* phitiscal—p. 315, l. 32, *r.* surprizing—
p. 316, l. 9, *r.* phitisc—p. 318, l. 6, *r.* it now, l. 9, *r.* person—p. 323, l. 21, *r.* lan-
guages, l. 24, *r.* This—p. 324, l. 28, *r.* 1782—p. 331, l. 19, *r.* are—p. 335, l. 12,
r. air-dressed—p. 326, l. 26, *r.* of heat—p. 345, l. 27, *r.* yet it—p. 352, l. 25, *r.*
wherein—p. 364, antep. *dele* self—p. 366, l. 12, *r.* to my, l. 15, *r.* Perreaud—p.
368, l. 10, *r.* extant—p. 370, l. 14, *r.* of the, l. 16, *r.* up, she—p. 373, l. 4, *r.* Deity
l. 21, *r.* condescension—p. 379, l. 4, *dele* infant—p. 381, l. ult. *r.* the having—p.
382, l. 3, *r.* the—p. 384, l. 12, *r.* who—p. 390, l. 3, *r.* By Miss —, l. 12, *r.* d,
l. 22, *r.* lustre—p. 391, l. 19, *r.* thee—p. 399, l. 17, *r.* portend—p. 424, l. 30, *r.*
detestable—p. 428, l. penult. *r.* ever—p. 429, *r.* the Rev. Mr. D.—p. 430, l. 10,
r. answered—p. 432, l. 11, *r.* still—p. 441, ult. *r.* consummately—p. 446, l. 17,
r. shalt—p. 448, ult. *r.* work—p. 453, l. 9, *r.* παλλος, l. 10, *r.* forefather—p. 458, l.
9, *r.* soon, l. 12, *r.* so as—p. 492, *r.* lose—p. 496, l. 14, *r.* ingenu-
ous—p. 498, l. antep. *r.* sermons—p. 563, l. 22, *r.* as all—p. 564, l. 9, *r.*
things—p. 568, l. 11, *r.* lose—p. 595, l. 22, *r.* is it—p. 604, ult. *r.* inward parts—
p. 627, l. 12, *r.* he—p. 628, l. 2, *r.* most—p. 630, l. 16, *r.* nor—p. 634, l. 3, *r.*
led—p. 635, l. 9, *r.* farmer—p. 637, l. 28, *r.* I—p. 645, l. 3, *r.* assimilation, l.
7, *r.* trituration—p. 656, ult. *r.* Amalekites—p. 660, l. ult. *r.* amorous—p. 661,
l. 5, *r.* Abra—p. 663, l. 24, *r.* has—p. 667, l. antep. *r.* gut—p. 668, l. 15, *dele* and
—p. 669, l. 10, *r.* were—p. 676, l. 8, *r.* Thespian.

VOLUME VI.

Page ult. l. 8, *r.* thus—p. 10, l. 28, *r.* philanthropy—p. 11, l. 4, *r.* raising—p. 12,
l. 14, *dele* to—p. 16, l. 7, *r.* a kind—p. 20, l. 13, *dele* as also of his salvation—p. 22,
l. 5, *r.* at the—p. 23, l. 4, *r.* when—p. 29, l. 20, *r.* equilibrio—p. 30, *r.* fame—p.
41, l. 21, *r.* Nole—p. 43, l. 21, *r.* Strombolo—p. 48, l. 5, *r.* T.—p. 51, l. 28, *r.* com-
mercial—p. 54, l. 17, *r.* Hyfen's—p. 55, l. 14, *r.* revives—p. 58, l. 6, *r.* Supralap-
farians—p. 63, l. 18, *r.* Antoninus, penult. *r.* striking—p. 73, l. 3, *r.* 1759—p. 76, l.
11, *r.* the desires—p. 77, antep. *r.* Arncoats, and so p. 78—p. 88, l. 15, *r.* fees, l. 21,
r. depends—p. 92, l. 4, *r.* bring it—p. 96, l. 7, *r.* made—p. 101, l. 2, *r.* elapsed, l.
29, *r.* in the time—p. 104, l. 11, *r.* free you—p. 111, l. 17, *r.* bend—p. 113, penult.
r. hear—p. 120, l. 4, *r.* successor—p. 121, l. 6, *r.* it in—p. 126, l. 28, *r.* whom I—
p. 151, l. 25, *r.* came on—p. 154, l. 28, *r.* me from—p. 161, l. 5, *r.* J.V.—p. 163, l.
3, *dele* approbation and—p. 171, l. 4, *r.* any, l. 27, *r.* affecting—p. 174, l. 25, *r.* busi-
ness, l. 32, *r.* he—p. 197, *dele* of power—p. 211, l. 21, *r.* high—p. 217, *r.* James
Morgan—p. 249, l. 20, *r.* also was—p. 253, l. 32, *dele* fame—p. 254, *dele* of power
—p. 257, l. 12, *r.* water for—p. 258, l. 3, *r.* conceit, l. 27, *r.* from the—p. 264, l.
15, *r.* it is so—p. 265, l. 26, *dele* only—p. 267, antep. *r.* Orrety—p. 279, l. 1, *r.* a serious
turn given—p. 290, *r.* those—p. 309, l. 24, *r.* little shells—p. 325, *r.* my know-
ledge—p. 335, penult. *r.* pace—p. 336, l. 18, *r.* from—p. 341, l. 2, *r.* as far—p.
351, l. 20, *dele* we knew—p. 356, l. 26, *r.* constant—p. 366, l. 17, *r.* rest—p. 367, *r.*
conformation—p. 371, l. 16, *r.* the—p. 373, l. 6, *r.* the—p. 389, ult. *r.* scaffest—p.
390, *dele* the four first lines—p. 406, l. 1, *r.* led—p. 434, l. 10, *r.* deprivation, l. 11,
dele the—p. 455, l. 22, *dele* hath—p. 463, l. 26, *r.* love—p. 468, l. 10, *r.* an account
—p. 475, *r.* profusely, l. 15, *f.* that *r.* but, l. 26, *r.* or when—p. 478, l. 16, *r.* said, l.
20, *r.* occurred—p. 492, l. 26, *r.* it appears, on the contrary—p. 509, l. 4, *r.* such—
p. 518, l. 22, *dele* a—p. 519, l. 16, *r.* reserved—p. 520, l. 12, *r.* sin cleaves—p.
529, l. 22, *r.* I must—p. 533, l. 18, *r.* of this—p. 537, *r.* Proetides
—p. 547, *r.* Weit-Malling—p. 554, l. 24, *r.* and I—p. 559, l. 15, *r.* no, l.
18, *r.* aspires—p. 539, l. 12, *r.* hewh was with me—p. 567, l. 6, *f.* then *r.* therefore,
l. 24, *r.* have—p. 584, l. 5, *r.* whiletorn—p. 596, l. 2, *r.* is the same as Moses—

p. 608, l. 16, *r.* upon believing, *dele* and then—p. 619, l. 12, *r.* days ungenial—p. 626, l. 11, *r.* load them—p. 627, l. 11, *f.* tendered *r.* tender, l. 27, *dele* and yet he administers nothing to work their cure—p. 629, l. 12, *r.* effect—p. 630, l. 4, *r.* their—p. 632, l. 4, *r.* senses—p. 633, l. 5, *r.* your will, *r.* interest, l. 22, *r.* teach them—p. 636, *r.* Jesus all the day long—p. 637, *r.* Dec. 10, l. 29, *dele* one day—p. 641, l. 20, *r.* the bent to—p. 649, l. 11, *r.* turmeric, l. 20, *r.* colour—p. 650, l. 19, *r.* candid minds—p. 651, l. 9, *r.* than—p. 652, antep. *dele* so—p. 656, l. 12, *r.* as no—p. 658, l. 5, *r.* to, l. 26, *dele* by—p. 660, l. 30, *r.* were not—p. 669, l. 12, *r.* of heaven and hell—p. 672, l. 21, *r.* men-angels, l. 25, *f.* ruins *r.* runs through—p. 685, l. 21, *r.* tongues—p. 686, l. 21, *r.* muse-rapt—p. 687, l. 29, *r.* for me.

VOLUME VII.

Page 7, l. 10, *r.* ingenuoufness—p. 17, l. 27, *r.* persecutor—p. 20, l. 16, *r.* that—p. 28, l. 12, *r.* Ay—p. 37, l. 20, *r.* was imposed—p. 46, l. 5, *r.* Laister—p. 67, l. 20, *r.* loving eye—p. 94, l. 2, *r.* obscured, l. 23, *r.* Seator or Saturn, l. ult. *r.* or little—p. 109, l. 21, *r.* chymistry—p. 134, l. 16, *r.* discessit—p. 136, *r.* conscientiousness—p. 140, l. 3, *r.* and, l. 4, *r.* were—p. 143, l. 25, *f.* to ufe *r.* and have—p. 145, l. 23, *r.* which are, l. 26, *r.* any one—p. 147, l. 31, *r.* rubbed—p. 148, l. 6, *r.* to the—p. 170, l. 2, *r.* Tell not—p. 179, l. 18, *r.* years ago—p. 184, l. 13, *r.* day—p. 201, l. 19, *r.* from—p. 202, l. antep. *r.* Pleiades, l. ult. *r.* Bosphorus—p. 204, l. 27, *r.* they made—p. 210, l. 19, *r.* them back—p. 220, l. 30, *r.* as mine—p. 222, l. 28, *r.* dearly—p. 223, l. 7, *r.* nor joy—p. 225, l. 3, *r.* By Phillis Wheately, a Negro, l. 13, *r.* philanthropy—p. 227, l. 15, *r.* Even here—p. 230, l. 19, *dele* as—p. 248, l. 2, *r.* said—p. 257, l. 8, *r.* have been—p. 280, l. 18, *r.* he would—p. 292, l. 17, *r.* American—p. 312, l. 11, *r.* are of—p. 314, l. 19, *r.* mere material—p. 323, *dele* the two last lines—p. 325, l. 14, *r.* afs—p. 335, l. 23, *r.* beam—p. 347, l. 26, *r.* roll on—p. 352, l. 4, *r.* court—p. 368, l. 23, *r.* compressed—p. 377, l. 32, *r.* in—p. 379, l. 20, *r.* it had—p. 386, l. 3, *r.* reach—p. 391, *r.* By Mr. Cowper—p. 401, l. 21, *r.* unavoidably—p. 403, l. 4, *r.* And as—p. 407, l. 3, *r.* may it—p. 408, l. 19, *r.* gave way—p. 499, l. 34, *r.* his work—p. 413, l. 22, *r.* a line—p. 421, l. 16, *dele* a, *r.* Aurelia—l. 24, *r.* Aurelia twice—p. 424, l. 5, *r.* Aurelia—p. 428, l. 1, *r.* book—p. 439, l. 26, *r.* tendinum—p. 445, l. 2, *r.* talk—p. 456, l. 7, *r.* causal—p. 461, l. 9, *r.* that as, l. 26, *r.* to submit to—p. 462, l. 2, *r.* quietly—p. 465, l. 6, *r.* Tregony, l. 9, *r.* were in—p. 469, l. 7, *dele* &c.—p. 472, l. 11, *r.* that Mr.—p. 474, l. 11, *r.* Fink—p. 482, l. 11, *r.* Hellen, l. 26, *r.* Cuthites—p. 522, l. 24, *r.* a way—p. 534, l. 5, *r.* Polypi, l. 6, *r.* Polypi—p. 535, l. 17, *r.* Caucasus—p. 537, l. 2, *r.* Sophites—p. 538, *r.* But these—p. 549, l. 16, *r.* led, l. 25, *r.* she—p. 550, l. 28, *r.* imposture—p. 553, antep. *r.* knees, where—p. 555, l. 8, *dele* tender, ult. *r.* of the—p. 560, l. 17, *r.* the force—p. 574, l. 1, *dele* in the l. 16, *r.* of our—p. 578, l. 28, *r.* he is—p. 589, l. 9, *r.* Cornaro's—p. 590, l. 11, *dele* the—p. 596, l. 10, *r.* Caucasus—p. 597, l. 12, *r.* boldness—p. 601, l. 15, *r.* in flame—p. 622, l. 2, *r.* the foundation of their salvation—p. 632, l. 3, *r.* blessing—p. 634, l. 26, *r.* joy—p. 639, antep. *r.* wife—p. 646, l. 19, *r.* Jones—p. 654, l. 9, *r.* side of his desk—p. 655, l. 7, *r.* Kezzy—p. 658, l. 13, *dele* suffering—p. 675, l. 9, *r.* Abraham.

VOLUME VIII.

Page 4, l. 6, *r.* It supposes God to say I—p. 10, l. 2, *r.* in an—p. 11, l. 21, *dele* only—p. 12, l. 21, *r.* Syria and—p. 14, l. 4, *r.* those, l. 5, *r.* it is—p. 18, l. 23, *dele* now, p. 39, *r.* An account of the kingdom of Thibet—p. 53, l. 5, *dele* in—p. 59, *r.* Littleton, l. 17, *r.* Seine—p. 61, l. 28, *r.* votary—p. 63, l. 20, *r.* let me—p. 68, ult. *r.* rejecting—p. 69, l. 32, *r.* his Son—p. 72, l. 22, *r.* fwecated—p. 80, l. 12, *r.* fellow-sinners, l. 18, *r.* creditable—p. 92, l. 1, *r.* earnest—p. 105, l. 8, *r.* continued—p. 106, l. 21, *dele* the—p. 111, l. 25, *r.* compelled, l. 15, *r.* the doctrine of—p. 118, l. 3, *r.* In imitation of Horace—p. 119, l. 8, *r.* their—p. 129, l. 12, *dele* things—

p. 135, *r.* Continued—p. 136, l. 7, *r.* where, l. 10, *r.* where—p. 140, l. antep.
r. prostrate falling down—p. 145, l. 2, *r.* But though—p. 160, l. 9, *r.* out of—p.
 169, *r.* Lord Littleton—p. 170, l. 21, *r.* hast thou, l. 24, *r.* powers—
 p. 206, ult. *r.* that Society—p. 219, l. 14, *dele* that—p. 225, l. 18, *r.*
 strange assertion—p. 234, l. 21, *dele* much—p. 237, pen. *f.* Now *r.* But—p. 239, l. 8,
r. shall give—p. 242, *f.* and *r.* but—p. 255, l. 5, *dele* personal, l. 8, *f.* That *r.* Yet—p.
 262, l. 4, *f.* and *r.* on—p. 265, l. 27, *r.* This—p. 268, l. 29, *dele* own—p. 281, l. 20, *r.*
 found—p. 292, l. 3, *r.* is, l. 25, *f.* to lie, *r.* lying, l. 26, *r.* being glad—p. 326, l. 8, *f.*
 things—them, *r.* against the truth—p. 338, l. 25, *r.* course—p. 340, l. 24, *r.* such—
 p. 344, l. 6, *f.* only, *r.* all only, l. 31, *r.* heresies—p. 346, l. 27, *r.* heavenly gift—p.
 347, l. 6, *dele* due—p. 389, l. 19, *r.* had—p. 397, l. 1, *r.* parterre—p. 391, l. 21, *r.*
 to the—p. 392, l. 10, *r.* the work, l. 24, *r.* even—p. 394, *r.* Eph. 4, 25—p. 395,
 l. 25, *r.* best means—p. 396, l. 13, *r.* them both—p. 397, l. 25, *r.* that simplicity, l.
 28, *r.* have—p. 400, l. 18, *r.* he—p. 410, l. 3, *r.* conventicle—p. 424, l. 2, *r.* China
 —p. 428, l. 13, *dele* thousand—p. 453, penult. *r.* in pathless—p. 456, l. 28, *r.* ac-
 cidentally—p. 460, ult. *r.* upon our—p. 462, l. 12, *dele* chosen, l. 13, *f.* and *r.* till he
 —p. 463, l. 17, *r.* he—p. 472, l. 27, *r.* advantages—p. 479, l. 4, *r.* of, l. 26, *r.* of a,
 l. 29, *r.* I—p. 488, l. 12, *r.* cherub, l. 19, *r.* possessed—p. 508, l. 13, *r.* Use, *r.* cry,
 —p. 513, l. 13, *r.* And I saw, l. 25, *r.* I had—p. 523, l. 11, *r.* actually in
 heaven—p. 552, l. 13, *r.* Northampton—p. 558, l. 16, *r.* exhortations—p. 559, l. 6,
dele in—p. 561, l. 4, *r.* all our—p. 564, pen. *r.* a new—p. 566, l. 4, *r.* Old or—p.
 567, l. 9, *dele* likewise—p. 572, l. 29, *r.* residing—p. 582, *r.* Bagdat—p. 585, l. 27,
r. immortal souls—p. 586, l. 9, *dele* seen—p. 588, l. 8, *r.* as, l. 15, *dele* not—p. 589,
 l. 16, *r.* adventure—p. 595, l. antep. *r.* corn or—p. 616, l. 7, *r.* be—p. 618, l. 20, *r.*
 askance, ult. *r.* Arctos—p. 619, l. 9, *r.* unfaithful, l. 11, *f.* And *r.* For—p. 631, *r.*
 counsels, l. 25, *f.* circumstances, *r.* constructions—p. 636, l. 7, *r.* causality, l. 16,
 and : 7, *r.* emanent, l. 30, *r.* finite beings—p. 648, l. 28, *f.* bid, *r.* didst.

8 77338

